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POETS' CORNER:

A MANUAL

FOR

STUDENTS IN ENGLISH POETRY.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE AUTHORS.

BY J. C. M. BELLEW.

Love Poetry ! for she is heaven's growth,
Wisdom's sublimer spirit, made alone
For man, and man for her ; Nature for both.
Affection makes her glowing heart its throne ;
Beauty meets music on her lips ; her tone
Gives life to thought when all save thought's expired.
Love Poetry, and make her charms thine own !
She loves *thee* ; never spirit more desired
To bless and grace mankind than she, the God-inspired.
C. SWAIN.

LONDON :

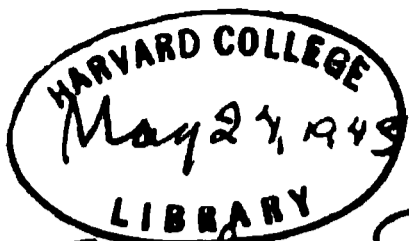
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,

THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

NEW YORK : 416, BROOME STREET.

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Miss Evelyn Seain

LONDON :

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BREAD STREET HILL.

P R E F A C E.



THE sense of a want, both in the Library and in the School-room, induced me to undertake the production of this work. There has been a superabundant supply of "Selections," "Gems," "Specimens" of Poetry; but I am not acquainted with any book that meets a need which the education of my own children made me experience.

A Manual, a portable volume, which gives the Student a fair knowledge of the style of our great Poets, which supplies him with the most famous or familiar passages of their works, and, at the same time, prepares his mind for the Poetry by first of all (through the aid of a Biography) introducing him to the Poet, seems to me to have been long required. I am bound to admit there are publications which, in a measure, have done what I endeavour to accomplish; but they have only strengthened my conviction, that something fuller and more complete was necessary.

The intent has been to produce a volume which, while it can be easily held in the hand for Class purposes, or carried about by the lover of poetry when travelling, will secure a tolerably comprehensive knowledge of the Poetry and Poets of England. In its compilation, the whole "Corpus Poetarum" has been read through, and

the selections have been made irrespective of any existing publications. Those who are familiar with works of this character will at a glance observe a great number of quotations which have never before been similarly introduced.

The materials for the Biographies have not been derived from any given book. Having invariably consulted the "Biographia Britannica" as the worthiest authority, I have noted and used whatever information Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," or Campbell's, or any similar books provided, which seemed to me to answer my purpose ; so that it is to be hoped the information drawn from a variety of sources will be accurate ; and if any errors have crept into my succinct narratives, that they may be of a trifling and unimportant character.

Compression, in dealing with such abundant materials, cannot deprive these Lives of their interest ; and condensation of statement is perfectly compatible with accuracy as to facts.

The selections made need some explanation, perhaps apology ; for he who undertakes to select what other people shall read vaults on to the judgment-seat, and must expect his judgment to be judged.

First of all, it is manifest, in turning over the pages of the English Poets, that there are many authors who can lay small claim to the consideration of the Student or ordinary reader of the present day ; and also that there are others, whose compositions are so greatly tainted with licentiousness, that it cannot be desirable to reproduce them.

My design has been to quote those whose names are familiar to English ears, and of whose works a youth receiving a polite education would be expected to have some knowledge. The list of such authors being com-

pleted, I proceeded to study the minor or more obscure Poets, for anything special that might seem to me desirable to be made popular. After that, I read through my "black list" of authors, whose works it would be impossible to put into the hands of a youth or a school-girl; and I examined their poems, to see what could, with propriety, be used as an illustration of the style adopted by men whose names were sufficiently famous, or notorious, to hold a place in history.

As to the first principle adopted, there can be no difference of opinion. The Poets chiefly omitted are men of that wearisome period when Damon and Chloe Strephon and Daphne,—the Chelsea china of poetry—were the fashion in pastoral verse. Of this school it may be truly said, "*Ex uno disce omnes.*" . . In the first half of the eighteenth century there were several writers quite as unengaging. It is questionable whether many, except those whose literary occupations lead them to the study, know even by name, in the present age, such writers as Dyer, Cawthorne, Granger, Lloyd, Smart, Bond, Hart. It can only be the bookworm who grubs among these and many other such like authors. Having toiled through them all, I can bear testimony to the torture and fatigue of the undertaking. Such omissions, therefore, seemed inevitable.

The Poets of the Restoration are a very different class. It is their liveliness, and not their dullness, against which we have to guard. No collection would be tolerably complete that overlooked Sir John Suckling; but it does not, therefore, seem necessary to introduce Rochester, and Sedley, and many others of the same stamp. My aim has been to select the best authors even of a bad School; and in the selection, where a poem had attained fame in our literature, to quote it in such form that it shall not give offence. The task has been eminently difficult; and those who know familiarly the authors of the seven-

teenth century will be the most ready to exercise a forbearing criticism upon its execution.

The Poets of the earlier part of the present century have been cited as fully as space would permit ; *but no endeavour has been made to accomplish a full list of the names of authors now living, or of those who have lived within the memory of this generation.* The reasons for this are obvious. First, because copyright interposes obstacles, which in some cases become absolute prohibitions ; next, because modern works are within reach of every one who loves Poetry, and desires to read it ; and lastly, because, were I fortified with the consent of authors, or publishers holding copyrights, to make use of their property, the number of living Poets, or lately deceased, is so extensive, that quotations from their works would fill a volume. Consequently I have been compelled to restrict myself to those names which in the present century have been commonly regarded with the greatest public favour ; and from one or other of the above-stated causes to omit many authors of modern date, whose names I originally hoped would have appeared in these pages. Not being able to do justice in this respect, and having confined myself to English Poets, there is no necessity to explain the omission of American authors.

My special thanks are due to Lord Lytton, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Swain, Mr. Procter, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, for leave to introduce the passages selected from their poems, and those of Hartley Coleridge ; and also to Messrs. Longman and Co. and Messrs. Blackwood and Co. for the quotations from Lord Macaulay's and Professor Aytoun's works.

Care has been taken to introduce Poets of an early and middle period as fully as possible : Lydgate, Henrysone, Haines, Skelton, Roye, Sir Thomas More, Barklay, are names too little known in works of " selection."

The primary intent of this volume must be borne in

mind. It is for the young Student; and two objects have been carefully adhered to in its production: *the one, to keep it within such a compass that it might be a Manual*; the other, to make it such a work as might give a fair representation of our most important Poets, while excluding everything that might prevent a tutor placing it with confidence in the hands of his pupil. At the same time, it is not intended for the use of children. On the contrary, while the Biographies and Selections have been written and compiled to engage the attention of adults, the endeavour has been to produce a book that would likewise prove acceptable to persons of mature years, and be companionable at any period of life.

Feeling that it was safer to speak in my own person, and to state distinctly what the purpose is with which this book is published, I now leave it to the judgment of others to decide how far it meets that educational want, which its compilation has been designed to supply.

J. C. M. BELLEW.

HOLLAND ROAD,
KENSINGTON.

POETS' CORNER;

A MANUAL FOR STUDENTS IN ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAUCE R.

Born 1328. Died, October 25, 1400.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London. King Edward III., and John o' Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, were his patrons. Chaucer's poem entitled "The Dreame" is supposed to be an Epithalamium upon the marriage of the Duke with Blanche, heiress of Lancaster.

Chaucer married Philippa Pykard, maid of honour to Philippa, consort of Edward III., and sister of Catharine Swinford, relict of Sir John Swinford, and daughter of Payne de Rouet, King-at-Arms, in the province of Guenne. Chaucer was in great favour with the Lancastrian family. He resided for some time near the royal abode at Woodstock. He took military service under the King, in France, in 1359; and received a pension of twenty marks per annum, in 1367. When thirty-nine years of age he went as joint-envoy, with Sir James Pronan, to Genoa; and it is conjectured that he visited Petrarch at Padua. In 1374 he received a grant from Edward III. of a pitcher of wine per diem; and was made Comptroller of the small Customs of wool and wine. He was also sent as envoy to France, by King Edward, to treat of the marriage of Richard, Prince of Wales. In the reign of Richard II. he fell into trouble, through his political connexion with John o' Gaunt and John of Northampton. He fled to Hainault, to France, and to Zealand. On returning to England, he was cast into prison. In 1389, when the Duke of Lancaster returned from Spain, he was once more restored to royal favour, and appointed Clerk of the Works at Westminster and at Windsor. At the age of sixty-four he retired to Woodstock, where, it is supposed, he wrote the "Canterbury Tales." Richard II. granted him a yearly tun of wine. When Bolingbroke, the son of John o' Gaunt, mounted the throne, as Henry IV., he extended his favour to Chaucer, confirming the former royal gifts, and adding a pension of forty marks a year. Chaucer did not long enjoy

his good fortune. He died in London, October 25, 1400, aged seventy-two, and was buried in the south transept of Westminster Abbey.

Chaucer is regarded as the founder of English Poetry. He was the first to give us pictures of the manners and the life of his period. He also introduced the ten-syllable, or heroic measure. His poem "Troilus and Cresside" was the delight of Sir Philip Sidney. The "Canterbury Tales," down to the time of Queen Elizabeth, were the most popular poems in the English language. The design of this work was taken from Boccaccio's "Decameron." "While the action of the poem is an event too simple to divert the attention altogether from the pilgrim's stories, the pilgrimage itself is an occasion sufficiently important to draw together almost all the varieties of existing society, from the knight to the artisan, who, agreeably to the old, simple manners, assemble in the same room of the hostellerie. Chaucer's forte is description. His men and women are not mere ladies and gentlemen. They rise before us minutely traced, profusely varied, and strongly discriminated. What an intimate scene of English life in the fourteenth century do we enjoy in these tales! . . . Our ancestors are restored to us, not as phantoms from the field of battle or the scaffold, but in the full enjoyment of their social existence."

[It has been usual in quoting Chaucer, to give unconnected extracts from his poems. It seems to me far more satisfactory to put the Prologue before the reader in a compressed form, which shall familiarize him with all the Pilgrims assembled at the Tabard, and also acquaint him with the Poet's purpose in his poem. . . . Wherever omissions have been made, they are always marked with asterisks.—ED.]

CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

WHANNE that April with his shouries sote¹
 The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
 And bathed every veine in swiche² licour,
 Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
 Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
 Enspired hath in every holt³ and hethe
 The tender croppes, and the younge sonne
 Hath in the Ram⁴ his halfe cours yronne,
 And smale foules⁵ maken melodie,
 That slepen alle night with open eye,
 So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
 Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
 And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,

(1) Sweet.

(2) Such.

(3) Grove.

(4) "Aries," meaning thereby the middle of April.

(5) Birds.

To serve halwes couthe¹ in sondry londes ;
 And specially, from every shires ende
 Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
 The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
 That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

THE TABARD.

Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabard² as I lay,
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
 To Canterbury with devoute corage,
 At night was come into that hostelrie
 Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie
 Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle³
 In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
 That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
 The chambres and the stables weren wide,
 And wel we weren esed⁴ atte beste.

And shortly, when the sonne was gon to restie,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,⁵
 That I was of hir⁶ felawship anon,
 And make forword erly for to rise,
 To take oure way ther as I you devise.

But natheless, while I have time and space,
 Or that I forther in this tale pace,
 Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
 To tellen you alle the condition
 Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
 And whiche they weren, and of what degre ;
 And eke in what araie that they were inne:
 And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

THE KNIGHT.

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That fro the time that he firste began

(1) Known.

(2) In later times called the Talbot, in Southwark: "This is the Inn where Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the twenty-nine Pilgrims lodged in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." Speght has left this account of it: "Tabard: A jaquet, or sleevelesse coate, worne in times past by noblemen in the warres, but now onely by heraults, and is called theyre coate of armes in servise. It is the signe of an inne in Southwarke by London, within the which was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. This is the hostelry where Chaucer and the other pilgrims mett together, and, with Henry Baily their hoste, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury. And whereas through time it hath bin much decaied, it is now by Master J. Preston, with the abbot's house thereto adjoyned, newly repaired, and with convenient roomes much increased, for the receipt of many guests."

(3) Fallen.

(4) Accommodated.

(5) Every one of them.

(6) Their.

To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
 Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
 And therto hadde he rided, no man ferre,¹
 As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
 And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

* * *

And though that he was worthy he was wise,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
 He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
 In alle his lif, unto no manere² wight.
 He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

But for to tellen you of his arraie,
 His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
 Of fustian he wered³ a gipon,⁴
 Alle besmotred⁵ with his harbergeon,
 For he was late ycome fro his viage,⁶
 And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

THE KNIGHT'S SON.

With him ther was his sone, a yonge squier,
 A lover, and a lusty bacheler,
 With lockes crull⁷ as they were laide in presse.
 Of twenty yere of age he was, I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
 And wonderly deliver,⁸ and grete of strengthe.

* * *

Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
 Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.
 Singing he was, or floyting⁹ alle the day,
 He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.
 Short was his goun, with sleeves long and wide.
 Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
 He coude songes make, and wel endite,
 Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.

* * *

Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
 And carf before his fader at the table.¹⁰

* * *

(1) Farther. So *deerre* for dearer. (2) Meaner, inferior. (3) Wore.
 (4) A short cassock. (5) Smuttred. (6) Journey. (7) Curled
 (8) Agile, nimble. (9) Playing on the flute.
 (10) It was anciently the custom for squires, of the highest quality, to carve at the
 sires' tables.

THE NUN.

There was also a Nonne, a Prioress,
 That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy ;
 Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy ;
 And she was cleyed madame Eglentine.
 Ful wel she sang the service devine,
 Entuned in hire nose ful swetely ;
 And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,¹
 After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
 For Frenche of Paris² was to hire unknowe.

* * *

And sikerly she was of grete disport,
 And ful pleasant, and amiable of port,
 And peined hire to contrefeten³ chere
 Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.

* * *

Ful semely hire wimple⁴ ypinched was ;
 Hire nose tretis ;⁵ hire eyen grey as glas ;
 Hire mouth ful smale, and thereto soft and red ;
 But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
 It was almost a spanne brode, I trowe ;
 For hardily she was not undergrowe.

Full fetise⁶ was hire cloke, as I was ware.
 Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
 A pair of bedes, gauded⁷ all with grene ;
 And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene,
 On whiche was first ywritten a crouned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

THE MONK.

A Monk ther was, a fayre⁸ for the maistrie,
 An out-rider, that loved venerie ;⁹
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
 Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable :

(1) Neatly, cleverly.

(2) "Chaucer thought meanly of the English-French spoken in his time. It was proper that the prioress should speak some sort of French ; not only as a woman of fashion, a character which she is represented to affect, but as a religious person."—*Tyrwhitt*.

(4) A covering for the neck.

(6) Neat, tasteful.

(8) "*A fair one*. As to the phrase *for the maistrie*, I take it to be derived from the French *pour la maistre*, which I find, in an old book of Physick, applied to such medicines as we usually call *Souverain*, excellent above all others. MS. Bod. 761. *Secreta h. Samp de Clowburnel*, fol. 17. b. 'Ciroigne bone *pur la maistrie* a briser et a meurer apostemes,' " &c.—*Tyrwhitt*.

(3) She took great pains to assume.

(5) Long and well proportioned.

(7) Decked.

(9) Hunting.

And whan he rode, men mighte his bridel here
 Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
 And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
 Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.

* * *

He yave not of the text a pulled hen,¹
 That saith, that hunters ben not holy men ;
 Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkeless,²
 Is like to a fish that is waterles ;
 This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
 This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.
 And I say his opinion was good.

* * *

His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
 And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
 His eyen stepe,³ and rolling in his hed,
 That stemed as a forneis of a led.
 His botes souple, his hors in gret estat,
 Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
 He was not pale as a forpined⁴ gost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
 His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

THE FRIAR.

A Frere ther was, a wanton and a mery,
 A Limitour,⁵ a ful solempne man.

* * *

Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
 With frankелеins⁶ over all in his contree,
 And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun :
 For he had power of confession,
 As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
 For of his ordre he was licenciati.
 Ful swetely herde he confession,
 And plesant was his absolution.

* * *

(1) "I. e. he cared not a straw. One MS. reads a *pullet* hen, which seems more intelligible, unless it refer to the supposition that a plucked hen cannot lay eggs."—*Tyrwhitt, gl.*

(2) "As the known senses of *rekkeles*, viz., *careless*, *negligent*, by no means suit with this passage, I am inclined to suspect that Chaucer possibly wrote *reghelles*, i. e. without rule. *Regol*, from *Regula*, was the Saxon word for a *rule*, and particularly for a *monastic rule*."—*Ibid.*

(3) Sunk deep in his head.

(4) Wasted, tormented.

(5) I. e. one licensed to beg within a certain district.

(6) Wealthy landholders ; country gentlemen of good estate.

His tippet was ay farsed¹ ful of knives,
 And pinnes, for to given fayre wives ;
 And certainly he hadde a mery note.
 Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.²

* * *

Of double worsted was his semicope,
 That round was as a belle out of the presse.
 Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse.
 To make his English swete upon his tonge ;
 And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
 His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
 As don the sterres in a frosty night.
 This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

THE MERCHANT.

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
 In mottelee,³ and highe on hors he sat,
 And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.

* * *

Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
 But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

THE CLERK OF OXFORD.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
 That unto logike hadde long ygo.

* * *

Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,⁴
 For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
 Ne was nought worldly to have an office.
 For him was lever han⁵ at his beedes hed
 A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
 Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
 Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.⁶

* * *

Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
 Not a word spake he more than was nede ;
 And that was said in forme and reverence,
 And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
 Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

(1) Stuffed. (2) By rote, by heart. (3) Mixed, various colours, motley.
 (4) A sort of short upper cloak. (5) I. e. he had rather, he preferred.
 (6) Psaltery. The psaltery was probably a stringed instrument, and perhaps the same as the "rote" spoken of elsewhere.

THE SERGEANT OF LAW.

A sergeant of the lawe ware and wise,
 That often hadde yben at the paruis,
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
 Discrete he was, and of gret reverence :
 He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise,
 Justice he was ful often in assise,
 By patent, and by pleine commissioun ;
 For his science, and for his high renoun,
 Of fees and robes had he many on.

* * *

In termes hadde he cas and domes¹ alle,
 That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
 Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
 Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
 And every statute coude he plaine by rote.

* * *

THE FRANKLEIN.

A frankleyn was in this compaignie ;
 White was his berd, as is the dayesie.

* * *

To livenin delit was ever his wone,
 For he was Epicures owen sone,
 That held opinion, that plein delit
 Was veraily felicite parfite.

* * *

A better envyned² man was no wher non.
 Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
 If snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
 Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke,
 After the sondry sesons of the yere,
 So changed he his mete and his soupere.
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
 And many a breme, and many a luce³ in stewe.

* * *

His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stode redy covered alle the longe day.

* * *

(1) Opinions.

(2) Better stocked with wine.

(3) Pike.

THE HABERDASHER, CARPENTER, WEAVER, DYER, TAPESTRY-
BEARER.

An haberdasher, and a carpenter,
A webbe,¹ a deyer, and a tapiser,²
Were alle yclothed in a livere,
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.³

* * *

THE COOK.

A coke they hadden with hem for the noncs,⁴
To boile the chickenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale,⁵
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes,⁶ and wel bake a pie.

* * *

THE SAILOR.

A shipman was ther, woned fer by West :
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.

* * *

And certainly he was a good felaw.

* * *

Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland to the Cape de finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine.
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

THE DOCTOR.

With us ther was a doctour of phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like

(1) A weaver.

(2) A tapestry-worker.

(3) A reference to the guilds of the Middle Ages. The epithet "solempne" probably refers to initiation into a species of freemasonry, which was bestowed upon licensed workers.

(4) The nonce, the occasion.

(5) "What kind of ingredient this was I cannot tell. Cotgrave mentions a *Poudre blanche* and a *Poudre de duc*, which seem both to have been used in cookery. I must take notice, that the epithet *tart*, in most of the MSS., is annexed to *poudre marchant*, and I rather wish I had left it there, as, for anything that I know, it may suit that as well as Galingale."—*Tyrwhitt*.

(6) "Lord Bacon, in his *Nat. Hist.* i. 48, speaks of 'a *mortress* made with the brawn of capons *stamped* and strained.' He joins it with the cullice (*coulis*) of cocks. It seems to have been a rich broth, or soupe, in the preparation of which the flesh was stamped, or beat, in a mortar; from whence it probably derived its name, *une mortreuse*; though I cannot say that I have ever met with the French word."—*Ibid.*

To speke of phisike, and ofurgerie :

* * *

He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfite practisour.

* * *

THE WIFE OF BATH.

A good wif was ther of beside Bathe,
But she was som del¹ defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,²
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.

* * *

She was a worthy woman hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,

* * *

And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.
She hadde passed many a strange streme.
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
She coude moche of wandring by the way.

* * *

In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that arte she coude³ the olde dance.

THE POOR PARSON.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure persone⁴ of a toun :
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient.

* * *

Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,⁵

(1) A little.

(2) Practice, custom.

(3) Knew.

(4) Parson, rector.

(5) High and low.

Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
 And this figure he added yet therto,
 That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?
 For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewed man to rust:

* * *

Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
 By his cleness, how his shepe shulde live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,
 And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
 And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
 To seken him a chanterie¹ for soules,
 Or with a brotherhede to be withhold:
 But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
 So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.²
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful men not dispitous.

* * *

A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.
 He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
 Ne maked him no spiced conscience,³
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

With him ther was a plowman, was his brother,
 That hadde ylaide of dong ful many a fother.
 A trewe swinker,⁴ and a good was he,
 Living in pees, and parfite charitee.

There was also a reve,⁵ and a millere.
 A sompnour,⁶ and a pardoner also,
 A manciple,⁷ and myself, ther n'ere no mo.

(1) Thirty-five of these chantries were established at St. Paul's, being served by fifty-four priests. — Dugdale, *Hist. Pref.* p. 41. — *Tyrwhitt, gl.*

(2) An obvious allusion to John x. 12, 13.

(3) Probably meaning, that he did not care to flavour his lectures with obliging phrases, to make them palatable.

(4) Labourer.

(5) Steward.

(6) An officer appointed to *summon* delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, now called an apparitor.

(7) One who has the office of purchasing provisions for a college, or inn of court.

THE MILLER.

The miller was a stout carle for the nones,
 Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones ;
 That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
 At wrastling he wold bare away the ram.
 He was short shuldered brode, a thikke gnarre,¹
 Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
 Or breke it at a renning wish his hede.
 His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
 And thereto brode, as though it were a spade.
 Upon the cop² right of his nose he hade
 A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
 Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
 His nose-thirles biacke were and wide ;
 A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.
 His mouth as wide was as a forneis.

* * *

A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
 A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soun,
 And therewithall he brought us out of toun.

THE MANCIPLE.

A gentil manciple was ther of a temple,
 Of which achatours³ mighten take ensemple
 For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.

* * *

THE REVE.

The reve was a slendre colerike man.
 His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
 His here was by his eres round yshorne.
 His top was docked like a preest beforne.
 Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
 Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.

* * *

His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
 His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
 Were holly in this reves governing,
 And by his covenant yave he rekening,
 Sin that his lord was twenty years of age ;
 Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.

(1) A hard knot in a tree.

(2) Top.

(3) Buyers.

* * *

This reve sate upon a right good stot¹
 That was all pomelee² grey, and highte Scot.
 A long surcote of perse³ upon he hade,
 And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
 Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
 Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
 Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
 And ever he rode the hindrest of the route.

THE SOMPNOUR.

A sompnour was ther with us in that place,
 That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
 For sausefleme⁴ he was, with eyen narwe.
 As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
 With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd :
 Of his visage children were sore aferd.

* * *

Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
 And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
 Than wolde he speake, and crie as he were wood.
 And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
 Than wold he speken no word but Latin.

* * *

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
 Th' estat, th' araie, the nombre, and eke the cause
 Why that assembled was this compaignie
 In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
 That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
 But now is time to you for to telle,
 How that we baren us that ilke night,
 Whan we were in that hostelrie alight.

* * *

Gret chere made oure hoste us everich on,
 And to the souper sette he us anon :
 And served us with vitaille of the beste.

(1) A stallion.

(2) Dappled.

(3) Blue.

(4) "I find this word in an old French book of Physick, which I have quoted before.
 'Oignement majestrel *pur sausefleme* et pur chescune manere de *roigne*.'—*Roigne*
 signifies any scorbutic eruption. So in the *Thousand notable Things*, B. i. 70: 'A
sausefleme or red pimpled face is helped with this medicine following.'—Two of the
 ingredients are *quicksilver* and *brimstone*. In another place, B. ii. 20, '*Oyle of*
Tartar is said to take away cleane all spots, freckles, and filthy *wheales*.' These
 last, I suppose, are what Chaucer calls *whelkes*. The original of the word seems to
 be pointed out in the following passage. Vit. R. ii. a Mon. Evesh. p. 169: '*facies*
albo—interdum sanguinis floumate viciata.'"—*Tyrwhitt*.

Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.¹
 A semely man our hoste was with alle
 For to han ben a marshall in an halle.
 A large man he was with eyen stepe,
 A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe :
 Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,
 And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
 Eke thereto was he right a merry man,
 And after souper plaien he began,
 And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
 Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges ;
 And saide thus ; Now, lordinges, trewely
 Ye ben to me welcome right hertily :
 For by my trouthe, if that I shall not lie,
 I saw nat this yere swiche a compaignie
 At ones in this herberwe,² as is now.
 Fayn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.
 And of a mirthe, I am right now bethought,
 To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
 Ye gon to Canterbury ; God you spede,
 The blisful martyr quite you your mede ;
 And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
 Ye shapen you to talken and to play :
 For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non,
 To riden by the way dombe as the ston :
 And therefore wold I maken you disport,
 As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
 And if you liketh alle by on assent
 Now for to stonden at my jugement :
 And for to werchen³ as I shal you say
 To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
 Now by my faders soule that is ded,
 But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed.
 Hold up your hondes withouten more spechc.
 Our conseil was not longe for to seche :
 Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,⁴
 And granted him withouten more avise,
 And bad him say his verdit, as him leste.
 Lordinges (quod he), now herkeneth for the beste ;
 But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain ;
 This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,

(1) It pleased us well.
 (3) To do.

(2) Harbour, *i. e.* inn, hostel.
 (4) *I. e.* To give it a long deliberation.

That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
 In this viage, shal tellen tales tway,
 To Canterbury ward, I mean it so,
 And homeward he shall tellen other two,
 Of adventures that whilom han befallé.
 And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
 That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
 Tales of best sentence and most solas,¹
 Shal have a souper at youre aller cost
 Here in this place sitting by this post,
 Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.

. * * *

A morwe whan the day began to spring,
 Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,²
 And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
 And forth we riden a litel more than pas,
 Unto the watering of Seint Thomas :
 And there our hoste began his hors arest,
 And saide ; Lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
 Ye wete your forword,³ and I it record.
 If even-song and morwe-song accord,
 Letse now who shal telle the first tale.
 As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
 Who so is rebel to my jugement,
 Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
 Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne.⁴
 He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

A BALLAD

MADE BY CHAUCER, TEACHING WHAT IS GENTILNESS, OR WHOM IS WORTHY TO
 BE CALLED GENTILL.

The first stocke father of gentilnes,
 What man desireth gentil for to bee,
 Must followe his trace, and all his wittes dres
 Vertue to love and vices for to flee,
 For unto vertue longeth dignitee,
 And not the revers falsly, dare I deme,
 All weare he miter, crowne, or diademe.

This first stocke was full of rightwisnes,
 Trewe of his worde, sober, pitous and free,
 Clene of his goste, and loved besinesse,

{1} Comfort, pleasure.
 {3} You know your promise.

{2} *I. e.* acted as cock for us all ; woke us in time.
 {4} Draw lots before you proceed further.

Against the vice of slouth in honeste,
 And, but his heire love vertue as did he,
 He is not gentill, though he rich seme,
 All weare he miter, crowne, or diademe.

Viceste may well be heir to old richesse,
 But there may no man, as men may wel see,
 Bequethe his heire his vertues noblenesse,
 That is appropriated unto no degree,
 But to the first father in majestee,
 That maketh his heires them that him queme,
 All weare he miter, crowne, or diademe.



JOHN GOWER.

Born (circa) 1325. Died 1408.

GOWER was the contemporary of Chaucer. Whether he was a few years older, or a few younger, seems uncertain. It is generally imagined he was the elder. Chaucer called him the "Morall Gower," on account of the gravity of his muse. A tradition runs in the family of the Duke of Sutherland that their genealogy is dignified by possessing Gower among its worthies. This seems extremely improbable, the Stafford family being descended from the Gowers of Stitenham in Yorkshire; whereas it has been pretty conclusively shown that the poet came of a knightly family in Kent. Gower was attached to Thomas of Woodstock, as Chaucer was to John o' Gaunt. He was presented in 1393 with a collar of S.S., by Henry of Lancaster (Henry IV.), bearing Henry's badge—a swan. It is represented upon the effigy on his monument. It is supposed to have been an acknowledgment of the dedication of his great work to Henry. The poet was certainly a man of family and substance, possessing the manors of Southwell in Nottingham, and Malton in Suffolk. Gower's chief work, in which, like Chaucer, he endeavours to establish an English style, is divided into three parts. 1st. The *Speculum Meditantis* (in French), the purport being the repentance of a sinner. 2nd. The *Vox Clamantis* (in Latin), which refers to the insurrection of the Commons, *temp.* Richard II. 3rd. The *Confessio Amantis* (in English) is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, into which various stories and philosophical illustrations, exhibiting the crude erudition and science of that age, are introduced to show the influence of the evil affections of the heart.

The monument to Gower (very interesting, and thoroughly restored in 1830 by the late Duke of Sutherland) stands in the North Transept of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. On the ledge there was formerly this inscription :—

"Hic jacet . J. Gower . arm.
Angl. poeta celeberrimus ac
Huic sacro edificio benefac. insignis
Vixit temporibus Ed. III. et R. II."

The following passage from the "Confessio Amantis" is the earliest English version of the celebrated meeting between Alexander and Diogenes.

"CONFESSIO AMANTIS."

BOOK III.

NO. I.

"Hic ponit Confessor exemplum, quod omnis impetuosa voluntas sit discretionis moderamine gubernanda. Et narrat qualiter Diogenes," &c. &c. &c.

A philosopher of whiche men tolde,
There was whylom¹ by daies olde,
And Diogenes than he hight;²
So olde he was, that he ne mighte
The world travaile, and for the best
He shope³ him for to take his rest,
And dwelle at home in suche a wise,
That nigh his house he lette devise .
Ende⁴ longe upon an axell tree
To sette a tonne⁵ in suche degrec,
That he it might tourne aboute,
Wherof one heed was taken oute.
For he therin sitte shulde,
And tourne hym selfe as he wolde,
And take the ayre, and see the heuon,
And dreme of the planettes seuen,
As he whiche couthe⁶ mochell⁷ what.
And thus full ofte there he sat
To muse in his philosophie
Sole without encompantie.
So that upon a morrow tide
A thyng, whiche shulde the betide⁸

¹ *Whylom*:—once.
² *Than he hight*—i.e. that was his name—what he was called.
³ *Shope*—shaped him: so arranged.
⁴ *Ende*—end, for "ending:" here lengthways. ⁵ *Tonne*—his tub.
⁶ *Couthe*—knew. (Anglo-Saxon. So our word uncouth.)
⁷ *Mochell*—much: greatly. ⁸ *Shulde the betide*—should then happen.

Whan he was sette there as hym list,
 To loke upon the sonne arist,¹
 Wherof the propertee he sighe,
 It felle, there cam ridyng nigh
 Kynge Alisander, with a rout :²
 And as he cast his eie aboute,
 He sight this tonne : and what it ment,
 He wolde witte,³ and thither sent
 A knight, by whom he might it knowe.
 And he hym selfe that ilke throwe⁴
 Abode, and houeth⁵ there stille.

This knight after the kynges wille
 With spore made his horse to gone,
 And to the tonne he cam anone,
 Where that he fonde a man of age,
 And he hym tolde the message,
 Suche as the kynge hym had bede :
 And asketh why in thilke stede⁶
 The tonne stode : and what he was.
 And he, whiche vnderstode the cas,
 Sat still, and spake no worde ayein.

The knight bad speke : and saith, Villein,
 Thou shalt me telle, er that I go,
 It is thy kynge, whiche axeth so.

My kyng, quod he, that were vnright.
 What is he than ? saith the knight ;
 Is he thy man ? That saie I nought,
 Quod he, but this I am bethought,
 My mannes man howe that he is.

Thou liest, fals chorle,⁷ i-wis,⁸
 The knight him said, and was right wroth,
 And to the kynge ayene he goth,
 And tolde hym, how this man answerde.
 The kynge whan he this tale herde,
 Bad that they shulden all abide,
 For he hym selfe wold thither ride.
 And whan he came tofore the tonne,
 He hath his tale thus begonne :
 Al heil, he seith, what man art thou ?
 Quod he : Such one as thou seest nowe.
 The kynge, which had wordes wise,

(1) *Arist*—arisen.(2) *Rout*—company.(3) *Witte*—learn.(4) *Ilke throwe*—at the same time.(5) *Houeth*—hove . to hover about.(6) *Stede*—place.(7) *Fals chorle*—false churl.(8) *I-wis*—certainly.

His age wolde nought despise,
 But saith : My father, I the praie,
 That thou me wolt the cause saie,
 How that I am thy mans man ?
 Sire kynge, quod he, that I can,
 Yf thou wilt. Yes, seith the kyng.
 Quod he : This is the sooth thyng.
 Sith I first reson vnderstode,
 And knew what thyng was yll and goode,
 The will, whiche of my body moueth,
 Whos werkes that the god reproueth,
 I have restreigned euer more
 Of hym, that stant¹ under the lore
 Of Reson, whos subiect he is,
 So that he maie not done amis.
 And thus by weie² of couenant
 Wil is my man, and my servant,
 And euer hath bee, and euer shall.
 And thi wil is thy principal,
 And hath the lordship of thy wit,
 So that thou couthe³st neuer yet
 Take a daie rest of thy laboure.
 But for to be a Conqueror
 Of worldes good, whiche maie not laste,
 Thou highest euer a liche⁴ faste,
 Where thou no reson hast to winne.
 Thus thy will is cause of sinne,
 And is thy lorde, to whom thou seruest,
 Wherof thou litel thonke deservest.
 The kyng, of that he thus answerde,
 Was nothyng wroth : but when he herde
 The highe wisdomed whiche he saide,
 With goodly wordes thus he praide,
 That he him wold tell his name.
 I am, quod he, that ilke same,
 Whiche men Diogenes calle.
 Tho was the kyng right glad with alle ;
 For he had herd oft tofore,
 What man he was, so that therfore
 He saide : O wise Diogene,
 Nowe shall thy great witte be sene ;
 For thou shalt of my yifte⁵ haue,

(1) *Stant*—standeth.(4) *Liche*—thou hast ever a like.(2) *Weie*—way.(3) *Couthe*—never wast able.(5) *Yifte*—gift.

What worldes thyng thou wolte craue.
 Quod he: Than houe¹ out of my sonne,
 And lete it shyne into my tonne;
 For thou benimst² me thilke yifte,
 Which lith not in thy might to shifte.
 None other good of the me nedeth.
 The kyng, whom euery countrei dredeth,
 So thus he was enformed there.
 Whereof, my sonne, thou might lere,
 How that thy wil shal nought be leued,³
 When it is nought of wit releued.
 And thou hast said thy selfe er this,
 How that thy wil thi maister is,
 Through which thyn hertes thought within
 Is euer of conteke⁴ to beginne:
 So that it is greatly to drede,
 That it no homicide brede.

For loue is of a wondre kinde,
 And hath his wittes oft blynde,
 That thei fro mans reson falle.
 But whan that it is so befalle,
 That will shall the courage lede
 In loues cause, it is to drede:
 Wherof I finde ensample writte
 Whiche is behouefull that thou witte.⁵



LYDGATE.

Born 1375. Died 1461.

JOHN LYDGATE was born at Lydgate in Suffolk. He was a Benedictine monk in the Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds, and was ordained Sub-deacon 1389; Deacon 1393; Priest 1397. In 1423 he was elected Prior of Hatfield Brodhook. Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, was his patron and friend. Lydgate regarded Chaucer as his master, though he must have been a very young man at the time of Chaucer's death. Gray says of him, "I pretend not to set him on a level with Chaucer, but he certainly comes the nearest to him of any contemporary writer I am

(1) *Houe out*—leave out—get out of the sunlight.

(2) *Benimst me thilke yifte*—thou deprivest me of that gift.

(3) *Leued*—deprived.

(4) *Conteke*—contention.

(5) See note 3, p. 18.

acquainted with." Lydgate may be said to belong to the reign of Henry VI. He travelled in France and Italy, and was complete master of the language and literature of both countries. He chiefly studied Dante, Boccaccio, and Alain Chartier. He was not merely a poet and rhetorician, but a theologian, geometrician, and astronomer.

Henry VI. granted him a pension in 1440, when he visited St. Edmundsbury, and was presented with a MS. Life of St. Edmund, the patron saint. This MS. splendidly illuminated, is preserved in the British Museum. The title represents the King, surrounded by his court, the abbot, and monks of St. Edmunds, while Lydgate kneels and presents his book to the sovereign.

Lydgate's translation of Boccaccio was done while Henry was in France—at the period of his coronation in Paris, 1432. Warton gives high praise to John Lydgate as having improved and *amplified* the English language. Ritson supplies a catalogue of 251 pieces of Lydgate's writing. His most esteemed works are the "Story of Thebes," the "Fall of Princes," and the "History, Siege, and Destruction of Troy." The following piece has always been held in special esteem among lovers of antiquity, as providing us with a singularly vivid and curious picture of life in Old London.

"THE LONDON LACK-PENNY."¹

To London once my stepps I bent,
Where trouth² in no wyse should bee faynt ;
To Westmynster-ward I forthwith went,
To a man of law to make complaynt ;
I sayd, " For Mary's love, that holy saynt,
Pity the poore that wold proccede ;"
But, for lack of mony, I could not spede.

And as I thrust the prese³ amonge
By froward chaunce my hood⁴ was gone ;
Yet for all that I stayd not longe,
Tyll to the kyngs-bench I was come.
Before the judge I kneled anone,
And prayd hym for God's sake to take heede ;
But, for lack of mony, I might not spede.

Beneth them sat clarkes a great rout,
Which fast dyd wryte by one assent :

(1) Often called "Lick-penny." The whole character of the poem shews that it ought to be "Lack-penny"—"the lack of mony."

(2) *Trouth*—truth.

(3) *Prese*—pushed among the press—crowd.

(4) *Hood*—the covering commonly worn on the head. (See the pictures of Chaucer.)

There stoode up one and cryed about
 "Rychard," "Robert," and "John of Kent."
 I wyst not well what this man ment,
 He cryed so thycke there indede ;
 But, he that lackt mony, myght not spede.

Unto the common-place¹ I yode thoo,²
 Where sat one with a sylken hoode ;
 I dyd hym reverence, for I ought to do so,
 And told my case as well as I coode,
 How my goods were defrauded me by falshood.
 I gat not a mum of his mouth for my need,
 And, for lack of mony, I myght not spede.

Unto the Rolls I gat me from thence,
 Before the clarkes of the Chauncerye,
 Where many I found earnyng of pence,
 But none at all once regarded mee.
 I gave them my playnt³ uppon my knee ;
 They lyked it well, when they had it reade ;
 But, lacking mony, I could not be sped.

In Westmynster Hall I found out one
 Which went in a long gown of raye :⁴
 I crouched and kneled before hym anon,
 For Mary's love, of help I hym praye.
 "I wot not what thou meanest," gan hym say .
 To get me thence he dyd me bede,⁵
 For lack of mony, I cold not speed.

Within this hall,⁶ nether rich nor yett poore
 Wold do for me aught, altho' I shold dye.
 Which seing I gat me out of the doore, .
 Where Flemyns⁷ began on me for to cry,
 "Master, what will you koopen or buy ?
 Fyne felt hatts, or spectacles to reede ?
 Lay down your sylver, and here may you speede."

Then to Westmynster-gate I presently went,
 When the sonn was at hyghe pryme ;⁸

(1) *Common-place*—Common Pleas Court.

(2) *Yode thoo*—he rode through.

(3) *Playnt*—plea—complaint.

(4) *Raye*—arrayed—dressed.

(5) *Bede*—bid.

(6) Westminster. Lydgate supposes himself to have come to town in search of legal redress for some wrong, and to have visited successively the different courts.

(7) The Flemings have been the instructors of the English in manufactures. *Koopen*, in Flemish, is *to purchase*.

(8) The first canonical hour, or six o'clock.

Cookes to me they tooke good entente,
And proffered me bread, with ale and wyne,
Rybbs of beef, both fat and ful fyne;
A fayre cloth they 'gan for to sprede,
But, wantyng mony, I myght not then speede.

Then unto London I dyd me hye.
Of all the land it beareth the pryse.
"Hot pescodes!"—one began to crye,
"Strabery rype, and cherries in the ryse."
One bad me come nere and by some spyce.
Peper and safforne they gan me bede,
But, for lack of mony, I myght not spede.

Then to the Chepe¹ I began me drawne,
Where mutch people I saw for to stande;
One ofred me velvet, sylke, and lawne,
Another he taketh me by the hande,—
"Here is Parys thread, the fynest in the land."
I never was used to such thyngs indede,
And, wantyng mony, I myght not spede.

Then went I forth by London Stone,²
Through out all Canwyke Streete.
Drapers mutch cloth me offred anone.
Then comes me one cryed—"Hot sheps feete."
One cryde "Makerell," "Ryster³ grene!" another
'gan greete.
One bad me by a hood to cover my head,
But, for want of mony, I myght not be sped.

Then I hyed me into Est Chepe;
One cryes Rybbs of befe, and many a pye;
Pewter potts they clattered on a heape;
There was harpe, pype, and mynstrelsy.
"Yea, by cock! nay, by cock!"—some began crye.
Some songe of Jenken and Julyan⁴ for then mede;
But, for lack of mony, I myght not spede.

Then into Corn-hyl anon I yode,
Where was mutch stolen gere amonge:

(1) Market; Cheapside.

(2) Supposed to have been the Roman central milliarium. It still stands on the south side of Cannon (anciently Canwyke or Candlewick) Street, enclosed in the church wall.

(3) Rushes.

(4) Ballads.

I saw where hange myne owne hoode,
 That I had lost amonge the thronge.
 To by my own hood I thought it wronge ;
 I knew it well as I dyd my crede,
 But, for lack of mony, I could not spede.

The taverner took mee by the sleve,
 "Sir," sayth he, "wyll you our wyne assay?"
 I answered, "Than can not mutch me greve,—
 A peny¹ can do no more then it may."
 I drank a pynt, and for it dyd paye :
 Yet sone a-hungerd from thence I yode,
 And, wantyng mony, I could not spede.

Then hyed I me to Belynsgate,
 And one cryed "Hoo, go we hence!"
 I prayd a barge man for God's sake
 That he would spare me my expence ;
 "Thou scapst not here," quod he, "under ij pence :
 I lyst² not yet bestow any almesdede,"
 Thus, lackyng mony, I could not spede.

Then I convayd me into Kent :
 For of the law wold I meddle no more ;
 Because no man to me tooke entent,³
 I dyght me to do as I dyd before.
 Now Jesus, that in Bethlem was bore,
 Save London, and send trew lawyers there mede!⁴
 For who so wantes mony with them shall not spede.

LIFE AND PASSION OF ST. ALBON.

O blessed Albion ! O martyr most beninge !
 Called of Brytons stewarde most notable,
 Prince of knyghtholde, preued⁵ by many a signe,
 In all thy workes iust,⁶ prudent, and treatable,
 And in thy domes⁷ ryghtfull and mercyable ;
 Be in oure paueys⁸ shelde of protection,
 O prothomartyr of Brutis Albion.

(1) In the fifteenth century a penny represented a much higher value than now. The shilling of this age would be its nearest equivalent.

(2) *Lyst*—please (a man's own will).

(3) *Entent*—heed.

(4) *Mede*—their desert.

(5) *Preued*—proved.

(6) *Iust*—just.

(7) *Domes*—judgment.

(8) *Paueys*—bucklers.

Let all thy seruauntes grace and mercy fynde
 Whiche that call to the in myschefe and distresse,
 And haue thy passion and martyrdome in mynde
 Agayn frowarde ennemyes and all frowarde duresse,
 Of thy benigne mercyfull goodnes,
 Them to defende: be thou theyr champion,
 O prothomartyr of Brutis Albion.

Syth thou art named gracious, benigne, and good,
 The fyrste also whiche that in Britayne
 Suffered paynems to shede thy gentyll blode,
 For Christes faith to die and suffre peyne,
 O glorious prince of mercy, not disdeyne
 To here the prayers and deuoute orison
 Of all thy seruauntes in Brutis Albion.

Thou were a myrour, and of mercy and pitie
 Haddest a custome herè in this worlde lyuyng
 To cheryshe pylgrymes and heldest hospitalite:
 All poure folke and strangers refreshyng,
 Graunt our requestes for loue of thylke¹ kynge
 Called kynge Offa, whiche had a vision
 Where thou were buryed in Brutis Albion.

Lyke a prince of ryght thou muste entende²
 To forther all them that lyue in thy seruyce,
 All theyr greuous³ and mischefes to amende,
 And by thy prayer a pathe for hym deuyse
 To lyue in vertue, and vices to despise,
 By thy most knyghtly mediacion,
 O prothomartyr of Brutis Albion.

For his sake haue in remembraunce
 To all thy seruauntes to do succoure,
 Whiche of deuocion to do the pleasaunce
 Was in thy chyrche chef bylder and foundour,
 Of thy liberties royall protector,
 There brought in fyrst men of religion
 One theldest⁴ Abbeys in Brutis Albion.

Amonge all other remembre that place
 It to preserue in longe prosperitie

(1) *Thylke*—that.
 (3) *Greuous*—for griefs.

(2) *Entende*—listen, attend (French).
 (4) *Theldest*—the eldest.

Where thou arte shryned to grete encrece of grace,
 As there protectour ageyne all aduersitie
 And doer¹ haue mynde vpon other citie
 Whiche is made famous by thy passion,
 O prothomartyr of Brutis Albion.

To the citie be patron, prince, and guyde,
 In thy seruice make them diligent,
 With long felicitie on the othersyde,
 Conseru thyn Abbot and thy deuout couent,
 Syth they are bounde of herte and hole entent
 Euer the to serue by theyr profession,
 O prothomartyr of Brutis Albion.

AS STRAIGHT AS A RAM'S HORN.

Alle ryghtwysness² now dothe procede,
 Sytte crownde lyke an emperesse,
 Lawe hathe defyed guerdon and alle mede,³
 Sett up trouthe on heyght as a goddesse :
 Good feythe hathe contraryede dowblenes,⁴
 And prudence seethe alle thynges aforne,⁵
 Kepyng the ordre of parfethe stabylnes,⁶
 Conveyede by lyne ryght as a rammys horn.

Prynces of custome meyntene ryght in dede,
 And prelatys lyveth in parfyttesse,
 Knyghthode wolle suffre no falsehede,
 And presthode hathe refusyde al rychesse ;
 Relygyous of veraye holynesse
 With vertuous bene⁷ on heyght up borne,
 Envy in cloystres hathe none entresse,
 Conveyede by lyne ryght as a rammys horn.

Merchandys of lucre takethe nowe none hede,
 And usurye lyethe fetrede⁸ in dystresse,
 And, for to speke and wryte of womanhede,
 They banysshed have from hem newfangelnes ;
 And labourers done trewlye here busynesse
 That of the daye they wolle none houre be lorne,⁹

(1) *Doer* (an agent)—do thou.

(2) *Ryghtwysness*—righteousness.

(3) *Defyed guerdon*—i.e. refused all recompense and reward.

(4) *Dowblenes*—double-dealing.

(5) *Aforne*—before—looks ahead

(6) *Parfethe stabylnes*—perfect stability.

(7) *Vertuous bene*—virtues to be.

(8) *Fetrede*—fettered.

(9) *Lorne*—idle.

With swete¹ and travayle avoydynge ydelnesse,
Conveyde by lyne ryght as a rammes horne.

Pore folkes pleyne² them for noo nede,
That ryche men dothe so grete almes,
Plenté eche daye dothe the hungrye fede,
Clothe the nakyde in here wrecchidnes,
And charyté ys nowe a cheffe maystresse,
Sclaundre³ from hys tunge hathe plukked out the thorne,
Detraccon⁴ hys langage dothe represse,
Conveyede by lyne ryght as a rammes horne.

Ypocrysie chaungede hathe hys wede,⁵
Take an habyte of vertues gladnesse,
Deceyte dare not abrode hys wynges sprede,
Nor dyssymylynge⁶ out hornes dresse ;
For trouthe of kynde wolles shewe hys bryghtnes,
Without eclipsynge, thou falsnes had hit sworne,
To afferme thys dyté trewlye by processe,
Hit ys conveyede ryght as a rammes horne.

Oute of thys lande and ellys,⁷ God forbede !
Feynyng outelawede and alsoo faleness ;
Flaterye ys fledde for verraye shame and drede ;
Ryche and pore have chose hem to sadnesse ;
Wymmene lefte pride and take hem to mekenes,
Whoos pacyens ys newe waat and shorne,
Ther tungen have no carage of sharpenes,
Conveyede by lyne ryght as a rammys horne.

Prynce ! remembre, and prudently take hede,
Howe vertue is of vices a duchesse.
Oure feithe not haltithe⁸ but lenythe on hys crede,
Thorghte ryght beleve the dede berythe⁹ witnes,
Heretyks have lefte there frowardnes,
Wedyde¹⁰ the cokkelle frome the puryed corne,
Thus eche astate state ys governede in sothnes,
Conveyed by lyne ryght as a rammes horne.

(1) *Swete and travayle*—sweat of the brow and work. (2) *Pleyne*—complain.
(3) *Sclaundre*—slander. (4) *Detraccon*—detraction.
(5) *Wede*—his clothing, apparel (so we now speak of widow's *weeds*).
(6) *Dyssymylynge*—dissimulation. (7) *Ellys*—bound, goal.
(8) *Haltithe*—does not halt. (9) *Berythe*—beareth.
(10) *Wedyde*—weeded the cockle from the pure corn.

ST. URSULA AND THE ELEVEN THOUSAND
VIRGINS.¹

Ye Britoun martirs, famous in parfitnesse,
 Of herte avowyd in your tendir age,
 To persevere in virginal clenness,
 Free from the yoke and bond of mariage,
 Lyk hooly angelis heavenly of corage
 Stable as a stoon² grounded on vertu,
 Perpetually to your gret avauntage,
 Knet to your spouse callid Crist Jhesu.

O ye maidenys of thousandys full hellevene!³
 Rad in the gospel with five that wer wyse,
 Reynyng with Crist above the sterrys serene,
 Your launpis⁴ lihte for tryumphal emprise,
 Upon your hed your stoory doth devise,
 For martirdam crownyd with roosys reede,
 Medlyd⁵ with lilies for conquest in such wise,
 Fresshe undiffadid,⁶ tokne of your maydenheede.

Graunt us, Jhesu, of merciful pité
 Geyn our trespas gracious indulgence,
 Nat lik our meritis peised⁷ the qualité,
 Disespeyred⁸ of our owne offence,
 Ner that good hoope with thy pacience
 With help of Ursula and hir sustris⁹ alle,
 Shal be meenys¹⁰ to thy magnificence,
 Us to socoure, Lord, when we to thee calle.



JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

Born 1396. Died February, 1437.

JAMES I. became heir to the throne of Scotland by the death of his brother David, Duke of Rothesay. He was taken prisoner at sea by the English, at the age of ten, when he was being sent to France by

(1) In the extremely ancient church of St. Ursula at Cologne (where the martyrdom occurred) the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins are shown.

(2) *Stable as a stoon*—firm as a rock.

(4) *Launpis*—i.e. light your lamps.

(6) *Undiffadid*—i.e. undefiled.

(8) *Disespeyred*—despaired.

(10) *Meenys*—means.

(3) *Hellevene*—eleven thousand.

(5) *Medlyd*—mixed—intertwined.

(7) *Peised*—poised—weighed.

(9) *Sustris*—sisters.

Robert III. to avoid the plots of his uncle Albany. Henry IV. detained him a prisoner in England. Many years of his captivity were spent in Windsor Castle ; where, however, he enjoyed the benefit of an excellent education. He accompanied Henry V. into France, and distinguished himself by his bravery. It was from his prison window in Windsor Castle that he first saw the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. Henry, imagining that a union with the grand-daughter of the Duke of Lancaster would bind the Scottish King to English interests, promoted the marriage, and gave the King his liberty. After nearly twenty years of imprisonment or restraint, having contracted a romantic and happy marriage, he returned to Scotland. He was a man altogether in advance of his age—a lover of civilization, order and law, as well as of scholarship and poetry. He was truly both Patriot and Poet. His lawless and tyrannical aristocracy combined against him, and he was assassinated at Perth in 1437.

The chief poem written by King James is entitled "The King's Quhair" (*i.e.* Quire, or book). It is the story of his own life. The passage quoted is that in which, looking down from his prison tower, he sees the beautiful lady who was destined to become his Queen.

THE KING'S QUHAIR.

The longe dayes and the nightis eke
I would bewail my fortune in this wise ;
For which, against distress comfort to seek,
My custom was on mornis for to rise,
Early as day : O happy exercise !
By thee come I to joy out of tormènt :—
But now to purpose of my first entent.

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despairèd of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
Unto the window gan I walk in hie ;
To see the world and folk that went forby ;
As, for the time (though I of mirthis food
Might have no more), to look it did me good.

Now there was made, fast by the tower's¹ wall,
A garden fair ; and, in the corners, set
An herbere² green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with treis set³
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf⁴ was none, walking there forbye,⁵
That might within scarce any wight espie.

¹ In Windsor Castle.

² An arbour.

³ Surrounded.

⁴ Living person.

⁵ Beside

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
 And midst of every herbere, might be seen
 The sharp, green, sweet juniper,
 Growing so fair, with branches here and there.
 That, as it seemed to a lyf without,
 The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat
 The little sweete nightingale, and sung
 So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrate
 Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
 That all the gardens and the wallis rung
 Right of their song ! and on the couple¹ next
 Of their sweet harmony : and to the text.

“Worshippe ye that lovers be this May,
 For of your bliss the calends are begun :
 And sing with us, away ! winter away !
 Come summer, come ! the sweet seasòn and sun !
 Awake, for shame ! that have your heavens won !
 And amorously lift up your headis all !
 Thank love, that list you to his merry call !”

And therewith, cast I down mine eye again
 Where as² I saw walking under the tower
 Full secretly, new comen her to pleyne,³
 The fairest or the freshest youngé flower
 That e’er I saw, methought, before that hour ;
 For which suddèn abate,⁴ anon astart⁵
 The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abaisit tho a-lyte⁶
 No wonder was ; for why ? my wittis all
 Were so o’ercome with pleasaunce and delight,
 Only through letting of mine eyèn fall,
 That suddenly my heart became her thrall⁷
 For ever of free will ; for of menàce
 There was no token in her sweetè face.

(1) Couple seems to be used as a musical term, like couplet.

(2) *As* seems used as a relative pronoun ; — *where as*, at the place at which.

(3) To play ; to amuse herself.

(4) *Abate*, in the sense of the French verb *abattre*, to beat down ; an unexpected stroke.

(5) *Anon astart*—at once did start.

(6) Abashed a little ; *abash* and *abase* from French *abaissier*, to lower : *tho* (Sax.), those or them.

(7) *Thrall*—her slave.

And in my head I drew right hastily ;
 And aftèsoons¹ I leant it out again ;
 And saw her walk that² very womanly,
 With no wight mo' but only woman twain.
 Then 'gan I study in myself and sayn ;
 " Ah, sweet, are ye a worldly creatùre ?
 Or heavenly thing in likeness of natùre ?

" Or are ye god Cupìdis own princess,
 And comen are to loose me out of band ?
 Or are ye very Nature, the goddèss
 That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
 This garden full of flowers as they stand ?
 What shall I think ? Alas ! what reverence
 Shall I mestèr³ unto your excellence ?"

And when she walkèd had, a little thraw⁴
 Under the sweetè, greenè boughis bent,
 Her fair fresh face, as white as ony snaw,
 She turnèd has, and forth her wayis went.
 But tho'⁵ began mine axis⁶ and tormènt,
 To sene⁷ her part, and follow I na might ;
 Methought the day was turnèd into night.



ROBERT HENRYSONE.

Born 1425. Died 1495.

HENRYSONE was a monk of the Benedictine order, and fulfilled the office of schoolmaster at Dunfermline. He is supposed to be the same man whose signature is attached as notary-public to a charter granted in 1478, by the Abbot of Dunfermline. His "Fabils" were printed at Edinburgh in 1631 ; his "Testament of Faire Cresside" in 1593. The latter work was a continuation of Chaucer's "Troilus and Cresside." His MSS. are preserved in the Scotch Advocate's Library.

(1) *Eft, aft*, after. Coleridge uses "eftsoons" in the "Ancient Mariner."
 (2) *That*—so. (3) Minister. (4) A short time.
 (5) Then. (6) Anguish. (7) See.

THE GARMENT OF GOOD LADIES.¹

Would my good lady love me best,
 And work after my will,
 I should a garment goodliest
 Gar make her body till.²

Of high honour should be her hood,
 Upon her head to wear,
 Garnish'd with governance so good,
 Ne dreming should her deir.³

Her sark⁴ should be her body next,
 Of chastity so white ;
 With shame and dread together mixt,
 The same should be perfyt.⁵

Her kirtle should be of clean constance,
 Laced with lesun⁶ love ;
 The mailyeis⁷ of continuance,
 For never to remove.

Her gown should be of godliness,
 Well ribbon'd with renown ;
 Purfiled⁸ with pleasure in ilk place,
 Furred with fine fashioun.

Her belt should be of benignity,
 About her middle meet ;
 Her mantle of humility
 To thole⁹ both wind and wet.

Her hat should be of fair having,
 And her tippet of truth ;
 Her patelet¹⁰ of good pausing,¹¹
 Her hals-ribband of ruth.¹²

Her sleeves should be of esperance,
 To keep her from despair ;
 Her gloves of the good governance,
 To hide her fingers fair.

¹ See Sir David Dalrymple's *Ancient Scottish Poems*. 1770.

² *Gar make*—Get made to fit her body.

³ *Ne dreming*—she should have no reason to fear censure.

⁴ *Sark*—shift.

⁵ *Perfyt*—perfect.

⁶ *Lesun*—loyal.

⁷ *Mailyeis* (French)—the eyelet-holes for taking the lace.

⁸ *Purfiled*—bordered (French, *purfilé*).

⁹ *Thole*—bear, resist (Saxon).

¹⁰ *Patelet*—tippet.

¹¹ *Pausing*—thinking

¹² *Hals*—ribbon of truth, neck-ribbon of pity.

Her shoen should be of sickerness,¹
 In sign that she not slide :
 Her hose of honesty, I guess,
 I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
 I durst swear by my seill,²
 That she wore never green or gray,
 That set³ her half so well.

THE ABBEY WALK.

Alone as I went up and down,
 In an abbey, was fair to see,
 Thinking what consolation
 Was best unto adversity,
 Oncase⁴ I cast on side mine ee,
 And saw this written on a wall :
 "Of what estate, Man, that thou be,
 Obey, and thank thy God of⁵ all !"

Thy kingdom, and thy great empire,
 Thy royalty, nor rich array,
 Shall nought endure at thy desire ;
 But, as the wind, will wend away.
 Thy gold and all thy goodis gay,
 When fortune list, will fra thee fall ;
 Sin thou sic⁶ samples sees ilk day,
 Obey, and thank thy God of all !

Though thou be blind, or have an halt,
 Or in thy face deformed ill,
 So it come not through thy default,
 No man should thee reprief⁷ by skill.
 Blame not thy Lord, so is His will !
 Spurn not thy foot against the wall ;
 But with meek heart, and prayer still,
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

(1) *Sickerness*—security, steadiness.

(3) *Set*—became her.

(6) *Sic*—such.

(4) *Oncase*—accidentally.

(7) *Reprief*—reprove.

(2) *Seill*—felicity.

(5) *Of*—i.e. for.

God, of his justice, mon¹ correct ;
 And, of his mercy, pity have ;
 He is a judge, to none suspect,
 To punish sinful man and save.
 Though thou be lord atour the laif,²
 And afterward made bound and thrall,
 A poor beggar with scrip and staff—
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

This changing, and great variance
 Of earthly statés, up and down,
 Is not but casualty and chance,
 (As some men says without reasown),
 But by the great provision
 Of God above, that rule thee shall !
 Therefore, ever thou make thee boun³
 To obey, and thank thy God of all.

In wealth be meek, heich⁴ not thyself .
 Be glad in wilful poverty ;
 Thy power and thy worldis pelf
 Is nought but very vanity.
 Remember Him that died on tree,
 For thy sake tasted bitter gall :
 Who heis⁵ low hearts, and loweis hi,
 Obey ; and thank thy God of all !



WILLIAM DUNBAR.

Born (circa) 1460. Died (circa) 1520.

VERY little is known of Dunbar's history. He was born at Salton, East Lothian ; and was entered among the "Determinantes" at St. Salvator's College, St. Andrews, in 1475, and in 1479 took his degree of M.A. He travelled as a Franciscan in France and England, and was frequently employed abroad in the King's service. On his return to Scotland he commemorated the marriage of the king, James IV, with

(1) *Mon*—must. (2) *Atour the laif*—above the rest. (3) *Boun*—ready.
 (4) *Heich*—exalt. (5) *Heis*—exalts.

Margaret Tudor (daughter of Henry VII. of England), in a poem entitled "The Thistle and the Rose." He seems to have been in the train of the ambassadors who visited England to conclude the negotiations for the marriage. In 1500, the Scotch king granted him a pension of ten pounds, which was increased to twenty pounds in 1507, and to eighty in 1510; and as such continued up to the time of the king's death at Flodden, after which event Dunbar's name disappears from the treasurer's books. In his poetry he records the fact of dancing in the queen's chamber, from which we may infer that he was received at Court. The following admirable piece would do honour to any poet.

GLADNESS.

Be merry, man, and tak nought far in mynd,¹
 The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow,
 To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
 And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow :
 His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow.
 Be blythe in heart for ony aventure,
 For with wysane it hath been said aforrow ²
 Without gladness availèd no treasure.

Mak the gude cheer of it that God thee sends ;
 For world's wrack³ but weifare nought avails,
 Na gude is thine, save only but thou spends,
 Remenant all, then bruikis but with bails,⁴
 Seek to solàce when sadness thee assails,
 In dolour lang thy life may not endure ;
 Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sail,
 Without gladness availes no treasùre.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate ;
 With famous folkis hold thy company.⁵
 Be charitable and humble in thine estate,
 For worldly honour lestis⁶ but a cry ;
 For trouble in earth tak no melàncholy :
 Be rich in patience, if thou in goods be poor.
 Who livis merry he livis mightily ;⁷
 Without gladness availis no treasùre.

(1) Let nothing disturb your mind needlessly.

(2) With wisdom it has been said before to-day.

(3) Worldly possession without happiness is of no value :—"but" *i.e.* without.

(4) All that remains you possess only with sorrow.

(5) Keep company with people of good fame and reputation.

(6) Continues only like a shout, which immediately dies away.

(7) "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance ; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."—*Proverbs* xv. 13.

GAWAIN DOUGLAS.

Born 1474. Died 1522.

DOUGLAS was a son of Archibald, 5th Earl of Angus, who was known by the nickname of "Bell-the-cat," from his joining in the conspiracy against Lauder, the Minister of James III. of Scotland. Gawain was born at Brechin in 1474. After receiving a liberal education at St. Andrews, he became a priest, and was made provost of St. Giles's, Edinburgh. From thence he was promoted to the abbacy of Aberbrotrick, through the favour of the Queen Mother, Margaret, who subsequently to the fatal battle of Flodden, and the death of her husband James IV, married the then Earl of Angus, nephew to Gawain Douglas. Through the same high favour he was shortly afterwards nominated to the Archbishopric of St. Andrews, but the Pope refused to confirm the nomination. In 1515, however, he was consecrated Bishop of Dunkeld, and despite the tempestuous times in which he lived, devoted himself with great earnestness to the spiritual duties of his diocese. But neither his sacred office, nor his high character, nor the learning and devotion of his life were able to preserve him against the enmity of the Regent Albany, who proscribed the whole family of Douglas. The Bishop was compelled in 1521 to seek for safety in flight, and betook himself to London, where he was kindly and liberally treated by king Henry VIII. He fell a victim to the Plague, and died in 1522.

The chief production of Bishop Douglas's pen is the translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, in heroic measure. This was the first rendering of a classic author into any British tongue. His poetry is greatly overlaid with Latinized terms, and is as much as possible Celtic in its phrasing. So far from wishing to please the English ear, he lamented his incapacity to make his poetry exclusively Scotch. He wrote:—

" And yet, forsooth, I see my busy pain,
(As that—I couth) to make it *broad and plain* ;
Keepand no Southern,¹ but our own language,
And speak as I learnt when I was a page.
Na yet sa clean all Southern I refuse
But *some word I pronounce as neighbours does !*
Like as in Latin be Grew² wordis some
So me behoved, whilom (or be dumb)
Some bastard Latin, French, or English use
Where scant was Scottish : I had none other chuse."

The translation of the *Æneid* was commenced in January 1512, and concluded in July 1513. He also wrote the "Palace of Honour," a work dedicated to James IV.

(1) *Keepand no Southern*—using no Southern, or English phrases.

(2) *Grew*—Greek.

[The following extract, descriptive of May, is taken from the Prologue to the Twelfth Book of the *Æneid*.]

For to behold it was a gloire¹ to see
 The stabled windis, and the calmed sea,
 The soft season, the firmament serene,
 The loun² illumin'd air, and firth amene,³
 The silver-scaled fishes on the grit⁴
 O'er-thwart clear streams sprinkilland⁵ for the heat ;
 With finnis shinand brown as cinnabar,
 And chizzle tailis stirrand here and there.—
 And lusty Flora did her bloomis spread
 Under the feet of Phœbus' sulyart⁶ steed :
 The swarded soil embrode⁷ with selcouth⁸ hues,
 Wood and forest obumbrate with the bews !⁹
 Whose blissful branches, portray'd on the ground,
 With shadows sheen, show roches¹⁰ rubicund,
 Tow'rs, turrets, kernells¹¹ and pinnacles high,
 Of kirkis, castles, and ilk fair city ;
 Stood painted every fane, phiðll,¹² and stage,
 Upon the plain ground by their own umbrage.

And blissful blossoms, in the bloomèd sward,
 Submits their heads in the young sun's safe-guard :
 Ivy leaves rank o'erspread the barmkyn¹³ wall ;
 The bloomèd hawthorn clad his pykis all :¹⁴
 Forth of fresh burgeons,¹⁵ the wine-grapis ying
 Endlong the trestles did on twistis hing.¹⁶
 The locked buttons on the gemmed trees
 O'erspreadand leaves of nature's tapestries
 Soft grassy verdure, after balmy showers,
 On curland stalkis smiland to their flowers,
 Beholdand them so many divers hue,
 Some pers,¹⁷ some pale,¹⁸ some burnet,¹⁹ and some blue,
 Some grey, some gules,²⁰ some purpure, some sanguene,
 Blanchet,²¹ or brown, fauch-yellow²² many ane ;

(1) *Gloire*—glorious to see.

(3) *Firth amene*—pleasant plain.

(5) *Sprinkilland*—darting about.

(7) *Embrode*—embroidered.

(9) *Bews*—boughs.

(11) *Kernells*—battlements (French *krenelles*).

(13) *Barmkyn*—mound, *barne*.

(15) *Burgeons*—buds (French.)

(17) *Pers*—light-blue (French).

(19) *Burnet*—brown (French), hence our modern term "brunette."

(20) *Gules*—red.

(22) *Fauch-yellow*—fawn-coloured yellow.

(2) *Loun*—the clear air.

(4) *Grit*—the gravel sand.

(6) *Sulyart*—sultry.

(8) *Selcouth*—rare, uncommon (Saxon).

(10) *Roches*—rocks.

(12) *Phioll*—cupola (French, *fiolle*).

(14) *Pykis*—pikes, points.

(16) *Hing*—hang.

(18) *Pale*—light-yellow (French).

(21) *Blanchet*—white.

Some, heavenly-colour'd, in celestial gre,¹
 Some watery hued, as the haw-waly² sea ;
 And some, depaint in freckles, red and white,
 Some bright as gold, with aureate leavis lite :³
 The daisy did un-braid her crownel smale,
 And every flow'r un-lapped in the dale,
 The flower-de-luce forth spread his heavenly huc,
 Flow'r damas,⁴ and columbo black and blue.
 Sire downis small on dandelion sprung,
 The young green bloomed strawberry leaves among :
 Gimp gilliflowers their own leaves un-shet :⁵
 Fresh primrose, and the purpure violet.
 The rose-knobbis tetand⁶ forth their head,
 Gan chip,⁷ and kyth⁸ their vernal lippis red ;

Crisp scarlet leaves sheddand, baith⁹ at anes.
 Each fragrant smell amid from golden grains.
 Heavenly lilies, with lockerand¹⁰ toppis white,
 Opened, and shew their crestis redemite.¹¹
 The balmy vapour from their silver croppis¹²
 Distilland wholesome suggar'd honey-droppis—
 So that ilk burgeon, scion, herb, or flow'r
 Wox¹³ all embalmed of the fresh liquoûr
 And bathed not did in dulce humours flete,¹⁴
 Whercof the beeis wrought their honey sweet.—

* * * * *

Forth of his palace royal issued Phoebûs,
 With golden crown and visage glorious,
 Crisp hairs, bright as chrysolite or topàz,
 For whose hue might nane behold his face,
 The fiery sparkis brasting from his een
 To purge the air and gilt the tender green.

* * * * *

Welcome, the lord of light, and lamp of day !
 Welcome, fosterer of tender herbis green !
 Welcome, quickener of fluriet flowers sheen !
 Welcome, support of every root and vane !¹⁵
 Welcome, comfort of all kind fruit and grain !
 Welcome, the birdis bield upon the brier !

(1) *Gre*—the sky-blue (French *gris*. (2) *Haw-waly*—darked-waved.
 (3) *Lite*—small. (4) *Damas flower*,—damask rose. (5) *Un-shet*—unshut.
 (6) *Tetand*—peeping. (7) *Chip*—break forth. (8) *Kyth*—show.
 (9) *Baith at anes*—both at once. (10) *Lockerand*—curled.
 (11) *Redemite*—crowned. (12) *Croppis*—heads. (13) *Wox*—grew.
 (14) *Flete*—float. (15) *Vane*—sprout.

Welcome, mastèr and ruler of the year !
 Welcome, welfare of husbands¹ at the plews !
 Welcome, reparer of woods, trees, and bews !²
 Welcome, depainter³ of the bloomit meads !
 Welcome, the life of everything that spreads !



STEPHEN HAWES.

Born 1450. *Died* 1520.

HAWES was a native of Suffolk, and was educated at Oxford. He travelled not only in England and Scotland, but in France and Italy, and was excellently read in French and Italian poetry. His knowledge, accomplishments, and great powers of conversation, recommended him to Henry VII. before whom Hawes frequently recited the old English poets, especially Lydgate. He was appointed Groom of the Chamber to the king.

The principal work written by Hawes is entitled "Pastime of Pleasure." It was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1517, with woodcuts. It is entitled "The history of Grand Amoure and La bel Pucell, called the Pastime of Pleasure, conteynyng the knowledge of the seven sciences, and the course of man's lyfe in this worlde. Invented by Stephen Hawes, Grome of Kyng Henry the Seventh, his chamber." This poem is of course an allegory ; and has all the quaintness and romantic action popular in the 15th and 16th centuries. Grand Amour goes through the town of Doctrine, where he meets the Sciences, becomes enamoured of La bel Pucell, whom he marries, and lives happily with her. Hawes was the devoted admirer of Lydgate, and in his compositions copied him. It has been said by some that he "improved upon him," but such an assertion can hardly be sustained when the works of the two poets are compared. Hawes may be regarded as the latest English poet of mark, before the influences of the Reformation began to show themselves in literature, poetry, and the conduct of public men, on both sides of the question.

PASTIME OF PLEASURE.

CANTO XXI.

So forth I went upon a craggy roche,
 Unto the toure most wonderfully wrought
 Of geometry, and as I did approche

(1) *Husbands*—husbandmen at the ploughs.

(2) *Bews*—boughs.

(3) *Depainter*—"de" used intensively.

The altitude all in my mynd I sought
 Sixe hundred fote as by my nomber thought,
 Quadrant it was, and did heue and sette
 At euery storme whan the wind was great.

Thus at the last I came into an hall
 Hanged with arres riche and precious,
 And euery window glased with cristall,
 Lyke a place of plesure much solacious
 Wyth knottes¹ sixe-angled, gay and glorious,
 The rofe did hange right high and pleasuntly
 By geometry made right well and craftely.

In this marveyulous hall replette with richesse
 At the hye end she sat full wortely,²
 I came anone unto her great noblesse
 And kneled adowne before her mekely ;
 Madame, I sayd, ye werke full ryally,³
 I beseche you with all my diligence
 To instructe me in your wonderfull science

My science, she sayd, it is moost profitable
 Unto astronomy, for I do it mesure.
 In euery thing as it is probable
 For I myselfe can ryght well discure⁴
 Of euery sterre which is sene in vre,
 The meruaylous gretnes by my mesuring
 For God made all at the begynnyng.

By good mesuring both the heyght and depnes
 Of euery thing as I vnderstand,
 The length and brede with al the greatnes
 Of the firmament so compassing the land,
 And who my cunning list⁵ to take in hand,
 In his emyspery⁶ of hye or low degre
 Nothing there is but it may measure be.

Though that it be from vs hye and farre
 If ony thing fall we may it truely se,
 As the sonne or moone or ony other sterre,
 We may therof know well the quantite
 Who of this science dooth know the certaynte,
 All mysteries might measure perfytely
 For geometry doth shew it openly.

(1) *Knottes*—garden-beds. (2) *Wortely*—worthily. (3) *Ryally*—royally.
 (4) *Discure*—discover. (5) *List*—desire. (6) *Emyspery*—hemisphere.

Where that is mesure,¹ there is no lacking ;
 Where that is mesure, hole is the body ;
 Where that is mesure, good is the lining ;
 Where that is mesure, wisdom is truly ;
 Where that is mesure, werke is directly ;
 Where that is mesure, natures werking ;
 Nature increaseth by right good knowledging.

Where lacketh mesure, there is no plente ;
 Where lacketh mesure, seke² is the courage ;
 Where lacketh mesure, ther is iniquite ;
 Where lacketh mesure, there is great outrage ;
 Where lacketh mesure, is none aduantage ;
 Where lacketh mesure, there is great glotony ;
 Where lacketh mesure, is moost unhappy.

For there is no hye nor great estate
 Without mesure can kepe his dignite,
 It doth preserue him both early and late,
 Keping him from the pytte of pouerte.
 Mesure is moderate to all bounte,
 Gretely nedeful for to take the charge,
 Man for to rule that he go not at large.

Who loueth mesure can not do amys,
 So perfitey is the high operacion ;
 Among all thynges so wonderfull it is
 That it is full of all delectation,
 And to vertue hath inclynacion,
 Mesure also doth well exemplefy
 The hasty dome to swage and modefy.

Without mesure, wo worth the jugement ;
 Without mesure, wo worth the temperaunce ;
 Without mesure, wo worth the punishment ;
 Without mesure, wo worth the purueyance ;
 Without mesure, wo worth the sustenaunce ;
 Without mesure, wo worth the sadnes ;
 And without mesure, wo worth the gladnes.

Mesure, mesuring, mesurably taketh ;
 Mesure, mesuring, mesurably dooth all ;
 Mesure, mesuring, mesurably maketh ;

(1) Measure has here the same signification as the modern term "moderation."
 (2) Seke—sick.

Mesure, mesuring, mesurably guyde shall ;
 Measure, mesuring, mesurably doth call ;
 Measure, mesuring, to right hye pre-emyence ;
 For always mesure is grounde of excellence.

Mesure mesureth mesure in effecte ;
 Measure mesureth euery quantyte ;
 Measure mesureth all waye the aspecte ;
 Measure, mesureth, all in certayne ;
 Measure, mesureth, in the stabilitie ;
 Measure, mesuryth, in euery doutfull case ;
 And mesure is the lodesterre¹ of all grace.

Affycte² of mesure is long continuance ;
 Quantite without mesure is nought ;
 Aspect of mesure denoydeth³ repentaunce ;
 Certayne wold weye all thinges thought ;
 Stabilitie vpon a perfite grounde is wrought ;
 Cace⁴ doubtfull may yet a whyle abyde ;
 Grace may in space a remedy prouyde.

Countenaunce causeth the promocyon ;
 Naught anayleth seruice without attendaunce ;
 Repentaunces is after all abusyon⁵ ;
 Thought afore wolde haue had perseueraunce ;
 Wrought how should be by dede the mischaunce ;
 Abyde nothing tyll thou doe the dede ;
 Prouyde⁶ in mynde how thou mayst haue mede ;

Promocion groweth after good gouernaunce ;
 Attendaunce doth attayne good fauour ;
 Abusyon is causer of all variaunce ;
 Perceyueraunce causeth great honour ;
 Mischaunce alway is roote of dolour ;
 Dede done, cannot be called agayne ;
 Mede well rewarded both with joye and paync.

(1) *Lodesterre*—loadstar.

(3) *Denoydeth*—denudeth, renders unnecessary.

(5) *Abusyon*—abuse.

(2) *Affycte*—the effect.

(4) *Cace*—a doubtful case.

(6) *Prouyde*—provide.



JOHN SKELTON.

Born (circa) 1460. Died 1529.

SKELTON studied at Cambridge, if not at both Universities. He began to write and publish between 1480 and 1490. He graduated at Oxford before 1490, and took an "ad eundem" degree at Cambridge in 1493. In 1498 he was unfortunately admitted to holy orders, and somewhere about the same time was appointed by Henry VII. tutor to the young Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII. For proficiency and classical scholarship he was well fitted for the position. As a scholar he obtained a great reputation, and was entitled by Erasmus "Britannicarum literarum decus et lumen." His Latin verses were distinguished for their purity of diction and classical spirit. On the accession of Henry VIII. he was appointed Orator Royal, and also Poet Laureate. The only ecclesiastical preferment he ever held was the rectory of Diss, in Norfolk. He was a man singularly ill-suited for any clerical duties, and gave himself up with far greater satisfaction to satire and wild turbulent irregularity of living. Unfortunately he was not content with lampooning his fellow-men on paper; he carried his buffoonery into the pulpit, and made that the place for his comic or scurrilous invectives. He fell under the censure of the Bishop of Norwich. Possibly he relied upon his ascendancy over the mind of his royal pupil; but, whatever was the reason, he persisted in his course. He satirized the Mendicant Friars; he gratified his taste next by maligning in his verse the pure and upright Sir Thomas More; then he advanced to attacks upon the Lord Cardinal Wolsey, who had been his friend and patron. In Wolsey, however, he found a different object for satire to Sir Thomas More. The Lord Cardinal was not to be attacked with impunity. It was only by flight, and seeking sanctuary at Westminster from Abbot Islip, that Skelton escaped punishment. He remained in sanctuary until his death in 1529, and was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster.

It is hardly possible to believe that Skelton would have dared to attack such distinguished men as More and Wolsey unless he knew it pleased the humour of his royal master and quondam pupil. Indeed his writings lead us to suspect that his tutorial talents may have exercised an evil influence upon the mind of the pupil, who subsequently behaved in such singular sympathy with the mind of the teacher. Skelton's

name ought not to be passed over in silence. His poetry is very commonly, as it has been called, the "jingling of a rhyming buffoon;" but nevertheless it possesses life, and vivacious pictures of life. In this respect it marks the awakening of the English muse from a somnolent, sluggish, style. In his recklessness he sweeps along, brawling and foaming like a mountain streamlet. His poetry is significant of a time of storm.

The following extracts are from his attacks upon Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Wolsey. Despite the bitterness of his invective we have a life-like presentation of the great Cardinal, and in introducing the poetry of Skelton and Roye into this work, it is to be observed that this is probably the first occasion in which they have been presented to the public in any volume of selections or quotations from the poets. Why they have hitherto been generally—perhaps universally—overlooked it is hard to say. They certainly do no credit to their period, for they were both renegade priests who thought they saw their advantage in abusing their own order, and pandering to the tastes of the king and the passions of the day. But it is precisely because they do reflect—and that in keen and vivid satire—a particular time, and show us the men of the time, and expose the feelings of the time, that they ought to be made known to the general reader, and no longer remain "curiosities of literature" to a few learned book-worms.

ON TYME.

Ye may here now, in this ryme,
How euery thing must haue a tyme.

Tyme is a thing that no man can resyst ;
Tyme is trancytory and irreuocable ;
Who sayeth the contrary, tyme passeth as hym lyst,
Tyme must be taken in season couenable ;
Take tyme when tyme is, for tyme is ay mutable ;
All thyng hath tyme, who can for it prouyde ;
Byde for tyme who wyll, for tyme wyll no man byde.

Tyme to be sad, and tyme to play and sporte ;
Tyme to take rest by way of recreacion ;
Tyme to study, and tyme to use comfort ;
Tyme of pleasure, and tyme of consolation ;
Thus tyme hath his tyme of diuers maner facion :
Tyme for to eate and drynke for thy repast ;
Tyme to be lyberall, and tyme to make no wast.

Tyme to trauell, and tyme for to rest ;
 Tyme for to speake, and tyme to hold thy pease ;
 Tyme would be vsed when tyme is best ;
 Tyme to begyn, and tyme for to cease ;
 And when tyme is, [to] put thyselfe in prease ;
 And when tyme is, to holde thyselfe abacke
 For tyme well spent can neuer haue lacke.

The rotys¹ take theyr sap in tyme of vere ;²
 In tyme of somer flowres fresh and grene ;
 In tyme of haruest men theyr corn shere ;
 In tyme of wynter the north wynde waxeth kene,
 So bytterly bytynge the flowres be not sene ;
 The Kalendis of Janus, wyth hys frostes hore,
 That tyme is when people must lyue vpon store.

WHY COME YE NAT TO COURT?

* * * * *

It is a wonders warke :
 They shote all at one marke,
 At the Cardynals hat,
 They shote all at that ;
 Oute of theyre stronge townes
 They shote at him with crownes ;
 With crownes of golde emblased
 They make him so amased,
 And his eyen so dased,
 That he ne se can
 To know God nor man.
 He is set so hye
 In his ierarchy
 Of frantyeke frenesy
 And folysshe fantasy,
 That in the Chambre of Starres³
 All maters there he marres ;

(1) *Rotys*—roots.

(2) *Vere*—spring-time.

(3) *Chambre of Starres*—the famous, or infamous Star-Chamber, which continued a tribunal of terror to the time of Charles I. It took its name from the Starra, or Jewish covenants deposited in that room by order of Richard I. The Court of Star-Chamber was instituted in the second year of Henry VII. (1487), and was finally abolished in the sixteenth year of Charles I. (1641). The Chancellor had the casting vote. In that capacity Wolsey presided, and "clapped his rod upon the board."

Clappyng his rod on the borde,
 No man dare speke a worde,
 For he hath all the sayenge
 Without any renayenge ;
 He rolleth in his recordes,
 He sayth, How saye ye, my lordes ?
 Is not my reason good ?
 Good euyn, good Robin Hood !
 Some say yes, and some
 Syt styll as they were dom : ¹
 Thus thwartyng ouer thom,
 He ruleth all the roste.
 With braggynge and with bost ;
 Borne up on euery syde
 With pompe and with pryde,
 With, trompe vp, Alleluya !
 For dame Philargerya
 Hathe so his herte in holde,
 He loueth nothyng but golde ;

* * * *

Adew, Philosophia !
 Adew, Theologia !
 Welcome, Dame Simonia,
 With Dame Castrimergia,
 To drinke and for to eate
 Swete ypocras and swete meate !
 To kepe his flesshe chast,
 In Lent for a repast,
 He eateth capons stewed,
 Fesaunt and partriche mewed,
 Hennes, checkynges and pygges.

* * * *

Ones yet agayne
 Of you I would frayne,
 Why come ye nat to court ?
 To whyche court ?
 To the Kynges court
 Or to Hampton Court ?—
 Nay to the Kynges court :
 The Kynges courte
 Shulde haue the excellence ;

(1) *Dom*—dumb.

But Hampton Court
 Hath the preemynence,
 And Yorkes Place,
 With my lordes grace,
 To whose magnyfycence
 Is all the conflowence.
 Sutys and supplycacyons
 Embassades of all nacyons.
 Strawe for lawe canon,
 Or for the lawe common,
 Or for lawe cyuyll !
 It shall be as he wyll :
 Stop at law sancrete,
 An abstract or a concrete ?
 Be it soure or be it swete,
 His wysdome is so dyscrete
 That in a fume or an hete,
 Wardeyne of the Fleete
 Sete hym fast by the fete !
 And of his royall powre
 Whan hym lyst to lowre
 Than haue him to the Towre,
Saunz aulter remedy.
 Haue hym forthe by and by
 To the Marshalsy.
 Or to the Kynges Benche !
 He dyggeth so in the trenche
 Of the court royall,
 That he ruleth them all.
 So he dothe undermynde,
 And such sleyghts dothe fynde,
 That the Kynges mynde
 By hym is subuerted,
 And so streatly coarted.
 In credensynge his tales,
 That all is but nutshales
 That any other sayth ;
 He hath in hym suche fayth.

Now all this myght be
 But all he bringeth to nought,
 Suffred and taken in gre,
 If that that he wrought
 To any good ende were brought ;
 By God, that me dere bought !

He bereth the Kyng on hand,
 That he may pyll his lande,
 To make his cofers ryche ;
 But he laythe all in the dyche,
 And vseth suche abusyoun,
 All commeth to confusyon.
 Perceyue the cause why,
 To tell the trouth playnly,
 He is so ambicyous,
 So shamles and so vicyous,
 And so supersticyous,
 And so much obliyuous
 From whens that he came
 That he falleth into a caeciam,
 Whiche, truly to espresse,
 Is a forgetfulnesse,
 Or wylfull blyndnesse,
 Wherewith the Sodomites
 Lost theyr inward syghtes,
 The Gommoryans also
 Were brought to deadly wo,
 As Scrypture recordis :
A caecitate cordis,
 In the Latyne synge we,
Libera nos, Domine !

But this madde Amalecke,
 Lyke to a Mamalek,
 He regardeth lordes
 No more than potshordes ;
 He is in suche elacyon
 Of his exaltacyon,
 And the supportacyon
 Of our souerayne lorde
 That, God to recorde,
 He ruleth all at wyll,
 Without reason or skyll,
 How be it the primordyall
 Of his wretched originall
 And his base progeny,
 And his gresy genealogy,
 He came of the sank royall
 That was cast out of a bochers stall.

* * * * *

THE DEAD MAN'S HEAD.

[SKELTON Laureat uppon a Deed man's Hed that was sent to hym from an Honorable jentil woman for a token, Deuysyd this gostly meditacion in Englysh, coventable in sentence comendable, lamentable, lacrimable, profitable for the soule.]

Youre vgly tokyn
 My mynd hath brokyn,
 From worldly lust.
 For I have dyscust
 We are but dust,
 And dy we must.
 It is generall
 To be mortall.
 I have well espyde
 No man may hym hyde :
 With sinnews wyderyd
 From deth holow eyed.
 With bonys shyderyd,
 With hys worme etyn maw,
 And his gastly jaw.
 Gaspyng asyde,
 Nakyd of hyde,
 Neyther flesh nor fell.
 Then by my councell
 Loke that ye spel
 Well thys gospell.
 For when so we dwell,
 Deth will us quell,
 And with us mell.
 For all our pamperde paunchis
 Ther may no fraunchys
 For worldly blys,
 Redeme vs from this,
 Our days be daytyd,
 To be check matyd,
 With drawttys of deth,
 Stopping oure breth,
 Oure eyen synking,
 Oure bodys stynkyng,

JOHN SKELTON.

Oure gummys grynnyng,
 Oure soulys brynnyng.
 To whom then shall we sew
 For to have reskew,
 Bvt to sweet Jesu,
 On vs then for to rew.

O, goodly child
 Of Mary mylde,
 Then be our shyld,
 That we be not exyld,
 To the dyre dale
 Of botomles bale,
 Nor to the lake
 Of fendys blake.

But graunt vs grace
 To se thy face,
 And to purchace,
 Thyne heuenly place,
 And thy palace,
 Full of solace,
 Above the sky,
 That is so hy. Eternally,
 To behold and se
 The Trynyte. Amen.

Mirres Vous Y.

 ON SIR THOMAS MORE.

But now we have a knight,
 All armed for to fight,
 To put the truth to flight,
 By Bow-bell policy ;
 With his poetry,
 And his sophistry,
 To mock and make a lie,
 With "quoth he, and quoth I,"
 And his apology
 Made for the prelacy ;
 Their hugy pomp and pride,
 To colour and to hide.
 He maketh no nobbes,
 But with his dialogues,
 To prove our prelates gods,

And laymen very lobbies,
Beating them with bobbies;
And with their own rods.
Thus he taketh pain
To fable and to feign,
Their mischief to maintain,
And to have them reign,
Over hill and plain ;
Yea, over heaven and hell,
And where as spirits dwell,
In purgatory's holes,
With hot fire and coals,
To sing for silly souls.
With a supplication,
And a confutation,
Without replication,
Having delectation,
To make exclamation,
By way of declamation,
In his debellation,
With a popish fashion,
To subvert our nation.
But this dawcock doctor,
And purgatory proctor,
Waketh now for wages ;
And as a man that rages,
Or overcome with ages,
Disputeth per ambages,
To help these parasites,
And naughty hypocrites,
With legends of lies,
Feigned fantasies,
And very vanities,
Called verities,
Unwritten and unknown,
But as they be blown,
From liar to liar,
Invented by a frier,
In *magnâ copia*
Brought out of Utopia
Unto the maid of Kent,
Now from the devil sent,
A virgin fair and gent,
That hath our eyes yblent.

WILLIAM ROYE.

Born (circa) 1490. Died (circa) 1531-2-3.

WILLIAM ROYE was an ecclesiastic. Of his parentage, or time of birth, we have no evidence. The first knowledge we possess concerning him is, that he was a Friar Observant of the Franciscan Order, at Greenwich. Belonging to Greenwich, and living close to the palace where Henry VIII. constantly kept his court—where his connexion with Anne Boleyn was first secretly promoted, to the wrong and insult of his Queen, Katharine of Arragon—where the power and the decline from power of Cardinal Wolsey was most clearly exhibited—Roye had opportunities of observation and of information which, when he could make a market of his wares, he did not scruple to try and sell to advantage. He was one of those shrewd, unprincipled men, who (to use an expressive vulgar phrase) knew “which way the wind blows.” He seems, however, to have been too eager for the blast; and to avoid the chastisement which his ribaldry deserved, he managed to escape abroad through the assistance of Humphrey Mummuth, Alderman of London. Having made his way to Hamburg about 1523-1524, he introduced himself to Tyndale, who was then engaged upon his translation of the New Testament. Tyndale was only too glad to secure the services of an Englishman who could aid him “both to write, and compare the texts together.” A man of Tyndale’s character and religious feeling was not long in taking a proper measure of Roye’s character. It is not his enemy, but the man whom he ought to have made his best friend, that has portrayed him. He was, says Tyndale, a writer of “*railing rhymes*.” In his preface to the Parable of the Wicked Mammon, Tyndale speaks of Roye—“a man somewhat crafty when he commeth unto new acquayntance, and before he be through knowne, and namelly, *when all is spent*, came unto me, and offred me his helpe. As long as he had no mony, somewhat I could rule hym, but as soone as he had gotten hym mony he became lyke hymselfe agayn.” Tyndale bore with him until his translation was ended: “When that was ended I toke my leave and bade hym farewell for our two lyves, *and, as men say, ‘a day longer.’*”

One Jerome, a brother of the Order at Greenwich, happened to pass through Worms, where Tyndale then was, on his road to Argentine (Strasburg). Tyndale “exhorted hym to beware of hym, and to walke quietly.” “Roye’s tongue is able not only to make fooles starke

mad, but also to deceive the wisest, that is—at the first sight, and acquaintance.” Tyndale dismissed Roye from his service as soon as he could conveniently get rid of him; but not before it was time, for his association with the renegade priest only served to bring discredit upon Tyndale.

Roye's taste for “railing rhymes” seems to have been known to Tyndale. He pursued it after his dismissal, and from translating Scripture, gave himself up to writing the most bitter satires upon Religion—the offices of Religion—and especially upon the Cardinal Wolsey. He had too good reason to know that scurrility would be acceptable in high quarters in England. His chief satire was published under the title—

“Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I saye no thyng but trothe.”

It was published about 1526–1527, and has been pronounced “one of the most extraordinary satires of any age.” In 1529, Sir Thomas More speaks of Roye as an “Apostate,” and denounces this satire as it deserves, calling it “a blasphemous booke.” Cardinal Wolsey was so deeply offended by its publication, that he endeavoured to buy up the whole edition. Consequently copies of it are very scarce. A second edition appeared, but it was very much modified. Roye's “Rhymes” were at first attributed to Tyndale, which made him feel keenly the necessity of repudiating both the rhymes and their author. In the margin of Bishop Tunstall's prohibition of Tyndale's Testament, there is an entry “admonitio ad tradendum libros Novi Testamenti in idiomati Vulgari translatos per fratrem Augustinensem Lutherum et ejus ministros, viz. Willielmum Tyndale, et fratrem Willielmum Roy, &c. &c. &c. . . . Præfatus frater Roy. A.D. MDXXXI. eat combustus in Portugallia ob hæresum ut dicebatur.” It appears, however, that it was only “ut dicebatur,” *i.e.* a rumour at the time, for Roye was seen in London the following year. Nothing more is known of him. He perished as he deserved, in obscurity. Roye, like Skelton, is passed over in all selections of the British Poets which have hitherto been made. Whether this has arisen from considering them unimportant, or whether the students of our old poets have been ashamed of such “representative men” of a period, it need not be inquired here. However much we may despise such men, they are essentially the Poets of the period of the Reformation. They express the thought and feeling that was “popular” at the moment, and that was especially acceptable to Henry VIII. In the nineteenth century there can be no question that the cause they advocated gained nothing by such “railing” advocacy. Tyndale was thoroughly ashamed of ever having been connected with such a foul-mouthed, blasphemous man as Roye. And well he might. His poetry can now only be reached by the Antiquarian. It has no place in modern literature; but it ought not to be pushed aside and hidden—however much its character deserves it—because it is indicative of a certain tone and fashion, in the highest society in

England, when, to promote a particular object, even a king could receive into his palace, and read with zest, productions which any decent-minded Englishman of the present day could only regard with disgust.

Despite this, Roye was a clever man, and a keen satirist. His poem "Rede me," &c., is a marvellous production, and it makes the reader regret its author had not lived in a better atmosphere, at a better time, and used his talents to a better purpose.

The following quotation from "Rede me," gives a vivid picture of Cardinal Wolsey in the Star Chamber, and as he went upon one of his progresses. The description of the Cardinal mounted, with his train of attendants, is certainly the most striking piece of "word-painting" of the period, that exists in our language, realizing Wolsey in the zenith of his power.

"Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I saye no thyng but trothe."

A BREFE DIALOGUE

BETWEEN TWO PRESTES SERVAUNTS, NAMED WATKYN
AND JEFFRAYE.

JEFFRAYE.—Fyrst, as I sayde, there is a Cardinall,
Which is the Ruler principall,
Through the realme in every parte.

WATKYN.—Have they not in Englande a Kynge?

JEFF.—Alas, mane, speake not of that thyng,
For it goeth to my verye harte;
And I shall shewe the a cause whye
There is no Prynce under the skye
That to compare with hym is able.

* * * * *

Notwithstandynge for all this,
By the Cardinall ruled he is,
To the distayninge of his honoure.

WAT.—Doethe he folowe the Cardinall's intente?

JEFF.—Yee, and that the Comones repente,
With many a wepyng teare.

WAT.—The Cardinall vexeth theym than?

JEFF.—Alas, sens Englande fyrst began,
Was never soch a tyrante theare.
He hath bene so intollerable.
That povre Comens with their wyves,
In maner are weary of their lyves,
To see the londe so miserable.

Through all the londe he caused perjury,
 And afterwarde toke away their money.
 Procedynge most tyrannously,
 The povre people nedy and bare,
 His cruell herte wolde not spare,
 Leavyng theym in greate misery.
 Inasmuch that for lacke of fode,
 Creatures bought with Christe's blode,
 Were fayne to dye in petous cas.
 Also, a right noble Prince of fame,
 Henry, the Ducke of Buckyngame,
 He caused to dye ; alas ! alas !
 The goodes that he thus gaddered,
 Wretchedly he hath scattered,
 In causes nothyng expedient.
 To make wyndowes, walles, and dores,
 A great parte thereof is spent.

WAT.—Lett all this pas, I praye the hertely,
 And shewe me somewhat seriously,
 Of his spretuall magnificence ?

JEFF.—Fyrst, he hath a tytyle of S. Cecile,
 And is a Legate of Latere,
 A dignitie of hye premynence.
 He heth bisshopryckes two or three,
 With the Pope's full authorite
 In cases of dispensacion.

* * * * *

WAT.—Doth he then use on mules to ryde ?

JEFF.—Ye ! and that with so shamfull pryde,
 That to tell it is not possible ;
 More lyke a god celestiall,
 Than any creature mortall,
 With worldly pompe incredible.
 Before hym rydeth two prestes stronge,
 And they beare two crosses right longe,
 Gapyng in every man's face.
 After theym folowe two layemen secular,
 And eache of theym holdynge a pillar,
 In their hondes, steade of a mace.
 Then foloweth my lorde on his mule,
 Trapped with golde under her cule,
 In every poynt most curiously.
 On eache syde, a poll-axe is borne
 Which in none wother use are worn.

Pretendynge some hid mistery.
 Then hath he servaunte fyve or six score,
 Some behynde, and some before,
 A marvelous great company :
 Of which are lordes and gentlemen,
 With many gromes and yemen,
 And also knaves amonge.
 Thus daily he procedeth forthe,
 And men must take it at worthe,
 Whether he do right or wronge.
 A grett carle he is, and a fatt,
 Wearynge on his hed a red hatt,
 Procur'd with angels' subsidy ;
 And, as they say, in tyme of rayne,
 Fower of his gentlemen are fayne
 To holde over it a cannopy.
 Besyde this, to tell thee more newes,
 He hath a payre of costly shewes,¹
 Which sildom touche eny grownde ;
 They are so goodly and curious,
 All of golde and stones precious,
 Costynge many a thousande pownde.

WAT.—And who did for thes shewes paye ?

JEFF.—Truly, many a riche abbaye,
 To be easied of his visitacion.

WAT.—Doth he in his own persone visit ?

JEFF.—No ; another for hym doth it,
 That can skyll of the occupacion ;
 A felowe nether wyse nor sadde,
 But he was never yett full madde,
 Though he be frantyke and more.
 Doctor Alyn he is named,
 One that to lye is not asshamed,
 If he spyce advantage therefore.

WAT.—Are soche with hym in eny pryce ?

JEFF.—Ye, for they do all his advyce,
 Whether it be wronge or right.

WAT.—Hath the Cardinall eny gay mansion ?

JEFF.—Grett palaces without compareson,
 Most glorious of outwarde sight,
 And within decked poynt device,
 More lyke unto a paradyce
 Then an erthly habitacion.

(1) *Shewes*—shoes.

WAT.—He cometh then of some noble stocke?

JEFF.—His father coulde snatche a bullock—
A butcher by his occupacion.

WAT.—Howe cam he unto this glory?

JEFF.—Plaguly, by the devil's policy,
As it is every wheare sayde.

WAT.—Are the states here with all content?

JEFF.—Yf they speake aught they are shent,
Wherefore I tell the they are a frayde.

WAT.—What abstinence useth he to take?

JEFF.—In Lent all fysshe he doth forsake;
Fedde with partridges and plovers.

WAT.—He leadeth then a Lutheran's lyfe?

JEFF.—O, naye; for he hath no wyfe.

* * * * *

He favoureth lytell noble lynage,
Takyng away their heritage,
Rather then to sett theym forwardes.
He breaketh men's testamentes,
And contrary to their intentes,
At his owne mynde and pleasure,
He wil be nedes their executours,
Rychely to encrease his treasoure.
Many a goode lady's ioynter
He engrosseth up into his cofer,
Of the which some here to name,
I reckon the Countes of Darby,
With the Countes of Salsbury,
Also, the Duches of Buckyngame.



SIR THOMAS MORE.

Born 1480. Executed 1535.

AFTER reading the poetry of Skelton and of Roye, the student will naturally ask—"Are these worthless satirists the only representatives of the Poets in the reign of Henry VIII.? Could the rising spirit of the Reformation boast no purer and better advocates than such men as these?" We look in vain for any poet to do honour to those feverish times, unless we turn to the party which was in opposition to the King's

divorce, and remained attached to the faith Henry determined to strip of its wealth and power. Ben Jonson proclaimed Sir Thomas More one of the models of English literature. That he was a model Englishman none will dispute : that he was a distinguished orator and prose writer is also true ; but that he was a model Poet is perhaps more than Jonson intended to assert. Nevertheless he is the only Poet [if such he can with propriety be called] who flourished in the reign of Henry VIII, and furnished history with a contrast in character, mind, and bearing to such creatures as Skelton and Roye.

Sir Thomas More was born in Milk Street, in the City, 1480, during the reign of Edward IV. His father, Sir John More, was one of the Justices of the Court of King's Bench. Sir Thomas was educated at St. Anthony's School, in Threadneedle Street, under Nicholas Hart. When thirteen, he was placed in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, it being usual in those times for youths to pass a portion of their early years in the houses and service of their superiors, whereby they derived great profit from intercourse with them. The Cardinal Archbishop took great delight in young More's wit. He remarked of him, "This child here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, shall prove a marvellous man." At the Archbishop's More first met Dean Colet, who used to say of him, "there was but one wit in England, and that was young Thomas More !" More proceeded to Oxford in 1497, where he occupied rooms in St. Mary's Hall, while he studied at Canterbury College. He was at the University when the study of the Greek language was revived, and the Academic war was still waged against its introduction. Grocyn, the first Professor of Greek in Oxford, was More's tutor, and taught him the language ; at the same period Linacre (the founder of the College of Physicians) and the famous Erasmus, studied under Grocyn (1497-1498). Erasmus (ætat. 30) and More (17) founded at Oxford that firm friendship which only ended with death. Having completed his time at the University, More applied himself to the learning of the Law. He studied at New Inn, and Lincoln's Inn. He was appointed Reader at Furnival's Inn ; and lectured there for three years. He also lectured at St. Lawrence's Church, Old Jewry, on St. Augustine's work "*De civitate Dei*." Living in the neighbourhood of the Carthusian monastery (the Charterhouse) More exhibited for a period a strong predilection towards monastic life ; but having become acquainted with an Essex family, named Colt, he married the eldest daughter, Jane. "His mind served him to the second daughter for that he thought her fairest ; yet when he considered that it would be great grief to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage, he then of a certain pity framed his fancy toward her, and soon after married her." The marriage was very happy, but was not of long continuance. Jane Colt died early, leaving a son and two daughters. Within two or three years More married Alice Middleton, a widow, "seven years older than himself, and not handsome !" He seems to have married

her from motives of prudence and discretion, and as a manager for his household. Erasmus says she was "a keen and watchful manager, with whom More lived on terms of as much respect and kindness as if she had been fair and young." "No husband ever gained so much obedience from a wife by authority and severity, as More won by gentleness and pleasantry." "His custom was daily (besides his private prayers with his children) to say the seven psalms, the litany, and the suffrages following: so was his guise with his wife, children, and household, nightly, before he went to bed, to go to his chapel, and there, on his knees, ordinarily to say certain psalms and collects with them." His house was "a school and exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male and female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word, was heard in it; no one was idle; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness."

He was appointed to a judicial office in the city of London—that of one of the Under-Sheriffs. The Under-Sheriff was then a Judge of the Sheriff's Court. More's practice became so considerable, that about the accession of Henry VIII. (1509) his income amounted to £400 per annum—a sum equivalent to £5,000 a year now-a-days. He had been returned to Parliament towards the end of the reign of Henry VII. and had given great offence by opposing the amount of dowry proposed to be settled on the Princess Margaret, then about to marry King James IV. of Scotland (1503). The King revenged himself by fastening a quarrel upon More's father, who was thrown into the Tower, and only liberated upon the son paying a fine of £100. More's presence in Parliament when only twenty-three years of age is to be noted, because he was the *first person who rose to fame as an Orator in the House of Commons*. Parliamentary eloquence may be said to have had its birth in him; and as in the case of William Pitt, this Father of Legislative Debate exhibited his power at a singularly early period of life.

More's diplomatic career commenced in the year 1514, when he was sent upon a mission to Bruges, in company with Tunstall, then Master of the Rolls, and subsequently Bishop of Durham. In 1516 he was made a Privy Councillor; and about that date commenced his intimacy with Henry VIII, who (as Erasmus says) *drew* him into Court-life, away from his own domestic privacy, to which he so fondly clung. The King would scarcely suffer his absence. He continued in his singular favour and trusty service twenty years. Into his retirement at Chelsea the King would follow him. "He used of a particular love to come of a sudden to Chelsea, and, leaning on his shoulder, to talk with him of secret counsel in his garden, yea, and to dine with him upon no inviting." "In the moments of Henry's partiality (says Sir James Mackintosh), the sagacity of More was not so utterly blinded that he did not in some degree penetrate into the true character of these caresses from a beast of prey." In 1518, More's "Utopia" was published at Basle, by Erasmus' friend, Froben. The book was received with the

utmost favour in France and Germany. More held the office of Under-Sheriff until July 23rd, 1519. In 1521, he was created Treasurer of the Exchequer, and knighted. Between 1517 and 1522 he was employed upon various missions regarding commerce to the Flemish Government, or at Calais, watching the movements of Francis I. In 1523, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and in that office, by his promptitude, dignity, and spirit of reply, won for himself great honour, when Wolsey came down to the House, and upbraided the Commons for not giving the King certain grants which the Cardinal demanded. Erasmus says that Wolsey rather feared than liked More. In 1525, he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In 1527 More accompanied Wolsey on his celebrated embassy to France, the secret purpose of which was unknown to Sir Thomas, but which was to pave the way for the divorce from Queen Catharine, with a view to the marriage with Anne Boleyn, who had been bred at the Court of France, where her father, the Earl of Wiltshire, had been Ambassador. On the 25th of October, 1529, sixteen days after the commencement of the prosecution against Wolsey, the King, then being at Greenwich, delivered the Great Seal to Sir Thomas, and created him Lord Chancellor, a post which had previously (except in two cases—Thorpe, 1371, and Knivet, 1372) been held by ecclesiastics.

"He was led between the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk up Westminster Hall to the Stone Chamber (Star Chamber), and there they honourably placed him in the high Judgement Seat of Chancellor." Sir John More, the eldest Judge of the King's Bench, was then nearly ninety years of age. "What a grateful spectacle was it, to see the son ask the blessing of the father every day upon his knees before he sat upon his own seat." The King in bestowing the Great Seal upon More hoped to dispose him towards the divorce from the Queen, and the marriage with Anne Boleyn; but in this, as history shows, he was utterly disappointed. Long before More's Chancellorship there was great opposition to, and even persecution of, the rising opinions of the Protestants—then called Lutherans. Fox [who wrote thirty years after More's Chancellorship] endeavoured vaguely to accuse him of persecution. Bishop Burnet reproduced the charge. Foxe charged More with putting Firth to death in 1533. It so happens that More had ceased to be Chancellor a year before! More lived long enough, after his fall, to challenge his accusers to the proof of a single act of persecution during his Chancellorship. Defenceless and obnoxious, no man dared to dispute his word; but Erasmus wrote: "It is a sufficient proof of his clemency, that while he was Chancellor, no man was put to death for these pestilent dogmas."

More's memory (as Sir James Mackintosh says) must be "absolved" from the accusation of any such execrable practice. The King did not cease to move More in the matter of the divorce, but only found his Chancellor "unable to serve him in the matter." Despite all the honour which More's administration of justice won for him—for he was

above all bribes or favours—the high position he held at last became intolerable, and through the Duke of Norfolk he procured his discharge from office, but with the distinct promise of the King's continued favour. Of his resignation he had made no mention, even to his wife or family. "On the Sunday following, he stood at the door of his wife's pew, in Chelsea church, where one of his gentlemen had been used to stand, and making a low obeisance to Alice as she entered, said to her, with perfect gravity, "Madam, my Lord is gone."

From that time may be dated the King's enmity to his faithful servant. One means after another was adopted, until in the end his destruction was accomplished. The first charge brought against him was for complicity with Elizabeth Barton, the "Holy Maid of Kent." In 1534 she was attainted of High Treason, and was executed at Tyburn, April 21st. Proceedings against More were abandoned, his innocence being unassailable. In the session of 1533-34, it was made High Treason to "write, print, act, do, or procure, anything to the prejudice, slander, disturbance, or derogation of the King's lawful marriage" with Anne Boleyn. All persons were enjoined by the same act to make oath to maintain the *whole contents* of this Act. More was summoned to appear before Commissioners at Lambeth, Monday, April 13th. Having read the statute and form of oath, he declared his readiness to swear that he would maintain and defend the order of *succession to the Crown* as established by Parliament; but beyond that he would not swear; nor could he be induced to state his points of objection to the rest of the oath. He said, if he did so he should only exasperate the King the more. He was the same day committed to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster; and on the 17th conveyed to the Tower. His wife, Alice, visited him in the Tower, and strove to induce him to take the oath. She tried to move him by speaking of his fair house at Chelsea, his library, gallery, garden, wife and children. "Is not this house as nigh heaven as my own?" he replied. She answered, with an exclamation of impatience, "Tilly valle, tilly valle."

During his confinement in the Tower, More derived the greatest comfort from the devoted solicitude and service of his beloved daughter, Margaret Roper. She styled herself, "your own most loving obedient daughter, and bedes woman," [*i.e.* one who prays for another.] More used to write to her with a coal—the only substitute he could contrive for pen and ink: "Written with a coal, by your tender, loving father, who in his poor prayers forgetteth none of you." On the 6th of May, 1535, More was brought to trial at Westminster. He remained inflexible both as regards the King's marriage and the King's headship of the Church. Sir Robin Rich, the Solicitor-General, in order to ensure a conviction, stooped to the infamy of bearing false witness against the accused. "I am more sorry for your perjury, than for my own peril," said More. The Jury found a verdict of "guilty," and the Chancellor Audley pronounced the sentence of the Court upon Treason. On Tuesday, July 6th, the Lieutenant of the Tower led More to

MANHOD.

Manhod I am, therefore I me delyght,
 To hunt and hawke, to nourishe vp and fede,
 The grayhounde to the course, the hawke to the flyght,
 And to bestryde a good and lusty stede.
 These thynges become a very man in dede,
 Yet thynketh this boy his peuishe game swetter,
 But what no force, his reason is no better.

In the thyrd pageaunt, was paynted the goodly younge man, in the seconde pageaunt lyeng on the grounde. And vppon hym stode layde Venus goddes of loue, and by her vppon this man stode the lytle god Cupyde. And ouer this thyrd pageaunt, this was the wrytyng that followeth :

VENUS AND CUPYDE.

Whoso ne knoweth the strength power and myght,
 Of Venus and her lytle sonne Cupyde,
 Thou Manhod shalt a myrour bene a ryght,
 By vs subdued for all thy great pryde.
 My fyry dart perccth thy tender syde,
 Now thou whiche erst despysedst childern small,
 Shall waxe a chylde agayne and be my thrall.

In the fourth pageaunt was paynted an olde sage father sitting in a chayre. And lyeng vnder his fete was painted the ymage of Venus and Cupyde, that were in the third pageant. And ouer this fourth pageant the scripture was thus :

AGE.

Olde Age am I, with lokkes, thynne and hore,
 Of our short lyfe, the last and best part.
 Wyse and discrete : the publike wele therefore
 I help to rule to my labour and smart,
 Therefore Cupyde withdrawe thy fyry dart,
 Chargeable matters shall of loue oppresse,
 Thy childish game and ydle bysinesse.

In the fyfth pageaunt was paynted an ymage of Death : and vnder hys fete lay the olde man in the fourth pageaunte. And aboue this fift pageant, this was the saying :

DETH.

Though I be foule vgly lene and mysshape,
 Yet there is none in all this worlde wyde,
 That may my power withstande or escape.
 Therefore, sage father, greatly magnified,

Discende from your chayre, set a part your pryde,
Witsafe to lende (though it be to your payne)
To me a fole some of your wise brayne.

In the sixt pageant was painted lady Fame. And vnder her fete
was the picture of Death that was in the fifth pageant. And ouer this
sixt pageaunt the writyng was as foloweth :

FAME.

Fame I am called, maruayle you nothing,
Though with tonges am compassed all rounde,
For in voyce of people is my chiefe liuyng.
O cruel death, thy power I confounde,
When thou a noble man hast brought to the grounde
Maugry thy teeth to lyue cause hym shall I,
Of people in parpetuall memory.

In the seuenth pageant was painted the ymage of Tyme, and vnder
hys fete was lyeng the picture of Fame that was in the sixt pageant.
And this was the scripture ouer this seuenth pageaunt :

TYME.

I whom thou seest with horyloge in hande,
Am named tyme, the lord of euery howre,
I shall in space destroy both see and lande.
O simple fame, how darest thou man honowre,
Promising of his name, an endlesse flowre.
Who may in the world haue a name eternall,
When I shall in proces distroy the worlde and all.

In the eyght pageant was pictured the ymage of lady Eternitee,
sittyng in a chayre vnder a sumptuous clothe of estate, crowned with an
imperiall crown. And vnder her fete lay the picture of Time, that was
in the seuenth pagent. And aboue this eight pageaunt was it written
as foloweth :

ETERNITEE.

Me nedeth not to bost, I am Eternitee,
The very name signifyeth well,
That myne empyre infinite shal be.
Thou mortall Tyme every man can tell,
Art nothyng els but the mobilite,
Of sonne and mone chaungyng in euery degre.
When they shall leue theyr course thou shalt be brought,
For all thy pride and bostyng into nought.

ON THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

A ruful lamentaciō (writen by master Thomas More in his youth) of the deth of quene Elisabeth, mother to king Henry the eight, wife to king Henry the seuenth, & eldest doughter to king Edward the fourth, which quene Elisabeth dyed in childbed in February in the yere of our lord, 1503, & in the 18 yere of the raigne of king Henry seuenth.

O ye that put your trust and confidence,
In worldly ioy and frayle prosperitie,
That so lyue here as ye should neuer hence,
Remember death and loke here vppon me.
Ensaumple I thynke there may no better be.
Your selfe wotte well that in this realme was I,
Your quene but late, and lo now here I lye.

Was I not borne of olde worthy linage?
Was not my mother queene, my father kyng?
Was I not a kinges fere in marriage?
Had I not plenty of euery plesaunt thyng?
Mercifull god this is a straunge reckenynge:
Rychesse, honour, welth, and auncestry,
Hath me forsaken, and lo now here I lye.

If worship myght haue kept me, I had not gone.
If wyt myght haue me saued, I neded not fere.
If money myght haue holpe, I lacked none.
But O good God, what vayleth all this gere.
When deth is come thy mighty messangere
Obey we must, there is no remedy,
Me hath he sommoned, and lo now here I lye.

Where are our Castels now, where are our Towers,
Goodly Rychmonde sone art thou gone from me,
At Westminster that costly worke of yours,
Myne owne dere lorde, now shall I neuer see.
Almighty god vouchesafe to graunt that ye,
For you and your children well may edefy.
My palyce bylded is, and lo now here I lye.

Adew myne owne dere spouse, my worthy lorde,
The faithfull loue, that dyd vs both combyne

In mariage and peasable concorde,
 Into your handes here I cleane resyne,
 To be bestowed vppon your children and myne.
 Erst wer you father, now must ye supply
 The mothers part also, for lo now here I lye.

Adew my lordes, adew my ladies all,
 Adew my faithfull seruantes euery chone,
 Adew my commons, whom I neuer shall
 See in this world ; wherfore to the alone,
 Immortall God, verely three and one,
 I me commende : thy infinite mercy
 Shew to thy seruant, for lo now here I lye.



ALEXANDER BARKLAY.

Born 1480. Died 1552.

THE place and time of Barklay's birth are uncertain, as also whether he was an English or Scotch man. The probability is that he came from Somerset. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, and was resident there in 1498, when Cornish (afterwards suffragan Bishop of Tyne, in the Diocese of Bath and Wells) was Provost of Oriel. Barklay travelled in Holland, Germany, France, and Italy, and obtained thereby great fluency of style in expression, and the mastery of a copious vocabulary. On returning to England, his old master, having been consecrated, appointed Barklay his chaplain, and made him one of the priests of the College of St. Mary Ottery, Devonshire. Some of his poems bear his name, dated from that place. On the death of his patron, Barklay seems to have moved to Ely, where he became a monk of the order of St. Benedict. He was at Ely on the dissolution of that monastery in 1539, but having made many friends and patrons by his works, was not left without provision. He was presented first of all to the Vicarage of St. Matthew at Wokey, Somerset. In July, 1546, having taken his degree of D.D., he was presented to the Vicarage of Badow-Magna, Essex. Once again he moved. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral preferred him to the living of Allhallows, Lombard Street, in April, 1552. He only enjoyed this piece of preferment for six weeks, dying in the month of June, at Croydon, Surrey ; in the old parish church of which town he was interred.

Barklay lived to an advanced age, and having passed through all the troubles which were involved in the visitations and dissolution of the monasteries, he seems to have made up his mind to go with the current and accept the "de facto" state of affairs. His memory has been violently attacked by Bale with reference to his conduct as a Priest; but whatever the facts of the case may have been, he was a very different man to Skelton, the Laureat of Henry VIII, whose virulent attacks upon the priesthood turned Barklay's pen against him, in his "Treatise against Skelton."

The most celebrated work of Barklay is the "Stultifera navis," or "Ship of Fools," first printed in London by Richard Pynson, in 1509, and dedicated to Barklay's patron, Dr. Cornish. Another work of importance was his "Eclogues," translated into English "out of a book in Latin named "Miserie Curialium," compiled by Eneas Silvius, Poete and Oratour, which after was Pope of Rome and named Pius." There are five of these Eclogues.

Barklay wrote several lives of the Saints,—the life of St. George, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, and St. Ethelreda. The treatises and works of Barklay were exceedingly numerous, and held in very great esteem in his time. He was what would be styled "a polite writer," or refiner of the English language, and was esteemed a man of wit and learning. But he lived at an unfortunate period; and a man of his literary fame, passing from the monk of the Church of Rome into the parish clergyman of the Reformation, became of necessity a mark for the shaft of enmity. As a Poet his name deserves to be mentioned with honour, and it is in that character alone that he is here presented.

THE SHIP OF FOOLS.

OF THE MUTABILITIE OF FORTUNE.

WE dayly proue by example and euidence,
That many be made fooles mad and ignoraunt
By the brode worlde, putting trust and confidence
In fortune's wheele, vnsure and inconstant:
Some assay the wheele, thinking it pleasaunt,
But whyle they so climbe vp haue pleasure and desire,
Their feete them fayleth, so fall they in the mire.

Promote a yeoman, make him a gentle man,
And make a bayliffe of a butcher's sonne,
Make of a squire, knight, yet will they, yf they can,
Coueyt in their minds hyer promotion:
And many in the worlde haue this condition,

In hope of honour by treason to conspire,
But ofte they slide, and so fall in the mire.

Suche looke so hye, that they forget their fete
On fortune's wheele, which turneth as a ball,
They seeke degrees for their small might vnmeete,
Their foolish heartes and blinde see not their fall,
Some fooles purpose to haue a rowme royall,
Or climbe by fortune's whele to an empire,
The wheele the turneth, leauing them in the mire.

O blinde man say, what is thine intent,
To worldly honours so greatly to intende.
Or here to make thee hye, riche and excellent,
Since that so shortly thy life must haue an ende :
None is so woorthy, nor can so hye ascende,
Nor nought is so sure, if thou the truth enquire,
But that he may doubt to fall downe to the mire.

There is no lorde, duke, king, nor other estate
But dye they must, and from this world go :
All worldly thinges which God hath here create,
Shall not ay bide, but haue an ende also.
What mortall man hath bene promoted so
In worldly wealth or vncertayne dignitie,
That euer of life had houre of certaintie.

In stormy windes lowest trees are most sure,
And houses surest which are not builded hye,
Where as hye buildinges may no tempest endure
Without they be founded sure and stedfastly :
So greatest men haue moste feare and ieopardie,
Better is pouertie, though it be harde to beare,
Then is a hye degree in ieopardie and feare.

The hilles are hye, the valleys are but lowe,
In valleys is corne, the hilles are barrayne,
On hyest places moste gras doth not ay growe :
A mery thing is measure and easy to sustayne,
The hyest in great feare, the lowest liue in payne.
Yet better lye on grounde, hauing no name at all,
Then hye on a cliffering alway to fall.

THE LENUOY OF BARCLAY TO THE FOOLLES.

O Man, that hast thy trust and confidence
 Fixed on these frayle fantasies mundayne,
 Remember at the ende there is no difference
 Betwene that man that liued hath in payne,
 And him that hath in wealth and ioy soueraygne,
 They both must dye, their payne is of one sort,
 Both riche and poore, no man can death refrayne,
 For deathes dart expelleth all comfort.

Say where is Adam the first progenitour
 Of all mankinde ; is he not dead and gone ?
 And where is Abell, of innocencee the floure,
 With Adam's other sonnes euerychone ?
 A dreadfull death of them hath left not one.
 Where is Mathusalem and Tubal that was playne ?
 The first that played on Harpe or on Organe,
 Ilz sont toutz mortz, ce monde est choce vayne.

Where is iust Noy and his ofspring become,
 Where is Abraham and all his progenye,
 As Isaac and Jacob, no strength nor wisdom
 Could them ensure to liue continuallie.
 Where is King Daud whom God did magnifye,
 And Salomon his sonne of wisdom soueraigne,
 Where are his sonnes of wisdom and beautie ?
 Ilz sont toutz morts, ce monde est choce vayne.

Where are the princes and kinges of Babilon,
 And also of Jude, and kinges of Isarell ;
 Where is the mightie and valeaunt Sampson ?
 He had no place in this life ay to dwell.
 Where are the princes mightie and cruell
 That reigned before Christ deliuered vs from payne,
 And from the dongeons of darke and fearefull hell ?
 Ilz sont toutz mortz, ce monde est choce vayne.

Of all worldly worship no man can him assure
 In this our age whiche is the laste of all ;
 No creature can here alway endure,
 Yonge nor olde, poore man nor king royall,
 Unstable fortune turneth as doth a ball,
 And they that once passe can not returne agayne :
 Wherefore I boldly dare speake in generall,
 We all shall die : ce monde est choce vayne.

Riches nor wisdom can none therfro defende,
 Ne in his strength no man can him assure.
 Say where is Tully, is he not come to ende,
 Senecke the sage, with Cato and Arture ;
 The hye Aristotle of godly wit and pure,
 The glorious Godfray, and mightie Charlemayne :
 Though of their life they thought that they were sure,
 Yet they are all dead : ce monde est choce vayne.

Where are the Philosophers and Poetes laureat,
 The great Grammarians and pleasaunt Oratours ;
 Are they not dead after the same fourme and rate,
 As are all these other mightie conquerours ?
 Where are their Realmes, their riches and treasures ?
 Left to their heyres, and they be gone certayne,
 And here haue left their riches and honours,
 So haue they proued that this worlde is but vayne.

So I conclude because of breuitee,
 That if one sought the world large and wide,
 Therein should be found no maner of degree,
 That can always in one case surely bide,
 Strength, honour, riches, cunning and beautie,
 All the decay dayly, though we complayne :
 Omnia fert aetas, both health and iolitie,
 We all shall dye : ce monde est choce vayne.

ECLOGUE V.

OF THE CITIZEN AND UPLANDISH MAN.¹

AMYNTAS.

How came thou to knowlege of this enormyte,
 And of these manners of them of the cyte ?
 My selfe there wonned,² and there was conuersaunt ;
 Of some of these thinges yet am I ygnoraunt.

FAUSTUS.

Thou coude not perceyue well theyr enormyte ;
 Parchance thy maners dyde with theyr lyfe agre.
 There seldome is sene grete contradyccyon
 Where men accordeth in dysposycyon.

(1) Countryman.

(2) Wonned—dwelt.

No faute with Moryans¹ is blacke dysformyte,
 Because all the sorte lyke of theyr fauour be.
 So couthe thou not se theyr vyces, nor them blame,
 Because thy owne lyfe was fyled with the same.
 But how I knowe them now shall I tell to the.
 Whyle I brought butter to sell to the cyte,
 And other vytayle,²—I used mylke to cry,—
 Then hadde I knowledge with an apotecary.
 Of him I lerned much fashode³ and practyse,
 Not to the purpose the same to exercise.
 He couthe⁴ make playsters r neue cōmyxcyons,
 In valour scant⁵ worthe a couple of onyens :
 Yet solde he the same as it were gold so dere,
 Namely, yf happened ony infectyfe yere.
 I was acquaynted with many an hucster,
 With a costardemonger, and with an hostler.
 This thefe was crafty, poore people to begyle,
 None lyke I suppose within a dosen myle.
 Amonge all other his fraudes and his crymes,
 He solde one botell⁶ of hey dosen tymes,
 And in the oles couthe he well droppe a candell :
 Well knewe he how his gestes for to handle.
 And in the same In there dwelt a prety pryme ;⁷
 She couthe well flater and glose with hym and hym,
 And necke⁸ a mesure,—her smykynge⁹ gan her sale ;
 She made ten shylynge of one barell of ale.
 Whome she begyled in pottes she was fayne
 To wyn them w' fleshe and paynted loke agayne ;
 And as I remember her name was wanton Besse,
 Who leest with her delt he thryued not the lesse.
 What nede more processe ? No crafte of the cyte
 Is but myngled with fraude and subtylte,
 Saue onely the crafte of an apotycary,
 That is all fraude and gylefull polecy.
 But all these wolde swere that they were innocent
 Or they to the cyte dyde fyrste of all frequent ;
 There learned they thefte and fraude to exercyse,
 And man of nature is moued soone to vyce.

(1) *Moryans*—Moors, blackamoors.(2) *Vytayle*—victual.(3) *Fashode*—falsehood.(4) *Couthe*—could.(5) *Scant*—scarcely.(6) *Botell*—a pottle (of hay).(7) *Pryme*—maid.(8) *Necke*—nick a measure ; dint the measure, to make it hold less. The term seems to mean that the "prety pryme," or lass, could give false measure.(9) *Smykynge*—smirking (Swedish *smeka*, *smircher*, to caress, cajole) ; i.e. her smiles and cajolery helped her sale of the beer.

Some be also whiche spende theyr patrymony,
 Whiche was to them lette by theyr olde auncestry.
 With cost and paynes suche busuly labour,
 Sekyng for shame and dethe before theyr houre.
 Malyce, enuy, and all iniquyte,
 Do these not rayne in myddes of the cyte?
 All newe abusyon, prouokynge men to synnes,
 Hadde fyrst begynnynge amonge the cytezyns;
 Where dwell grete prynces and myghty gouernours,
 Theyr lyfe dyspysynge for to haue vayne honours,
 Capytaynes, souldyours, and all lyke company,
 Whiche put for money theyr lyfe in ieopardy:
 These dwell not vpon londe, but haunteth the cyte.
 Pore herdes fyght not but for necessyte,
 For lyberte, lyfe, and iustyce to vpholde;
 Towe dwellers fyght for vayne honour r golde.
 We fyght our frendes and housholde to defende;
 They fyght for malyce, to ryches to ascende.
 Our cause and quarell is to meyntheyne the ryght;
 But all on selfe wyll without reason they fyght:
 They seke by wounds for honour and rychesse,
 And dryue the wekest to hardest busynes.
 O blynde sowdyour, why sellest thou thy hert
 For a vayne stypende agayne a mortall darte?
 By thousande peryllys thou takest thy passage,
 For a small lucre rennyng¹ to grete dammage.
 Theyr swete lyfe they gyue for a poore stipende,
 And ofte lese² they bothe, and heuen at the ende.
 Whyle some contendeth and fyghteth for his wage,
 His lyfe he spendeth,—than fare well auauntage!
 What is more folysshe or lyker to madnesse,
 Than to spende the lyfe for glory and rychesse?
 What thyng is glory, laude, praysynge, or fame?
 What honour, report, or what is noble name?
 Forsothe nought but voyce of wytles comonte,³
 And vayne opynyon subiecte to vanyte.
 Proceste⁴ of yeres, reuoluyng of season,
 Bryngeth all these soone in oblyuyon.
 Whan lyfe is faded all these ben out of sight,
 Lyke as with the sonne departeth the daye light.
 They all be fooles whiche medleth with the see,
 And other wyse myght lyue in theyr owne country.

(1) *Rennyng*—running. (2) *Lese*—lose. (3) *Wytles comonte*—witless commonalty.
 (4) *Proceste*—process.

He is but a foole whiche runneth to tempest,
 And myght lyue on londe in suerte and in rest ;
 He is but a foole which hathe of good plenty,
 And it dysdayneth to vse and occupy.
 And he whiche lyueth in care and wretchydnes,
 His heyre to promote to londes and rychesse,
 Is most foole of all ; to spare in mysery,
 With good and londes his heyre to magnify.
 And he which leueth that thyng for to be done,
 Unto his doughter executour or sone,
 Whiche he hymselfe myght in his lyfe fulfill,
 He is but a foole, ond hath but lytell skyl.
 But all these sortes within the cyte be—
 The want of wisdom and sue enormyte.
 The weke they vse them in worldly busynesse ;
 The Sondaye serueth to followe vycyousnes.
 Upon the Sondaye, whan men shoulde God honour,
 Left is good laboure, ensued is errour.
 Oftyme the olde frere that wonned in Grenwyche
 Agayne such folyes was boldly wont to preche.



SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Born 1503. Died October, 1542.

SIR THOMAS WYAT was born at Allington Castle in Kent ; and was educated partly at Cambridge, and partly at Oxford. He was the contemporary and faithful friend of the accomplished Earl of Surrey. Sir Thomas was himself one of the most highly educated men of his time. Possessed of great wit, power of penetration, and with a remarkable knowledge of languages, he became a favourite of King Henry VIII. ; by whom he was employed on several diplomatic missions. Wood says : "The King was in a high manner delighted with his witty jests." It is said of him that he aided in the downfall of Cardinal Wolsey, by relating a humorous story. He and Surrey were esteemed the *chieftaines* of "wit-makers" who sprang up in Henry's reign. They were likewise

regarded as polishers of English metre and style, having studied in the Italian School of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch. Leland writes—

“Let Florence fair her Dante justly boast,
And Royal Rome her Petrarch’s numbered feet :
In *English Wyatt* both of them doth coast,
In whom all graceful elegance doth meet.”

Sir Thomas Wyatt is said to have been attached to Anne Boleyn. At her coronation he officiated as Ewerer. At her downfall his name was freely used in the charges that led to her execution. Of Sir Thomas Wyatt’s early partiality for Anne Boleyn there seems no doubt. The perusal of his poetry was one of her last consolations in prison before her death. Notwithstanding this, Wyatt remained high in Royal favour. In 1537 he was sent as Ambassador to the Court of Charles V. It was owing to his diplomacy Cardinal Pole was so coldly received at Madrid, that he at once quitted Spain. On the meeting of Charles V. and Francis I. Wyatt was made use of by Henry to watch the movements of the Emperor, and to fathom his designs. When Cromwell declined in favour with King Henry, Wyatt obtained his own recall, and spent the greater portion of his time in retreat at Allington. From thence he was summoned in 1542, to meet the Spanish ambassador on his landing at Falmouth. Being overheated, with riding, he took cold, and died of fever at Sherborne—aged 40. Puttenham, the author of “The Old Art of English Poesie,” says of Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey: “I repute them for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English poesie. Their conceits were lofty, their styles stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their metre sweet and well-proportioned; in all, imitating very naturally and studiously their maister, Francis Petrarch.”

THE LOVER

THAT ONCE DISDAINED LOVE IS NOW BECOME SUBJECT, BEING
CAUGHT IN HIS SNARE.

To this my song give eare who list,
And mine entent judge as ye will,
The time is come that I have mist
The thing whereon I hoped styll,
And from the toppe of all my trust
Myshap hath throwen me in the dust.¹

(1) This couplet is said to have been written by Mary, Queen of Scots, upon her prison window at Fotheringay Castle.

The time hath been, and that of late,
 My hart and I might leap at large ;
 And was not shut within the gate
 Of love's desire, nor took no charge
 Of any thing that did pertaine,
 As touching love in any paine.

My thought was free, my heart was lyght ;
 I marked not who lost, who saught ;
 I plaide by day, I slept by night ;
 I forced not who wept, who laught ;
 My thought from all such things was free,
 And I myself at libertie.

I toke no hede to taunts or toys,
 As leef to see them frowne as smyle.
 Where fortune laught I scornde their joyes .
 I found their frauddes and every wyle ;
 And to myself oft tymes I smyled,
 To see how love had them begiled.

Thus in the net of my conceit
 I masked still among the sort
 Of such as fed upon the bayte
 That Cupide laide for his disport,
 And ever as I saw them caught
 I them beheld, and thereat laught.

'Till at the length when Cupide spied
 My scorneful wyll and spiteful use,
 And how I past not who was tyed,
 So that my self myght still live lose,
 He set himself to lye in waite,
 And in my way he threw a baite.

Such one as nature never made,
 I dare well say save she alone ;
 Such one she was as would invade
 A hart more hard then marble stone ;
 Such one she is, I know it right,
 Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a man in a maze,
 When use of reason is away,
 So I began to stare and gase,
 And sodeinly, without delay,

Or ever I had the wit to loke,
I swallowed up both bait and hooke.

Which daily grieves me more and more,
By sundry sortes of careful wo,
And none alive may salve the sore
But only she that hurt me so,
In whom my lyfe dothe now consist,
To save or slay me as she lyst.

OF A NEW MARRIED STUDENT

THAT PLAID FAST OR LOSE.

A student, at his bok so plast,
That welth he might have wonne,
From bok to wife did flete in hast,
From welth to wo to runne.
Now, who hath plaid a feater cast,
Since jugling first begonne ?
In *knitting* of himself so *fast*,
Himself he hath undone.¹



HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Born 1516. Executed 1547.

HENRY HOWARD was the son and grandson of two Lords Treasurers, Dukes of Norfolk. As a boy he passed a great portion of his time about the Court at Windsor, in the position of companion to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, a natural son of King Henry VIII. The warmest affection and friendship existed between the boys. It has been stated that Henry Howard was sent to Cambridge—of which University he became High Steward. (See Campbell's *Lives*.) It has also been asserted that the companions were sent together to Cardinal Wolsey's College in Oxford. Possibly Howard resided at both Universities for a time. At the early age of sixteen he was contracted in marriage to Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford. The marriage was celebrated in 1535. Henry Fitzroy was likewise affianced to his

(1) Probably this is the first epigram that is extant in our language

friend's sister, Lady Mary Howard. That marriage was never fulfilled, owing to the untimely death of the Duke, at the age of seventeen, A.D. 1536. Surrey sat with his father, as Earl Marshal, on the trial of Anne Boleyn.

Many of the "facts" that have been related regarding Surrey's life are mere romance. It has been asserted that he acted as Commander-in-Chief of his father's army at the Battle of Flodden Field, when James IV. of Scotland was slain: but as that fatal battle was fought September 9th, 1513, three years before Surrey was born, the statement is an absurd fiction. It was his father—the then Earl of Surrey—who fought at Flodden. The travels of Surrey, as they are told, present a strange air of Quixotic adventure. He is reported to have made his tour of Europe, proclaiming the unrivalled charms of the fair "Geraldine"—the mistress of his poetic fancy—and to have challenged all to mortal combat who dared to dispute her charms. Whether Surrey ever visited Italy is uncertain; but that he cultivated a critical knowledge of the Italian language and of the works of Petrarch is most certain.

About 1540 Surrey was employed in the service of the State. He was sent to France to look after the English possessions, as a rupture with that country was expected. He was knighted on the marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne of Cleves. In 1542 he was created K.G., and it was in that year he accompanied his father to Scotland. Strangely enough, at this period of his life he was twice committed to the Fleet prison,—once for breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones fired from his cross bow, and the second time because he persisted in eating meat in Lent. He smashed windows to disturb citizens at Popish devotions; and he ate meat to assert his religious freedom. However childish his conduct may now seem, it is not without its meaning, when we recall the history of the time on the principle of coming events casting their shadows beforehand. The war with France found him active employment. He acted under Sir John Wallop at the siege of Landrecy. In the second expedition he was Marshal of the army, his father, the Duke of Norfolk, commanding the vanguard.

The siege of Montreuil was committed to the care of the Duke and the Earl of Surrey; but their plans were frustrated at home by the Earl of Hertford, who regarded Norfolk and Surrey with a bitter jealousy. In 1544 he commanded the vanguard of the army at Boulogne. His plans for its defence are regarded as very skilful. Having attempted a sally upon St. Etienne, and being repulsed, he lost favour with the King, and was recalled. Hertford was sent to France as the King's Lieutenant General. On his return to England Surrey was so indiscreet as to speak menacingly of Hertford, and to threaten vengeance *in a succeeding reign*. His incautious language was repeated, and he was flung into the Tower, but shortly afterwards released.

Hertford and his friends had obtained influence over Henry's mind, and working upon the natural jealousy and cruelty of the King's dis-

position, the ruin of Norfolk and Surrey was soon accomplished. It has been stated that Surrey was suspected of a design to marry the Princess Mary (afterwards Queen Mary).

This suspicion, looked at in the light of the 19th century, would seem absurd, seeing that Surrey's wife was alive, and outlived him; but it might not appear so to a man like Henry VIII., who was so accustomed to getting rid of his own wives, that he may have considered Surrey could easily imitate so royal an example. Hertford, having decided upon the destruction of Norfolk and his son Surrey, soon found means for carrying his scheme into execution, and unfortunately he was aided by the vindictive hatred of the Duchess of Norfolk to her husband, from whom she had long been separated. The Lady Mary, Duchess of Richmond, seems to have taken an enmity to her brother likewise. Surrey was arrested December 12, 1546, and sent to the Tower. The chief accusation against him was that he quartered the arms of the Confessor upon his shield; Surrey proved that his ancestors had carried them, and that he had the authority of the heralds for so doing. He was found guilty, despite his manifest innocence; and upon this trumpery and unjust charge the Chancellor sentenced him to death. In the thirty-first year of his age this brave soldier and accomplished poet was beheaded upon Tower Hill, January 19, 1547. His father, the Duke, luckily escaped the same fate by the opportune death of the Royal bigamist and tyrant, who expired nine days after Surrey perished.

After the execution Surrey's body was buried in the church of All Hallows, Barking, but subsequently removed to Framlingham, Suffolk, where a monument was erected to his memory.

The romantic sentiments which Surrey entertained for the fair Geraldine, which find so large an expression in his poetry, seem to have been no more than poetic imaginations. Geraldine was the daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and a second cousin of the Princess Mary, upon whom she attended. When Surrey first sang her praises she was a child of thirteen years of age. When fifteen she married Sir Anthony Wood, a respectable old gentleman of sixty; and at his death became the wife of Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln.

Surrey is justly regarded as the first refiner of the English language. "If he copies Petrarch," says Wharton, "it is Petrarch's best manner. For his justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, he may be pronounced the first English classical poet. He unquestionably is the first polite writer of love verses in our language." His poetry will remain famous for two particular characteristics. He was the first translator in blank verse of the *Æneid* of Virgil: he likewise introduced the Petrarchan sonnet into English literature.

[The first poem quoted is that in which he recalls his days at Windsor, spent in company with the Duke of Richmond. The celebrated and pure Petrarchan sonnet, in which he describes the Lady Geraldine, is also given.]

PRISONER IN WINDSOR.

So cruell prison howe could betyde, alas !
 As proude Windsor : where I in lust and joy,
 Wythe a kynge's sonne, my chyldysh yeres dyd passe,
 In greater feast than Priam's sonnes of Troye :
 Where eche swete place returns a tast ful sower :
 The large greene where we were wont to trove,
 Wyth eyes cast up into the Mayden's¹ tower,
 And easy sighs, such as folkes draw in Love :
 The stately seats, the ladies brighte of hewe ;
 The daunces short, long tales of greate delight ;
 Wyth wordes and lookes that tygers could but rewe,²
 Where eche of us dyd pleade the other's ryght.
 The palme³ play, where, despoyled for the game,
 With dazed eyes oft we by gleames of love
 Have myst the ball, and gote sight of our dame ;
 To bayte⁴ her eyes, whyche kept the leads⁵ above
 The gravel grounde, wythe sleeves tyde on the helme,
 On fomyng horse, with swordes and frendly hartes,
 Wythe chere as though one should another whelme
 Where we have fought, and chased oft with dartes.
 With silver droppes the meade yet spreade for ruthe
 In active games of nimbleness and strength—
 Where we did strayne, trayned with swarmes of youthe,
 Our tender limmes, that yet shot up in lengthe.
 The secrete groves, which oft we made resounde
 Of pleasant playnte, and of our Ladies' prayse,
 Recordynge oft what grace eche one had founde,
 What hope of spede, what dread of long delayes.
 The wylde forrest, the clothed holes with grene,
 With raynes availed and swiftly breathed horse ;
 Wyth cry of houndes and merry blastes betwene,
 Where we did chase the fearful harte of force.
 The wyde vales eke, that harborde us each nyghte,
 Wherewyth (alas !) reviveth in my breste
 The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delyt,
 The pleasant dreames, the quyet bed of rest,
 The secret thoughtes imparted with such trust,
 The wanton talke, the dyvers chaunge of playe,

(1) *Mayden*—not our word maiden, but a corruption of the French *magne*—*magnus*: the great tower.

(2) *Rewe*—rue, pity.

(3) *Palme play*—playing ball with the hand, like as in the fives-court.

(4) *Bayte*—catch.

(5) *Leads*—the leads of the battlements.

The friendship sworne, eche promise kept so fast,
Wherewith we past the winter nyghte away.
And wyth thys thought the blood forsakes the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whyche as soone as sobbynge sighes (alas !)
Upsupped have, thus I my playnt renewe :
O place of blisse ! renewer of my woes !
Give me accompt where is my noble fere,
Whom in thy walles thou doest eche nyghte enclose,
To other luse, but unto me most clere.
Eccho (alas !), that doth my sorrow rewe,
Returns thereto a hollowe sounde of playnt.
Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe,
In pryson pyne, withe bondage and restraynt ;
And with remembrance of the greater grieve
To banish the lesse I fynd my chief reliefe.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHEREIN ECHE THING RENEWES, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

The soote season that bud and bloome fourth bringes
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale :
The nightingall with fethers new she singes ;
The turtle too her mate hath told her tale :
Somer is come, for every spray now springes.
The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale ;
The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges ;
The fishes flete with newe repayred scale ;
The adder all her slough away she flynges ;
The swift swallow pursueth the flyes smalle ;
The busy bee her honey how she mynges :
Winter is worne that was the sloures ball.
And thus I see among these pleasant thynges
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow springes.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE GERALDINE.

From Tuscan came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire Florence was sometime her auncient seate :
The Western Yle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Cambers clifs, did geve her lynely heate :

Fostered she was with milke of Irishe brest :
 Her sire an erle, her dame of princes blood ;
 From tender yeres in Britaine she doth rest,
 With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly foode :
 Honsdon¹ did first present her to myne yien :
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine,
 And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kinde, her vertue from above,—
 Happy is he that can obtain her Love.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS OWNE
 ESTATE,

AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST, IF THEY HAD
 SKILL TO UNDERSTAND IT.

Layd in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
 I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear,
 And every thought did shew so lyvely in myne eyes,
 That now I sight, and then I smilde, as cause of thoughts did ryse.
 I sawe the little boy, and thought how oft that he
 Did wishe of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man to be.
 The young man eake that feles his bones with paines opprest
 How he would be a riche olde man, to live and lye at rest.
 The riche olde man that sees his end draw on so sore
 How he would be a boy againe, to live so much the more.
 Whereat full oft I smylde, to see how all those three,
 From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change
 degree.

And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,
 That man from wealth, to live in wo, doth ever seke to change.
 Thus thoughtfull as I lay I sawe my withered skyn,
 How it doth shew my dented chewes, the flesh was worn so thin ;
 And eke my totheless chaps, the gates of my right way,
 That opes and shuttes as I do speak, do thus unto me say :
 The white and horish hères, the messengers of age,
 That shew like lincs of true belief, that this life doth assuage,
 Biddes the lay hand, and feele them hanging on thy chin :
 The whiche doth write to ages past, the third now coming in.
 Hang up therefore the bitte of thy yong wanton tyme,
 And thou that therein beaten art the happiest life defyne.

(1) Hunsdon House, where she was educated with the Princess Mary.

Whereat I sighed, and sayde, Farewell, my wonted toye,
Truffe up thy packe, and trudge from me to every little boy,
And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is,
If to theyr time they reason had, to know the truth of this.



GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

Born 1536. Died (circa) 1576—1577.

GASCOIGNE was of an ancient Essex family. He was educated at Cambridge, and entered at Gray's Inn. Being disinherited by his father, he took foreign service in Holland under the Prince of Orange. At the siege of Middleburgh the Prince was so much struck with his bravery, that he rewarded him with 300 guilders above his pay. He was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and held for some months in captivity. On his release he returned to England, and resided at Walthamstow, near London. He was in the train of Queen Elizabeth on her celebrated visit to Kenilworth, 1575, when he composed a Masque, for the Queen's pleasure, entitled "The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth Castle."

He wrote a Comedy, entitled "The Supposes," which was acted at Gray's Inn, 1566, written "by one of the Students." He also translated *Jocasta*. His best known work is entitled "The Steele Glasse." It is a Satire, and was held in high esteem for the sly kind of sarcasm which runs through it. Gascoigne is reported to have died at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, October 7, 1577. There is no evidence now existing to show the exact time or place of his decease.

His poetry is distinguished for the harmony and smoothness of the versification, and exhibits considerable fertility of imagination, as well as warmth and tenderness of feeling. He was not free from the conceits of the Italian school, as will be seen from the quotations given.

GASCOIGNE'S GOOD MORROW.

You that have spent the silent night
In sleepe and quiet rest,
And joye to see the cheerefull lyght
That ryseth in the East,
Now cleare your voyce, now chere your hart,
Come helpe me now to sing ;
Eche willing wight come beare a part,
To prayse the heavenly King.

And you whom care in prison keepes,
 Or sickenes doth suppressse,
 Or secret sorowe breakes your sleepes,
 Or dolours doe distresse ;
 Yet beare a parte in dolfull wise,
 Yea thinke it good accorde,
 And exceptable sacrifice,
 Eche sprite to prayse the Lorde.

The dreadfull night with darkesomnesse
 Had ouerspread the light,
 And sluggish sleepe with drowsynesse
 Had ouerprest our might :
 A glasse wherin you may beholde
 Eche storme that stopes our breath,
 Our bed the graue, our clothes lyke molde,
 And sleepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste
 But for a little space,
 And heauenly daye, nowe night is past,
 Doth shewe his pleasaunt face :
 So must we hope to see God's face
 At last in heauen on hie,
 When we haue chang'd this mortall place
 For Immortalitie.

And of such happes and heauenly joyes
 As then we hope to holde
 All earthly sightes and worldly toyes
 Are tokens to beholde.
 The daye is like the daye of doome,
 The sunne the Sonne of Man,
 The skyes the heauens, the earth the tombe,
 Wherein we rest till then.

The Rainbowe binding in the skye,
 Bedeckte with sundrye hewes,
 Is like the seate of God on hye,
 And seemes to till these neues :
 That as thereby he promised
 To drowne the world no more,
 So by the bloud which Christ hath shed
 He will our helth restore.

The mistie cloudes that fall sometime,
 And overcast the skyes,
 Are like to troubles of our time,
 Which do but dymme our eyes ;
 But as suche dewes are dried vp quite
 When Phoebus shewes his face,
 So are such fansies put to flighte
 Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothsome beast,
 Which cryes agaynst the rayne,
 Both for hir hewe and for the rest
 The Deuill resembleth playne :
 And as with gonnes we kill the crowe,
 For spoyling our releefe,
 The Deuill so must we ouerthrowe
 With gonshote of beleefe.

The little byrde which sing so swete
 Are like the angelles voyce,
 Which render God his prayes meete,
 And teach vs to reioyce ;
 And as they more esteem that myrth,
 Then dread the nights anoy,
 So much we deeme our days on earth
 But hell to heauenly joye.

Unto which joyes for to attayne
 God grant vs all his grace,
 And send vs after worldly payne
 In heauen to have a place,
 Where we may still enjoye that light,
 Which neuer shall decaye.
 Lord, for thy mercy lend vs might,
 To see that joyfull daye !

“DURUM, ÆNEUM, ET MISERABILE ÆVUM.”

When peerelesse Princes courtes were free from flatterie,
 The Justice from vnequal doome, the guest from periurie,
 The pillers of the state from proude presumption,
 The clearkes from heresie, the commones from rebellion :
 Then right rewardes were giuen, by swaye of dewe desarte ;
 Then vertues derlinges¹ might be plaste aloft to play their part ;

(1) *Derlinges*—darlings (Anglo-Saxon *deorling*).

Then might they coumpt it true, that hath beene sayde of olde,
 The children of those happie dayes were borne in beds of golde,
 And swadled in the same : the Nurse that gaue them sucke
 Was wife to liberallitie, and lemman to good lucke.
 When Caesar woon the fielde, his captaines caught the Townes,
 And euery painful souldiours purse was crammed ful of crownes.
 Licurgus for good Lawes lost his owne libertie,
 And thought it better to preferre common commoditie.
 But nowe the times are turnde ; it is not as it was ;
 The golde is gone, the siluer sunke, and nothing left but brasse.
 To see a King encroach what wonder should it seeme,
 When commons cannot be content with countrie Dyadeeme ?¹
 The Prince may dye a babe, trust vp by trecherie,
 Where vaine ambition doth moue trustlesse nobillitye.
 Errours in pulpit preache, where faith in priesthood failes ;
 Promotion (not deuotion) is cause why cleargie quailes.
 Thus is the stage stakt out, where all these partes be plaide,
 And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am afraide.
 First Cayphas playes the Priest, and Herode sits as king,
 Pylate the Judge, Judas the Jurour verdict in doth bring,
 Vaine tatling plaies the vice, well cladde in ritche aray, [gay.
 And poor Tom Trooth is laught to skorn, with garments nothing
 The woman Wantonnesse, shee commes with ticing traine ;
 Pride in hir pocket plaies bopeepe, and bawdry in hir braine.
 Hir handmaides be Deceipte, Daunger, and Dalliaunce ;
 Riot and Reuell follow hir, they be of her alliaunce.
 Next there commes in Sim Swashe, to see what sturre they keepe :
 Climbing the Clough then takes his heeles ; tis time for him to
 creepe.
 To packe the pageante vp commes Sorrow with a song :
 He says these sties can get no grotes, and al this gear goth
 wrong.
 Fryst pride without cause why he singes the treble parte ;
 The meane hee mumbles out of tune, for lacke of life and hart.
 Cost lost, the counter Tenor chanteth on apace :
 Thus all in discords stands the cliffe, and beggrie sings the base.
 The players loose their paines, where so fewe pence are sturring ;
 Their garments weare for lacke of gains, and fret for lack of
 furring.
 When all is done and past, was no part plaide but one ;
 For euerye player plaide the foole, tyll all be spent, and gone.
 And thus this foolish iest I put in dogrell rime,
 Because a crosier staffe is best for such a crooked time.

(1) *Dyadeeme*—diadem.

SACKVILLE.

Born 1536. Died April 19, 1608.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, first Baron Buckhurst, and Earl of Dorset, was the son of Sir Richard Sackville, and was born at Withyam, in Sussex. He received the benefits of education both at Oxford and Cambridge, and was distinguished as a Latin scholar. As a poet Sackville may be said to belong to the reign of Queen Mary; as a statesman, to the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. When a student at the Inner Temple he produced the first specimen in English literature of what is called Tragic Drama. This piece, entitled "Gorboduc," was performed as a Christmas Entertainment by the young students of the Temple. At a later date its name was changed to "The Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex," and it was enacted at Whitehall, A.D. 1561, in presence of Queen Elizabeth. The tragedy abounds in monotonous recitations of historical incidents. It is a cold and heavy composition, but nevertheless it led the way in that path which was so shortly to be adorned by the genius of Shakespeare. At the age of thirty Sackville entered Parliament. He travelled in Europe, and, owing to pecuniary difficulties, was detained a prisoner at Rome. On his father's death, 1566, having obtained his release, he returned to England, and in 1567 was created, by Queen Elizabeth, Baron Buckhurst. An interesting anecdote is told of the manner whereby Sackville was suddenly reformed from prodigality to prudence. Having squandered his income, he was compelled to have recourse to the City in order to borrow money. One of the Aldermen of the City, who was to lend the money, offered Sackville the indignity of keeping him waiting upon his leisure. Sackville's pride was so stung by this affront, that he resolved never again to be in a position wherein borrowing would be necessary. He became at once a prudent and economical man. He was sent on an embassy to Charles IX. of France. At the commencement of 1587 he was nominated a commissioner for the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots. Happily for Sackville's fame, he was not present at the condemnation of the victim of Queen Elizabeth's jealousy. He was free from participation in the guilt of the Scotch Queen's murder; though on him was imposed the odious task of informing her of her impending fate, and seeing it carried into execution (February 8th, 1587).

In the same year he was sent as ambassador to the United Provinces, to deal with their complaints against the Earl of Leicester: Leicester's influence over the Queen succeeded in getting Sackville recalled and confined to his own house for several months. When Leicester died Sackville was restored to the royal favour, and was created K.G. and

Chancellor of Oxford. On the death of Lord Burleigh he was made Lord High Treasurer of England. At the death of the Queen he was one of the Privy Councillors who administered the kingdom, and proclaimed James I. The King confirmed Sackville in his office of Treasurer by a patent for life. In 1604 he was raised to the earldom, by the title of Earl of Dorset. Sitting at the Council-table in 1688, he suddenly expired.

Sackville was called the Star-Chamber Bell, on account of his eloquence. As a statesman he is regarded as a man of unblemished character. Sackville's poetry belongs to his youth, when he was a student. It consists of his "Tragedy of Gorboduc;" the "Induction to a Mirrour for Magistrates;" and the "Legend of the Duke of Buckingham." The "Mirror for Magistrates" was intended to celebrate the chief illustrious and unfortunate heroes of English history, from the Conquest to the 14th Century, in a series of poetical stories, contributed by various writers. The different characters were to pass in review before the Poet, who, after the fashion of Dante, descends into hell, being conducted by Sorrow. Every person was to recite his own misfortunes, in a soliloquy. Sackville was only able to finish the preface, "Master Sackville's Induction," and one of the legends, viz. that of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. The rest of the work was referred to other writers of the time. It was published, 1559, under the following title, "A Myrroure for Magistrates, wherein may be seen, by example of others, with how greivous plagues vices are punished, and how frail and unstable worldly prosperitie is founde, even of those whom fortune seemeth most highly to favour." The "Induction" is written with nervous vigour and immense creative power.

Conducted by Sorrow down to the "horrible lothly lake, as black as pitche," the Poet enters "witnin the porche and jaws of hell." There he sees Remorse of Conscience, Dread, Revenge, Greedy Care, "his knuckles knobbed, his fleshe depe dented in;" "Slepe, the cosin of Death," Old Age, Famine, War, &c. The Induction abounds with passages muscular, vivid, and brilliantly imaginative. It well deserves close study: and the name of Sackville must ever remain honoured among poets, since there is no doubt that Shakespeare was indebted to him for suggestions and ideas which the tragedy of Gorboduc¹ gave him in modelling what is now termed a Play; while the "Mirrour for Magistrates" supplied Shakespeare with the material for several of the scenes of, and perhaps suggested to the poet, his Historical Plays. From the Induction Spenser borrowed many thoughts, which may be traced in passages of "The Faery Queen."

[The passage from the Induction which is quoted is that which introduces Old Age, Famine, and War to the observation of the Poet, as he is conducted by Sorrow "In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place."]

(1) See "Twelfth Night," act 4, sc. 2. "As the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is.'"

INDUCTION TO A MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES.

And next in order sad Old Age we found ;
 His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blynde,
 With drouping chere still poring on the ground,
 As on the place where nature him affinde¹
 To rest, when that the sisters had untwynde
 His vitall threde, and ended with theyr knyfe
 The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow playn,
 Rewe with him selfe his ende approaching fast,
 And all for nought his wretched minde torment
 With swete remembrance of his pleasures past,
 And freshe delites of lusty youth forwaste.²
 Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,³
 And to be yong againe of Jove beseke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed be
 That time for past can not retourne again,
 This one request of Jove yet prayed he :
 That in such withered plight and wretched paine,
 As elde⁴ (accompanied with his loathsome trayne)
 Had brought on him, all were it woe and grieve,
 He might a while yet linger forth his lief ;⁵

And not so soone descend into the pit,
 Where death, when he the mortall corps hath slayne,
 With retchles⁶ hande in grave doth cover it,
 Thereafter never to enjoye agayne
 The gladsome light, but in the ground ylayne
 In depth of darknes waste and weare to nought,
 As he had never into the world been brought.

Crookebackt he was, tooth shaken, and blere eyed,
 Went on three feete, and sometime crept on fower,⁷
 With old lame bones that ratled by his syde,
 His skalpe all pilde, and he with elde forlore ;
 His withered fist still knocking at deathes dore ;
 Tumbling and driveling as he drawes his breth ;
 For briefe, the shape and messenger of death.

(1) *Affinde*—had chosen, selected for him.
 (3) *Shriek*—shriek. (4) *Eld*—age.
 (6) *Retchles*—unrelenting.

(2) *Forwaste*—desolate, destroyed.
 (5) *Lief*—life.
 (7) *Fower*—four.

But, oh ! the doleful sight that then we see :

We turnde our looke, and on the other side
A griefy shape of Famine mought ¹ we see,
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth that cryed,
And roard for meat as she should there have dyed ;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Wharto was left nought but the case alone.

Great was her force whom stone wall could not stay ;
Her tearyng nayles scratching at all she sawe :
With gaping jawes that by no means ymay
Be satisfyed from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her selfe as she that hath no lawe :
Gnawing, alas ! her carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count eche sinow, bone, and vayne.

On her while we thus firmly fixt our iyes,
That bled for ruth of such a drery sight,
Soe sodaynelge she shryght ² in so huge wyse,
As made hell gates to shyver with the myght.
Wherewith a dart, we sawe howe it did lyght
Ryght on her breast, and therewithal pale death
Enthrylling it to rave ³ her of her breath.

And by and by a dum dead corps we sawe,
Heavy and colde, the shape of death aryght,
That dauntes all earthly creatures to his lawe :
Agaynst whose force in vayne it is to fyght.
Ne pieres, ne princes, nor no mortall wyght,
Ne townes, ne realmes, cities, ne strongest tower,
But al perforce must yield unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumphe eftsones the same he shooke,
That most of all my feares affrayed ⁴ me :
His bodie dight with nought but bones, perdye.⁵
The naked shape of man there sawe I playne,
All save the fleshe, the synowe, and the vayne.

Lastly stoode Warre, in glitteryng armes yclad,
With visage grym, sterne lookes and blackely hewed.
In his right hand a naked sworde he had,

(1) *Mought*—might.

(3) *Rase*—bereave her, deprive.

(5) *Perdye*—a corruption of the French oath

(2) *Shryght*—shrieked.

(4) *Affrayed*—affrighted.

"par Dieu." See "Twelfth Night,"
act 4, sc. 2. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

That to the hiltes was all with blood embrewed :
 And in his left (that kinges and kingdomes rewed)
 Famine and fyer he held, and therewythall
 He razed townes, and threwe downe towers and all.

Cities he sakt, and realmes that whilom flowered
 In honour, glory, and rule above the best
 He overwhelme ; and all theyr fame devoured,
 Consumed, destroyed, wasted ; and never ceast,
 Tyll he theyr wealth, their name, and all opprest :
 His face forshewed with woundes, and by his side
 There hunge his terge,¹ with gashes depe and wyde.



ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Born (circa) 1550. Executed 1595.

SOUTHWELL was born of a good family in Norfolk, which held steadfastly to the old religion of the country amidst the troublous times at the close of Henry VIII.'s reign. Southwell's parents therefore sent him abroad for his education. At Rome he was received into the Society of Jesus, and appointed Prefect of Studies in the Jesuits' College in 1585. From Rome he was despatched as a missionary to England, and was attached to the household of Anne, Countess of Arundel, who perished in the Tower. Southwell shared the fate of all Priests who could be found and seized in Elizabeth's reign.

In 1592 he was apprehended, and the usual expedients were had recourse to, in order to extract from him some confession of secret conspiracies against the Queen and Government. Refusing to answer some questions, and unable to answer others, he was sent to prison, and kept in close confinement for nearly three years, during which period he was subjected to *the tortures of the rack no less than ten times*. There have been few victims of religious intolerance in this country who suffered such frequent inflictions of cruelty as did Southwell. Other martyrs to their faith have generally been speedily done to death, by

(1) *Terge*—targe.

Catholic or Protestant. Southwell was kept for three years, under periodical impositions of the brutality of his torturers. At length he was brought to trial, February 20th, 1595, when he confessed that he was a Catholic priest, who had come to England to preach his religion among his own people. The Court of King's Bench condemned him, and the following day he was released from his prolonged human miseries, by being executed at Tyburn.

Southwell appears to have been a man of a most gentle disposition, and his poetry was long held in high esteem among his co-religionists, associated as it was with the memory of a man to murder whom at Tyburn was as horrible as it would have been to have treated Cowper, or Kirke White, or Robert Burns after the same manner, because they happened to be Protestants. The execution of Southwell was, besides this, a political blunder. He was no conspirator against the State, and consequently was made a martyr to his faith.

His "Triumph over Death," "Mary Magdalen's Tears," "Self-Contemplation," and a few other pieces, retain their place in English literature, and deserve esteem for their elegance, sweetness, and religious eloquence.

S. MARY MAGDALEN'S BLVSH.

The signes of shame that staine my blushing face
 Rise from the feeling of my rauing fits,
 Whose joy annoyes, whose guerdon is disgrace ;
 Whose solace flyes, whose sorrow never flies.
 Bad seed I sowed, worse fruite is now my gaine,
 Soone dying mirth begot long liuing paine.

Now pleasure ebbs reuenge begins to flow ;
 One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought :
 Remorse doth teach my guilty thoughtes to know,
 How cheape I sould that Christ so deerely bought.
 Fault long vnfelt doth conscience now bewray,
 Which care must cure, and teares must wash away.

All ghostly dynts that grace at me did dart,
 Like stubborne rocke, I forced to recoyle ;
 To other flights an ayme I made my hart,
 Whose wounds, then welcome, now haue wrought my soyle.
 Woe worth the bow, woe worth the archer's might,
 That draue such arrowes to the marke so right.

To pull them out, to leaue them in, is death :
 One to this world, one to the world to come :
 Wounds may I weare, and draw a doubtfull breath
 But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull doome.

And for a world whose pleasures passe away
 I lose a world whose joyes are past decay.

O sense, ô soule, ô hand, ô hopefull blisse,
 You wooe, you weane, you draw, you driue me backe.
 Your crosse encountring like their combat is,
 That neuer ends but with some deadly wrack.

When sense doth winne the soule doth loose the field,
 And present haps makes future hopes to yeeld.

O heaven, lament ! sense robbeth the of saints :
 Lament, ô soules ! sense spoileth you of grace.
 Yet sense doth scarce deserue these hard complaints :
 Loue is the thiefe, sense but the entring place.

Yet grant I must, sense is not free from sinne,
 For thiefe he is that thiefe admitteth in.

AT HOME IN HEAUVEN.

Faire soule, how long shall veiles thy graces shrowd ?
 How long shall this exile with hold thy right ?
 When will thy sunne disperse this mortall clowd,
 And giue thy glorie scope to blaze their light ?
 Oh that a starre more fit for Angels eyes
 Should pyne in earth, not shine aboue the skies !

This ghostly beauty offred force to God ;
 It chayned him in the linkes of tender loue ;
 It wonne his will with man to make abode ;
 It stayd his sword, and did his wrath remoue ;
 It made the rigor of his iustice yeeld,
 And crowned mercy Empresse of the field.

This lulled our heauenly Sampson fast a sleep,
 And layd him in our feeble Natures lap ;
 This made him vnder mortall load to creepe,
 And in our flesh his God-head to enwrap ;
 This made him sojourne with vs in exile,
 And not disdaine our tytles in his stile.

This brought him from the rankes of heauenly quires
 Into this vale of teares and cursed soyle,
 From flowers of grace into a world of bryers,
 From life to death, from blisse to balefull toyle.

This made him wander in our Pilgrim's weede,
 And taste our torments, to relieue our need.

O soule ! do not thy noble thoughts abase,
 To lose thy loue in any mortall wight :
 Content thine eye at home with natiue grace,
 Sith God himselfe is raiisht with thy sight.

If on thy beauty God enamoured be,
 Base is my loue of any lesse then he.

Giue not assent to muddy minded skill,
 That deemes the feature of a pleasing face
 To be the sweetest baile to lure the will,
 Not valuing right the worth of ghostly grace.

Let Gods and angels censure winne beliefe,
 That of all beauties iudge our soules the chiefe.

Queene Hester was of rare and peerelesse hiew,
 And Judith once for beauty bare the vaunt :
 But he that could our soules endowments view
 Would soone to soules the Crowne of beauty graunt.

O soule ! out of thy selfe seeke God alone :
 Grace more thē thine, but Gods, the world had none.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MANNA.

In Paschal feast, the end of ancient rite,
 An entrance was to neuer fading grace :
 Types to the truth, dimme glimpses to the light :
 Performing deed presaging signes did chase.

Christ's finall meale was fountayne of our good ;
 For mortall meale He gaue immortall food.

That which he gaue he was,—ô peereles gift !
 Both God and man he was, and both he gaue.
 He in his hands himselfe did truely lift :
 Farre off they see whom in themselues they haue.

Twelue did he feede, twelue did the feeder eate :
 He made, he drest, he gaue, he was their meate.

They saw, they heard, they felt him sitting neare :
 Vnseene, vnfelt, vnheard, they him receaued.
 No diuers things, though diuers it appeare ;
 Though senses fayle, yet faith is not deceaued.
 And if the wonder of the worke be new,
 Beleeue the worke, because the word is true.

Heere true beliefe of force inuiteth love :
 So sweet a truth loue neuer yet enioyde.
 What thought can thinke, what will doth best approue,
 Is here attaynd, where no desire is voyde.
 The grace, the joy, the treasure here is such,
 No wit can wish, nor will embrace so much.

Selfe loue here cannot craue more then it findes :
 Ambition to no higher worth aspire.
 The eagrest famine of most hungry mindes
 May fill, yea farre exceed their own desire.
 In summe heres all, and in that some exprest
 Of much the most, of euery good the best.

Heere, to delight the wit, true wisdom is :
 To woo the will, of euery good the choyce :
 For memory, a mirrour shewing blisse :
 Heres all that can both sense and soule reioyce :
 And if to all all this it doth not bring,
 The fault is in the men, not in the thing.

Though blinde men see no light, the sunne doth shine :
 Sweet cates are sweet, though swered¹ tastes deny it :
 Pearles preccious are, though trodden on by swine :
 Each truth is true, though all men do not try it.
 The best still to the bad doth worke the worst :
 Things bred to blisse doth make them more accurst.

The angels eyes, whome veiles cannot deceaue,
 Might best disclose what best they do discerne.
 Men must with sound and silent faith receaue
 More then they can by sense of reason learne.
 Gods power our prooffe, his works our wits, exceed :
 The doers might is reason for his deed.

A body is indued with ghostly rights ;
 And natures worke from natures law is free.

(1) *Swerred*—cloyed, and vitiated (Anglo-Saxon *swer*, heavy).

In heauenly sunne lyes hidde eternall lights,
 Lights cleare and neere; yet them no eye can see.
 Dead formes a neuer dying life doth shrowde :
 A boundles sea lies in a little clowde.

The God of hostes in slender hosts doth dwell ;
 Yea God and man, withall to eyther due.
 That God that rules the heavens, and rifled hel ;
 That man whose death did vs to life renew ;
 That God and man it is that angels blisse ;
 In forme of bread and wine our nourture is.

Whole may his body be in smallest bread :
 Whole in the whole, yea whole in euery crumme.
 With which be one or be ten thousand fedde,
 All to each one, to all but one, doth come.
 And though each one as much as all receauc,
 Nor one too much, nor all too little haue.

One soule in man is all in euery part ;
 One face at once in many glasses shines ;
 One fearefull noyse doth make a thousand start ;
 One eye at once of countlesse things defines.
 If prooffe of one in many nature frame,
 Why may not God much more performe the same ?

God present is at once in euery place ;
 Yet God in euery place is alwayes one.
 So may there be, by gifts of ghostly grace,
 One man in many roomes, yet filling none.
 Sith angels may effects of body show,
 God angels gifts on bodyes may bestow.

What God as author made, he alter may :
 No change so hard, as making all of nought.
 If Adam framèd were of slimy clay,
 Bread may to Christs most sacred flesh be wrought.
 He still doth this that made, with mighty hand,
 Of water wine, a snake of Moyse wand.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Born 1552.—Executed 1618.

RALEIGH was the second son of Walter Raleigh, by his third wife, Catherine, daughter of Philip Champernon, and widow of Otho Gilbert, Esq., of Compton, Devon. Raleigh's father was a Captain in the Navy in the reign of Queen Mary. His son Walter was born in 1552, at Hayes Farm, in the parish of East Budleigh, Devonshire, and at an early age proceeded to Oriel College, Oxford, where he was esteemed a "proficient in oratory and philosophy." In 1569, when seventeen years of age, he enlisted in the Band of Gentlemen Volunteers, under the command of his mother's kinsman, Henry Champernon, and proceeded to France in the service of the Protestant princes, in those eventful days when Condé and Coligni upheld the Huguenot standard. He subsequently served in the same cause in the Netherlands.

Raleigh seems at this period to have been deeply interested in the discoveries of Columbus, the conquests of Cortez, and the triumphs of Pizarro. His step-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had published a treatise concerning a North-West passage to the East Indies. He obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth for the colonization of such parts of North America as were not already possessed by the Queen's allies. Raleigh returned to England in 1576, and entered enthusiastically into Gilbert's schemes. He and Raleigh put to sea upon their first venture. They were compelled to return home, their small squadron being dispersed and disabled by a Spanish fleet. In 1579 he took service in Ireland, when Lord Grey de Wilton was Lord Deputy. Raleigh was present at the siege of Smerwick, in Kerry, when the Earl of Desmond was in revolt. Smerwick was held by Spanish and Italian soldiers, under the command of Don Guiseppe. The garrison was compelled to capitulate, as it was asserted, on honourable conditions. No sooner were the English soldiers with Raleigh admitted, than the whole was massacred. This foul breach of faith was subsequently inquired into by the Queen herself in Council. Raleigh laid the blame at the door of Lord Grey, and succeeded in persuading the Queen that he was himself blameless. After holding various important commands in Ireland, he returned to London, and attracted the Queen's attention (as the well-known story goes) by spreading his cloak on her Majesty's path as she landed from her barge. Elizabeth, who had something more than a liking for tall and handsome men, summoned Raleigh to her presence. Thus commenced his favour at Court. The Queen, whose absurd vanity (having no beauty to be

vain about) proved one of the besetting evils of her reign, was charmed with Raleigh's flattery and conversation. It is said by Naunton, "she took him for a kind of oracle."

In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert set out on his second expedition for North America. Raleigh subscribed 2,000*l.* towards the adventure, but did not accompany Gilbert. The expedition reached Newfoundland, but was not attended with any success. In returning to England, Gilbert was lost in a storm. He has been called "The Father of English Planters," as the first who attempted to found Colonial settlements. Nothing daunted, Raleigh obtained a patent in his own favour, fitted out another expedition, which sailed April 27, 1584, and in July the voyagers landed on the Island of Wokonon, off the coast of North Carolina. The return of this successful expedition raised Raleigh into favour at Court, and also in public esteem. The Queen, in reference to her own unmarried state, ordered the newly discovered country to be called "Virginia." It is said, that on the return of this expedition tobacco and potatoes were first introduced into England. Raleigh was returned to Parliament to represent Devon, and the Queen conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Her Majesty also made a grant to him of 12,000 acres of land in Munster, part of the forfeited principality of the Earl of Desmond. In 1587 he was made Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and Seneschal of Cornwall and Exeter. He was also appointed one of the Council of War, to put the forces in order to withstand the threatened Spanish invasion. In July, 1588, when the Armada had passed up the Channel, he joined the fleet with a small squadron, and bravely assisted Howard in his attacks upon the Spaniard's galleons. When Elizabeth visited St. Paul's, on the Public Thanksgiving for the destruction of the Armada and the retreat of the 53 vessels which alone remained out of the 132 that had sailed from Spain, Raleigh was Captain of the Royal Guard. In 1589 he assigned his rights in the Colony of Virginia to a company of London merchants, and in the same year accompanied Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris on their expedition to Lisbon, carrying with them Don Antonio, who had fled to England, and in whose favour Elizabeth sent out a large fleet of 120 vessels and 20,000 volunteers, in the vain hope of seating Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal. The fleet was repulsed before Lisbon.

Don Antonio had been driven out of Portugal by Philip of Spain, and no doubt this expedition was intended by Elizabeth as a return visit for the favours conferred by sending the Spanish Armada to our shores. Essex, who had established himself in the favour of Elizabeth (and had probably been advanced by Leicester's interest in order to draw away the Queen's favour from Raleigh), joined the expedition privately when it was before Corunna. The ill-feeling between him and Raleigh was deepened on this occasion. When Raleigh returned to England, he found his favour with the Queen diminished, and during his absence from Court he visited Spenser at Kilcolman,¹ in Ireland, on the estate the

(1) See Spenser's Life, p. 106.

Queen had granted the Poet. Spenser has commemorated this visit in his celebrated pastoral, "Colin Clout's come home again," wherein Raleigh is described as the "Shepherd of the Ocean," and the Queen as "Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea."

In 1591 Raleigh sailed on an expedition for intercepting the Spanish Plate-fleet. One of the Indian carracks (1,600 tons burden), the *Madre de Dios*, was taken by Sir John Burgh, a Captain in the English fleet, and brought to England as the largest prize ever taken. She was valued by Raleigh at 500,000*l*. Instead, however, of being received with Royal favour, no sooner had Raleigh landed than he found himself a prisoner in the Tower. During his absence the Queen had discovered a courtship and intrigue between Raleigh and Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, one of her Majesty's maids of honour. Queen Elizabeth was one of those women who covet and desire a monopoly of flattery and gallantry. For a favourite of hers to love or admire any person but herself was an outrage which she deeply resented. The virtue of Elizabeth was likewise incensed by the conduct of Raleigh and the frailty of Throckmorton. In prison Raleigh threw himself into paroxysms of despairing love, being shut out from the charming but inexorable Angelica (the Queen). He knew the weak part of her Majesty's character, and diligently charged at it. He wrote to Cecil: "My heart was never broken till this day, that I hear the Queen goes so far off. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph, sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime singing like an angel, sometime playing like Orpheus: behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss hath bereaved me of all. All those times past—the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, can they not weigh down one frail misfortune? Cannot one drop of gall be hidden in so great deeps of sweetness?" &c. &c. &c.

This charming, blooming creature, on whom Raleigh lavished the extravagance of his bombastic admiration, was already nearly sixty years of age! But the courtier knew the Queen! No amount of flattery could be too luscious for that insatiable appetite; and accordingly Raleigh's impassioned grief and desperate devotion were rewarded with his release! He married Elizabeth Throckmorton, and retired to Sherborne, which had been alienated from the See of Salisbury, and granted to him by the Crown as a reward for his services in Parliament. Being still excluded from the Court, he was enabled to project, in the retirement of his beautiful Sherborne, (which, "with orchards, gardens, and groves of much variety and great delight, rests unparalleled in these parts,") his expedition to the golden kingdom, the Eldorado of the Spaniards, which had inflamed his imagination and credulity; and in the existence of which, as a land of gold in the interior of South America, his romantic and ardently adventurous mind seems to have led him thoroughly to believe. In February, 1595, he sailed from Plymouth with five vessels, and arrived at Trinidad the end of March.

Having surprised the newly-founded town of San Joseph, and gained certain information from the Governor, his prisoner, he ascended the Orinoco about sixty leagues, when he was compelled to return to England. He published an account of his expedition, entitled "The discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guinea." On returning to England, Raleigh was once more restored to favour at Court. In 1596 he received the rank of Rear-Admiral, and was employed at the taking of Cadiz. In 1597 he took Fayat. He was reinstated Captain of the Guard and Governor of Jersey. At this period Raleigh was mixed up with all the intrigues of the Court, and took an active part in scheming the destruction of Essex. The deepest blot upon his character exists in the infamous letter he wrote to Cecil, deliberately advising the destruction of Essex. In that letter Raleigh writes, "If you take it for a good counsel to relent towards this tyrant, you will repent—when it is too late. The less you make him, the less he shall be able to harm you and yours. . . . For after-revenges, fear them not. Look to the present, and you do wisely. His son shall be the youngest Earl of England but one : *and if his father be now kept down*, Will Cecil shall be able to keep as many men at his heels as he, and more too. . . . *But if the father continue*, he will be able to break the branches, and pull up the tree, root and all. *Lose not your advantage* : if you do, I read your destiny," &c. &c. This letter, full of craft and revenge, expresses the deliberate desire of Raleigh to destroy Essex. As such it is infamous. The destruction of Essex followed : and Raleigh took advantage of his influence with the Queen to procure remission of the sentences passed upon Essex's friends—for such as could afford to *bribe him*. Mr. Lyttleton paid him 10,000*l.* for his own pardon. There can be but one opinion of such shameless transactions. With the death of Elizabeth Raleigh's fortunes declined. His share in the destruction of Essex had made him most unpopular. The mind of James I. was strongly prejudiced against him. His offices and patents were taken away from him. In 1602 he was committed to the Tower on a charge of High Treason, for being privy to the Cobham conspiracy against the life of the King, and for placing the Lady Arabella Stuart upon the throne. Raleigh was tried at Winchester, and found guilty. It is very doubtful whether Raleigh was a participator in any such plot. His condemnation was certainly procured by his enemies. Being reprieved by the King, he was committed to the Tower, and detained a prisoner for thirteen years. His beautiful estate at Sherborne was escheated, and conferred upon the King's favourite, the infamous Carr, afterwards Duke of Somerset. It was during this imprisonment that Raleigh devoted himself to intellectual pursuits. He wrote his "History of the World," the best model of the ancient style. He only completed the first part, commencing with the Creation, and ending with the first Macedonian war. In 1615, by means of bribery, Raleigh obtained his release (which was conditional), but not his pardon. He then started his project for an expedition to Guinea, and equipped thirteen ships, with which he sailed, and arrived off

the coast November, 1617. An exploring party, led by Captain Keymis, ascended the Orinoco. A conflict with the Spaniards at the town of St. Thomas ensued, in which the Spanish Governor and Raleigh's son, Walter, were killed. Keymis committed suicide. Raleigh sailed for Newfoundland, intending to attack the Spanish fleet. Before his arrival there, the fleet had separated, and, owing to the mutiny of his own sailors, Raleigh was compelled to return to England. On arriving at Plymouth, July, 1618, he was arrested, and conveyed to London. The King was strongly urged by the King of Spain to punish Raleigh for the attack upon St. Thomas, a Spanish settlement. At that period the proposed marriage of Prince Charles (Charles I.) with the Infanta of Spain was being negotiated; and James I. (influenced by Gondomar, the ambassador) was anxious to conciliate the King of Spain. Raleigh's case was laid before the Council; but as he was already unpardoned under a sentence of High Treason (passed sixteen years before), he was judged to be civilly dead already: and the King decided upon carrying the old sentence into execution.

On Wednesday, October 28, 1618, Raleigh was removed to the Gate-house, Palace-yard, and then brought up before the Court of King's Bench. Sentence of death was passed upon him. The following day, Thursday, October 29, he was led out to execution in Palace-yard, attended by the Dean of Westminster. "He was very cheerful the morning he died, and took tobacco; and made no more of his death than if he had been to take a journey."

Raleigh died in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

Aubrey has described him as "a tall, handsome, bold man; but his *næve* was that he was damnable proud: he had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and *sour eie-lidded, a kind of pigge-eie!*" He was noted for his splendour, and as an accomplished courtier. As a discoverer and navigator he will always occupy a niche of fame in English history; albeit in his nature he was what is trans-atlantically termed a "filibuster." Raleigh was crafty, selfish, rapacious, and in his moral character there is much to condemn—little to admire. But he was a man of great genius, originality, and daring. Among the eminent men of Elizabeth's reign he was undoubtedly one of the most distinguished, whether we regard the part he played, the favour he won, or the intellectual power he exhibited. In this book he appears to the least advantage, because his compositions as a poet are very inferior to his prose writings: nevertheless, in poetry he has left us lines which will always live, and be familiar to the people; and the "Soul's Errand"—assuming it to be his composition, which seems now to be almost certain—is worthy the pen of any poet.

HIS PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet ;¹
 My staff of faith to walk upon ;
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet ;
 My bottle of salvation ;
 My crown of glory (Hope's true gage) ;
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
 Blood must be my body's only balmer,
 Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,²
 Travelleth towards the land of Heaven :
 No other balm will there be given.
 Over the silver mountains,
 Where spring the nectar fountains :
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss,
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken hill.
 My soul will be a-dry before ;
 But after it will thirst no more.
 I'll take them first
 To quench my thirst,
 And taste of nectar's suckets
 At those clear wells
 Where sweetness dwells,
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
 Then by that happy blissful day
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
 That have cast off their rags of clay,
 And walk apparelled fresh like me :
 And when our bodies and all we
 Are filled with immortality,
 Then the blessed parts we'll travel,
 Strowed with rubies thick as gravel ;
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire flowers,
 High walls of coral, and pearly bowers ;
 From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,³
 Where no corrupted voices brawl,

(1) "This is a most extraordinary poem ; a mixture of sublime ideas and sentiments with quaint and degrading images. It is said to have been written between his sentence and execution."—*Sir Egerton Brydges*.

(2) *Palmer*—a religious pilgrim.

(3) Alluding to the common custom of bribery. Raleigh had himself given bribes, and had himself taken them.

No conscience molten into gold,
 No forged accuser bought or sold,¹
 No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey
 For there Christ is the King's attorney ;²
 Who pleads for all without degrees ;
 And he hath angels,³ but no fees :
 And when the twelve grand million jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
 Christ pleads his death, and then we live !
 Be thou my Speaker (taintless Pleader,
 Unblotted Lawyer, true Proceeder) :
 Thou wouldst salvation even for alms,
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
 And this is mine eternal plea
 To him that made Heaven, Earth, and Sea :
 That since my flesh must die so soon,
 And want a head to dine next noon,⁴
 Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head.
 Then am I ready, like a Palmer fit,
 To tread those blessed paths which before I writ.
 Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well !

VERSES

SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND IN HIS BIBLE, IN THE GATE-HOUSE,
 WESTMINSTER.

Even such is time ; that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us nought but age and dust :
 Which in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days.
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust !

(1) Like Lord Cobham, at his trial in re Arabella Stuart.
 (2) Unlike Coke, the King's attorney in Raleigh's trial.
 (3) *Angels*—A play upon the word, alluding to the coin called an "angel" then in common circulation, and at that time worth ten shillings.
 (4) Alluding to his impending execution.

DE MORTE.

Man's life's a Tragedy : his mother's womb,
 From which he enters, is the Tiring-room ;
 This spacious earth the Theatre ; and the Stage
 That country which he lives in : Passions, Rage,
 Folly, and Vice, are actors ; the first cry
 The Prologue to the ensuing Tragedy.
 The former act consisteth of dumb shows ;
 The second he to more perfection grows ;
 I' th' third he is a man, and doth begin
 To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin ;
 I' th' fourth declines ; i' th' fifth diseases clog
 And trouble him ; then Death's his Epilogue.

ON THE SNUFF OF A CANDLE.

Cowards fear to die : but courage stout,
 Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.¹

SOMETIMES CALLED "THE LIE."

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand !
 Fear not to touch the best ;
 The truth shall be thy warrant.
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court—it glows
 And shines like rotten wood ;
 Go, tell the Church—it shows
 What's good, and doth no good.
 If Church and Court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

(1) This celebrated poem has been attributed to Joshua Sylvester. In a note of Mr. Peter Cunningham's to his edition of Campbell's "Lives of the Poets"—referring to the passage in which Campbell says, "We would willingly ascribe the *Soul's Errand* to him (Raleigh),"—we read, "The Lie is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh in an *answer to it written at the time*, and recently discovered in the Cheetham Library at Manchester. That it was written by Raleigh is now almost past a doubt."

Tell Potentates—they live
Acting by other's actions ;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state—
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal—it lacks devotion ;
Tell Love—it is but lust ;
Tell Time—it is but motion ;
Tell Flesh—it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age—it daily wasteth ;
Tell Honour—how it alters ;
Tell Beauty—how she blasteth ;
Tell Favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit—how much it wrangles
In tickle-points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom—she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic—of her boldness ;
Tell Skill—it is pretension ;
Tell Charity—of coldness ;
Tell Law—it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune—of her blindness ;
 Tell Nature—of decay ;
 Tell Friendship—of unkindness ;
 Tell Justice—of delay.
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

 Tell Arts—they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
 Tell Schools—they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If Arts and Schools reply,
 Give Arts and Schools the lie.

 Tell Faith—it's fled the city ;
 Tell—how the Country erreth ;
 Tell—Manhood shakes off pity ;
 Tell—Virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

 So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing ;
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the Soul can kill.*



EDMUND SPENSER.

Born 1553.—Died 1598.

SPENSER was born in East Smithfield, near the Tower. Nothing is known of his parents, although he is commonly supposed to have been of gentle blood. When sixteen years of age, he was entered at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, as a Sizar, May, 1569. In 1572 he took his degree of B.A., and in 1576 his M.A.

It is said that he unsuccessfully contested an election for a Fellowship with the famous Launcelot Andrewes, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and that thereupon he left the University. Having gone to reside in

* Sir Walter Raleigh's celebrated poem, entitled "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd," being a rejoinder to Kit Marlowe's verses, "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," is inserted in conjunction with those lines a few pages further on, as it seems more fitting for the Reply to follow the Address: see "Christopher Marlowe."

the North with some friends, he there wrote his first work, "The Shepherd's Calendar," which was published in 1579, "Printed and sold by Hugh Singleton, dwelling at the Signe of the Golden Tun in Creed Lane, Ludgate," and dedicated to the "ever-memorable" Sir Philip Sydney. Several of Spenser's letters being dated from Leicester House (Sydney's ordinary residence), it seems certain that a very warm and affectionate intimacy had sprung up between them. In 1580 the Earl of Leicester—Sydney's uncle—sent Spenser to Ireland as Secretary to Arthur, Lord Grey de Wilton, the Lord Lieutenant. This led to his receiving, as reward for his services, a grant from the Crown of three thousand acres of land, at Kilcolman, County Cork, part of the estate forfeited by the Earl of Desmond.

The same year Sir Philip Sydney died, and Spenser produced the pastoral elegy entitled "Astrophel." Kilcolman was an ancient Castle of the Earls of Desmond, situated on the banks of a lake, with the river Mulla (celebrated in the poet's verse) running through the grounds. On the east were the Waterford mountains, and on the south the Kerry ranges. In this picturesque retreat—a poet's home—Spenser was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, who, after the death of Sydney, seems to have become Spenser's chief friend, and to have introduced him to Queen Elizabeth. It was owing to this visit that Spenser undertook the "Faery Queen." In 1590 the first three books appeared; in 1591 "Colin Clout's come home again." He accompanied Raleigh to England, and had a pension of £50 per annum conferred upon him by her Majesty.

Shortly afterwards his minor pieces were collected and printed, containing, among others, "The Ruines of Time," "Mother Hubbard's Tale," and "Petrarch's Visions."

Returning to Ireland, a long period elapsed during which we know scarcely anything of Spenser's life. In 1594 he married, at Cork, an Irish lady; but her name is unrecorded. By her he had two sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine. In 1596 the second part of the "Faery Queen" appeared, and in the same year being in London he presented to the Queen his celebrated "View of the State of Ireland." The interest of this essay consists chiefly in the curious pictures it presents of the national manners and condition of the Irish at the period. Spenser was at that date Clerk to the Council of the province of Ulster.

In 1597 the poet again returned to Ireland, from which the following year he was to be driven forth for ever. Spenser had been nominated by the Queen Sheriff of Cork, and therefore, when Tyrone's rebellion broke out, in 1598, we can understand the fury of the lower orders being directed against the representative of the Crown. The mob attacked Kilcolman, pillaged the goods, and burnt the house to the ground. One of his children perished in the flames; and Spenser, with his wife, was obliged to fly for his life. Having reached England, he was completely overwhelmed with his calamities, and died in consequence. Ben Jonson, in his *Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden*, said, "The Irish having robbed Spenser's goods, and burnt

his house and a little child new-born, he and his wife escaped ; and after *he died for lake of bread* in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, adding, 'He was sorrie he had no time to spend them.' " In this version of the poet's death there is most probably some error. Doubtless Spenser was overwhelmed with calamity ; but considering that he retained his pension, it seems very improbable that he died from "lake of bread." On the 16th of January, 1598-99, he expired in King Street, Westminster, and, according to his own request, was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the tomb of Chaucer.

The expenses of his funeral were discharged by the Earl of Essex, and the monument to his memory was erected by the Countess of Dorset. In 1778 it was restored at the expense of Pembroke Hall.

The inscription upon his monument calls Spenser the "Prince of Poets." Monumental phraseology is in numberless cases licensed lying. He justly deserved to be called one of the princes among poets, and to be reckoned a fellow in honour with Chaucer and Milton, who like himself were Londoners. But as the English language and Englishmen own only one Prince of Poets, it is unnecessary to say that Spenser is not that man. Craik remarks, "Without calling Spenser the greatest of all poets, we may still say that his poetry is the most poetical of all poetry. The shaping spirit of imagination, considered apart from moral sensibility—from intensity of passion on the one hand, and grandeur of conception on the other—certainly never was possessed in the like degree by any other writer : nor has any other evinced a deeper feeling of all forms of the beautiful : nor have words ever been made by any other to embody thought with a more wonderful art. On the one hand, invention and fancy in the creation or conception of his thoughts ; on the other, the most exquisite sense of beauty, united with a command over all the resources of language, in their vivid and musical expression—these are the great distinguishing characteristics of Spenser's poetry." Campbell has designated him "The Rubens of English poetry."

FAERY QUEEN.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruel markes of many a bloody felde ;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
 His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield.
 Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts¹ and fierce encounters fitt.

(1) *Giusts*—jousts.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living, ever him adored :
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
 Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word ;
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad :
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.¹

* * * *

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow ;
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled² was full low ;
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw,
 As one that inly mournd : so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had :
 And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.³

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore,
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held ;
 Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;
 Whom to avenge she had this knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
 And angry love an hideous storm of raine
 Did poure into his leman's lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,

(1) *Ydrad*—dreaded.

(2) *Wimpled*—folded like a veil.

(3) *Lad*—led

That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
 Did spred so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starr ;
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr :
 Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred arre.

* * * *

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne ;
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path which first was showne,
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
 Furthest from end then when they neerest weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne ;
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take in diverse doubt they beene.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they find, or in or out,
 That path they take that beaten seemd most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
 Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the dwarfe awhile his needles¹ spere he gave.

"Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
 "Lest sudden mischief ye too rash provoke :
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 Breedeth dreadfull doubts : oft fire is without smoke,
 And perill without show ; therefore your stroke,
 Sir Knight, withhold, till further tryall made."
 "Ah, Ladie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade :
 Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade."

"Yea, but," quoth she, "the perill of this place
 I better wot then you. Though nowe too late
 To wish you backe returne with foul disgrace,
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.

(1) *Needles*—unused, useless.

This is the Wandring Wood, the Errours Den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :
Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearefull dwarfe ; "this is no place for living men."

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,¹
The youthful knight could not for ought be staide ;
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in : his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade :
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine ;
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did woman's shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes² upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting : of her there bred
A thousand young ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs ; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored :
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
Around her cursed head ; whose folds displaid
Were stretched now forth at length without entraile.³
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,⁴
Ay wont in desert darkness to remaine
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine,

Which when the valiant Elfe perceived, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay :
Therewith enraged, she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay ;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst ;
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

(1) *Hardiment*—courage, boldness.
(3) *Entraile*—without being interlaced.

(2) *Boughtes*—circular folds.
(4) *Bale*—evil, mischief.

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd ;
 Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
 And all at once her beastly bodie raizd
 With doubled forces high above the ground :
 Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
 God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine !

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
 Cride out, " Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye bee ;
 Add faith unto your force, and be not faint ;
 Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain ;
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
 That soon to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

* * * *

Thus ill bestedd, and fearfull more of shame
 Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
 Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
 (Resolved in minde all suddenly to win,
 Or soon to lose, before he once would lin¹ ;))
 And stroke at her with more then manly force ;
 That from her body, full of filthy sin,
 He raft her hatefull heade without remorse :
 A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

* * * *

His lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre,
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie ;
 And saide : " Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye ;
 Well worthie be you of that armory,
 Wherein you have great glory wonne this day,
 And proved your strength on a strong enimie ;
 Your first adventure : many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may !"

(1) *Lin*—cease, give way.

UNA AND THE LION.

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollownesse
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
 Through Envies snares or Fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd
 Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
 Feele my hart prest with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
 And her dew loves deryvd to that vile witches shayre.

Yet she, most faithful ladie, all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples preace,¹ as in exile,
 In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight ; who, subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond : she of nought afraid,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought ;
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight ;
 And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight.
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole asyde : her angels face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place.
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly gracc ?

(1) ~~Presser~~—press, crowd.

It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devour'd her tender corse ;
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
 And, with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious forse.

Instead thereof, he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong ;
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.¹
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizling tears did shed for pure affection.

" The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
 Quoth she, " his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
 Him prick't, in pittie of my sad estate :
 But he, my lyon and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her that him lov'd, and ever most ador'd
 As the God of my life ? why hath he me abhor'd ? "

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood ;
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood :
 With pittie calmed, downe fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
 To seek her strayed champion if she might attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard.

¹) *Wert*—know.

Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd :
From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

Long she thus traueiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandering knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde ;
Till that at length she found the trodden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountain hore.
The same she follows, till at last she has
A damsel spyde slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approaching, she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling-place were nigh at hand ;
But the rude wench her answered not at all :
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand,
Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddein feare her pitcher downe she threw
And fled away ; for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd lyons looke her cast in deadly hew

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay ;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternal night. Nought could she say ;
But suddein catching hold, did her dismay
With quacking hands and other signes of feare,
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere :

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in ; where, of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with feare and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent,
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent :
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day
And thrice nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

And, to augment her painefull penance more,
 Thrice every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
 And thrise three times did fast from any bitt :
 But now for feare her beads she did forgett.
 Whose needlesse dread for to remove away
 Faire Una framed words and countnaunce fitt ;
 Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
 That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

When every creature shrouded is in sleep
 Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
 And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe.
 In stead of rest, she does lament and weepe
 For the late losse of her deare-loved knight,
 And sighs, and grones, and evermore does steepe
 Her tender brest in bitter tears all night :
 All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven ? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
 That may compassion of their evils move ?
 There is : else much more wretched were the cace
 Of men then beasts. But O ! th' exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want !
 How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
 The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
 Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant !
 They for us fight ; they watch and dewly ward ;
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
 And all for love and nothing for reward.—
 O, why should hevenly God to men have such regard ?

TEMPERANCE.

Of all Gods workes which doe this worlde adorne
 There is no one more faire and excellent
 Then is mans body, both for powre and forme,
 Whiles it is kept in sober government ;
 But none then it more fowle and indecent,
 Distempred through misrule and passions bace :
 It grows a monster, and incontinent
 Doth lose his dignity and native grace.
 Behold, who list, both one and other in this place !

 THE RUINS OF TIME.¹

It chaunced me on day beside the shore
 Of silver-streaming Thamesis to bee,
 Nigh where the goodly Verlame² stood of yore,
 Of which there now remaines no memorie,
 Nor anie little moniment to see,
 By which the travailer that fares that way
This once was she may warned be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold
 A Woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,
 Rending her yellow locks, like wyrie gold
 About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,
 And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth railing :³
 In her right hand a broken rod she held,
 Which towards heaven shee seemd on high to weld.

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
 And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest
 With tender ruth to see her sore constraint ;
 That, shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
 And after did her name of her request.
 "Name have I none (quoth she), nor any being,
 Bereft of both by Fates uniust decreeing.

(1) This lovely poem—the forerunner of Shelley's *Adonais*—was dedicated to Mary, Countess of Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sydney. It is the poet's monument erected to the memory of his lost and beloved friend, and earliest patron.

(2) *Verlame*—Verulam.

(3) *Railing*—flowing.

"I was that Citie which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore ;
Though nought at all but ruins now I bee,
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see:
Verlame I was. What bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and wastefull gras ?

"O vaine worlds glorie, and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinfull earth !
Which from their first untill their utmost date
Taste no one houre of happines or merth ;
But like as at the ingate of their berth¹
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
So wailing back go to their wofull toomb.

"Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for devouring death
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his daies for ever should remaine ?
Sith all that in this world is great or gaie
Doth as a vapour vanish and decaie.

"Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become.
Where be those learned wits and antique sages
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect somme ?
Where those great warriors which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare² of th' earth and of their raine ?

* * * *

"O Rome, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
That whilom³ was, whilst heavens with equall vewe
Deignd to behold me, and their gifts bestowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew :
And of the whole world as thou wast the Empresse,
So I of this small Northerne world was Princesse.

"To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
Adornd with purest golde and precious stone ;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,

(1) *Ingate*—entrance.

(2) *Meare*—limit, boundary.

(3) *Whilom*—formerly.

That by my foes are now all spent and gone ;
 To tell my forces, matchable to none ;
 Were but lost labour, that few would beleeve,
 And with rehearsing would me more agreeve.

" High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
 Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
 Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
 Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries,
 Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries :
 All those (O pitie !) now are turnd to dust,
 And overgrowne with black oblivions rust.

* * * *

" It is not long since these two eyes beheld
 A mightie Prince,¹ of most renowned race,
 Whom England high in count of honour held,
 And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace :
 Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 Sate in the bosome of his Soveraine,
 And *Right and Loyall* did his word maintaine.

" I saw him die ; I saw him die as one
 Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare
 I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 His dolefull fate that late him loved deare :
 Scarse anie left to close his eylids neare ;
 Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie
 The sacred sod, or Requiem to saie.

" O trustlesse state of miserable men,
 That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
 And vainly thinke your selves halfe happie then
 When painted faces with smooth flattering
 Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing !
 And when the courting masker louteth lowe,²
 Him true in heart and trustie to you trow !³

" All is but fained, and with oaker dide,⁴
 That everie shower will wash and wipe away :
 All things doo change that under heaven abide,
 And after death all friendship doth decaie.
 Therefore, whatever man bearest worldlie sway,
 Living, on God and on thyselfe relie ;
 For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die."

(1) Sir Philip Sydney. (2) *Louteth*—bows servilely. (3) *Trow*—believe.
 (4) *Oaker dide*—dyed with ochre ; i.e. painted or covered with dissimulation.

DESCRIPTION OF BELPHEBE.

Her face so fair as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly portrait of bright angels hue,
 Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions due ;
 And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew,
 Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
 The which ambrosial p̄cours from them threw,
 And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
 Able to heal the sick and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Makers light,
 And darted fiery beams out of the same,
 So passing piercing, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight.
 In them the blinded god his lustful fire
 To kindle oft essay'd, but had no might ;
 For with dread majesty and awful ire
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did itself dispread
 For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
 And write the battles of his great godhead :
 All good and honour might therein be read ;
 For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
 Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed,
 And 'twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly music seemd to make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
 Upon the shadow of her even brows,
 Working belgards¹ and amorous retreat,
 And every one her with a grace endows :
 And every one with meekness to her bows.
 So glorious mirror of celestial grace
 And sovereign monument of mortal vows,
 How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
 For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace?

(1) *Belgard*—beautiful looks (from the French).

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair,
 She seemd when she presented was to sight,
 And was yclad (for heat of scorching air)
 All in a silken camus,¹ lily white,
 Purfled² upon with many a folded plight,³
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout
 With golden aigulets,⁴ that glistered bright,
 Like twinkling stars ; and all the skirt about
 Was hemmed with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed⁵ did somewhat train,
 And her strait legs most bravely were embailed⁶
 In golden buskins of costly cordwain
 All barrd with golden bands, which were entailed
 With curious anticks, and full fair aumailed.⁷
 Before they fastened were under her knee
 In a rich jewel, and therein entrailed⁸
 The end of all their knots, that none might see
 How they, within their foldings, close enwrapped be.

Like two fair marble pillars they were seen
 Which do the temple of the gods support,
 Whom all the people deck with garlands green,
 And honour in their festival resort.
 Those same with stately grace and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she herself would grace ;
 But with the woody nymphs when she did play,
 Or when the flying libbard⁹ she did chace,
 She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she held,
 And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuffed with steel-headed darts, wherewith she quelled
 The savage beasts in her victorious play,
 Knit in a golden bauldrick,¹⁰ which forelay
 Athwart her snowy breasts, and did divide
 Her dainty paps ; which, like young fruit in May,
 Now little gan to swell, and being tied,
 Through her thin weed their places only signified.

(1) *Camus*—a gown of very fine texture.

(3) *Plight*—condition.

(5) *Weed*—see Lydgate, p. 27.

(7) *Aumailed*—enamelled.

(9) *Libbard*—leopard.

(2) *Purfled*—embroidered.

(4) *Aigulets*—the tags of fringes.

(6) *Embailed*—encased.

(8) *Entrailed*—interlaced.

(10) *Bauldrick*—belt.

Her yellow locks, crisped like golden wire,
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And when the wind amongst them did inspire,
 They waved like a pennon wide dispread,
 And low behind her back were scattered ;
 And whether art it were or heedless hap,
 As through the flowering forest rash she fled
 In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did lap,
 And flowering fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap

EPITHALAMION.¹

Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
 The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed
 (Those trouts and pikes all others do excel) ;
 And ye likewise, which keep the rushie lake,
 Where none do fishes take ;
 Bind up the locks the which hang scattered light,
 And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
 That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
 No blemish she may spie.
 And eke, ye lightfoot Maids ! which keep the door,
 That on the hoary mountain use to towre,
 And the wild wolves which seek them to devour,
 Which your steel darts do chace from coming near,
 Be also present here,
 To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now, my love ! awake, for it is time ;
 The rosie morn long since left Tithons bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to clime,
 And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious head.
 Hark ! how the cheerful birds do chaunt their layes,
 And carol of Loves praise.
 The merry lark her mattins sings aloft ;
 The thrush replies, the mevis descant² plays,
 The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft ;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
 To this dayes merriment.

{1} Written by Spenser at Kilcolman, at the time of his marriage.
 {2} *Descant*—an air, tune.

Ah ! my dear love ! why do you sleep thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T' await the coming of your joyous make,
 And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
 The dewie leaves among !
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
 And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams,
 More bright than Hesperus his head doth rere.
 Come now, ye Damsels ! daughters of delight,
 Help quickly her to dight.
 But first come, ye fair Houres ! which were begot
 In Joves sweet Paradise of day and night,
 Which do the seasons of the year allot,
 And all that ever in this world is fair
 Do make and still repair ;
 And ye three Handmaids of the Cyprian queen,
 The which do still adorn her beauties pride ;
 Help to adorn my beautifullest bride :
 And as ye her array, still throw between
 Some graces to be seen ;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come ;
 Let all the virgins therefore well await :
 And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
 Prepare yourselves, for he is coming strait.
 Set all your things in seemly good array,
 Fit for so joyful day,
 The joyfulest day that ever sun did see.
 Fair Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
 For fear of burning her sun-shiny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace.
 O fairest Phœbus ! father of the Muse,
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that mote¹ thy mind delight,
 Do not thy servants simple boon refuse,

(1) *Mote*—must.

But let this day, let this one day be mine ;
 Let all the rest be thine :
 Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark ! how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry music, that resounds from far ;
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
 That will agree withouten breach or jar :
 But most of all the damzels do delite
 When they their timbrels smite,
 And thereunto do daunce and carol sweet,
 That all the senses they do ravish quite.
 The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
 Crying aloud, with strong confused noise,
 As if it were one voice,
 Hymen, Io Hymen ! Hymen they do shout,
 That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
 To which the people standing all about,
 As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
 And loud advance her laud.
 And ever more they Hymen, Hymen sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Loe ! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
 Some angel she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and perling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire,
 And being crowned with a girland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are,
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple-gates unto my love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
 And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
 For to receive this saint with honour due,
 That cometh in to you.

With trembling steps and humble reverence
 She cometh in before th' Almightyes view ;—
 Of her, ye Virgins ! learn obedience,
 Whenso ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces.

Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make ;
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,
 The whiles with hollow throats
 The choristers the joyous anthems sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And blesses her with his two happy hands,¹
 How the red roses flush up in her cheeks !
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
 Like crimson dyde in grain !
 That even the angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar do remain,
 Forget their service, and about her fly,
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
 The more they on it stare :
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all your band ?
 Sing, ye sweet angels ! Alleluya sing !
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done : bring home the bride again ;
 Bring home the triumph of our victory :

(1) This seems to indicate the manner in which the nuptial benediction was pronounced in Spenser's time.

Bring home with you the glory of her gain ;
 With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
 Never had man more joyful day than this,
 Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
 Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day ;
 This day for ever to me holy is.
 Pour out the wine without restraint or stay ;
 Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full ;
 Pour out to all that wull ;¹
 And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
 That they may sweat and drunken be withal.
 Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
 And Hymen also crown with wreathes of vine ;
 And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
 For they can do it best ;
 The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.



SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Born 1554. Died 1586.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY was the son of Sir Henry Sydney, of Penshurst, Kent. After receiving the best education which could be given at that date, upon leaving college he travelled in France, Germany, and Italy. He came to be esteemed one of the most accomplished men of his day, and being both statesman, writer, poet, and soldier, was regarded as one of the chief ornaments of the Court of Queen Elizabeth. Possibly his grace as a courtier and favourite of the Queen made him more highly regarded in his day as a poet than a dispassionate study of his poetry would seem to justify. Horace Walpole took special pains to depreciate Sydney's muse ; but probably the opinions of Lord Orford circulate at a much smaller value in the present day than when he lived, and wrote, and affected to build. Certainly his criticism would not be accepted either to uphold or to pull down a literary fame.

In 1576 the Queen despatched Sydney on a mission to the Emperor Rudolph, the object of which was to establish a league among the

¹ *Wull*—will.

Protestant princes. When the Duke of Anjou visited England, Sydney was conspicuous in the tournaments given in his honour. He accompanied the Prince as far as Antwerp, on his return to the Continent. When the Garter was conferred on the Prince Palatine, Sydney was selected to represent him by proxy at the installation, and was knighted by the Queen on the occasion. In 1585 he and Sir Francis Drake projected an expedition against the Spaniards in South America; but Sydney was recalled from Plymouth, by the Queen's special command, when upon the point of embarking. The Crown of Poland was about to be offered to Sydney, when the Queen again interposed, for fear (as Camden said) of losing "the jewel of her times." Sydney was made Governor of Flushing, and promoted to the command of the cavalry under his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, General of the Army, sent into Holland to aid the Dutch against the Spaniards. On the 22nd September, 1586, Sydney fell in with a convoy of the enemy, led by the Marquis of Guisto, proceeding to the relief of Zutphen, over which his troops (though inferior in numbers) gained a signal victory, the Marquis of Gonzaga being left on the field dead. The triumph, however, was dearly bought at the cost of Sydney's life. Having had one horse shot under him, he mounted another, and continued in the thick of the fight, until a ball pierced his left thigh, and inflicted a fatal wound. As he was being carried away from the field, exhausted with the loss of blood, he begged for a draught of water. On the water being lifted to his lips his eyes fell on a dying soldier, looking eagerly at it. Sydney desired the water to be given to the soldier, saying, "This man's necessity is greater than mine." He lingered for a few days, and died October 15th. The body was brought over to England, and by the Queen's command was buried with great state in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Sydney is described by writers of his time as the most accomplished man of his age. "Virtuous conduct, polite conversation, heroic valour, and elegant erudition," says Hume, "all concurred to render him the ornament and delight of the English Court: and as the credit which he possessed with the Queen and the Earl of Leicester was wholly employed in the encouragement of genius and literature, his praises have been transmitted with advantage to posterity." Nothing that Sydney wrote was ever published in his lifetime. His chief poem is the "*Arcadia*,"—or, as he called it, "*The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*,"—and was dedicated to "Sydney's sister," the "fair, good, and learned" Countess whose fame was sung by Ben Jonson. The "*Arcadia*," published in 1590, was completed in 1593. His *Songs and Sonnets*, entitled "*Astrophel and Stella*," appeared in 1591. In prose Sydney wrote his most celebrated work, "*The Defence of Poesy*," published in 1595. Sydney's prose was the most flexible, harmonious, and flowing that had as yet appeared in our language; and notwithstanding the conceits into which it runs—characteristic of his age—it frequently rises into stateliness of expression and nobleness of feeling.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF ENGLAND.

1st WONDER.

Near Wilton sweet huge heaps of stones are found,¹
 But so confused, that neither any eye
 Can count them just, nor reason reason try,
 What force brought them to so unlikely ground.

To stranger weights my mind's waste soil is bound,
 Of passion-hills, reaching to reason's sky,
 From fancy's earth, passing all numbers bound,
 Passing all guess, whence into me should fly
 So maz'd a mass ; or, if in me it grows,
 A simple soul should breed so mixed woes.

IInd.

The Bruertons have a lake, which when the sun
 Approaching warms (not else) dead logs up sends
 From hideous depth ; which tribute, when it ends
 Sure sign it is, the lord's last thread is spun.

My lake is sense, whose still streams never run
 But when my sun her shining beams there bends :
 Then from his depth, with force in her begun,
 Long drowned hopes to watry eyes it lends ;
 But when that fails my dead hopes up to take,
 Their master is fair warned his will to make.

IIIrd.

We have a fish, by strangers much admired,
 Which caught, to cruel search yields his chief part :
 With gall cut out, closed up again by art,
 Yet lives until his life be new required.

A stranger fish myself, not yet expired,
 Tho' wrap'd with beauty's hook, I did impart
 My-self unto th' anatomy desired,
 Instead of gall, leaving to her my heart :
 Yet live with thoughts clos'd up, till that she will,
 By conquest's right, instead of searching, kill.

(1) Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain.

IVth.

Peak¹ hath a cave, whose narrow entries find
 Large rooms within, where drops distil amain ;
 Till knit with cold, tho' there unknown remain,²
 Deck that poor place with alabaster lined.

Mine eyes the streight, the roomy cave my mind :
 Whose cloudy thoughts let fall an inward rain
 Of sorrow's drops, 'till colder reason bind
 Their running fall into a constant vein
 Of truth, far more than alabaster pure ;
 Which, tho' despis'd, yet still doth truth endure.

Vth.

A field there is, where, if a stake be prest
 Deep in the earth, what hath in earth receipt
 Is changed to stone in hardness, cold, and weight,
 The wood above doth soon consuming rest.

The earth her ears ; the stake is my request ;
 Of which how much may peirce to that sweet seat,
 To honour turn'd, doth dwell in honour's nest,
 Keeping that form, tho' vain of wonted heat ;
 But all the rest, which fear durst not apply,
 Failing themselves, with wither'd conscience die.

VIth.

Of ships by shipwreck cast on Albion coast,
 Which rolling on the rocks, their death to die ;
 From wooden bones and blood of pitch doth fly
 A bird which gets more life than ship had lost.

My ship, desire, with wind of lust long tost,
 Brake on fair cliffs of constant chastity :
 Where plagu'd for rash attempt, gives up his ghost,
 So deep in seas of virtue beauties lie ;
 But of this death flies up the purest love,
 Which seeming less, yet nobler life doth move.

(1) The Peak, Derbyshire.

(2) *Tho' there unknown*—they (the large rooms in the cave) remain ; whilst the dripping water " knit," frozen, lines them with the alabaster-like stalactites.

VIIIth.

These Wonders England breeds ; the last remains :
 A lady¹ in despite of nature chaste ;
 On whom all love, in whom no love is placed ;
 Where fairness yields to wisdom's shortest reins.

An humble pride, a scorn that favour stains ;
 A woman's mould, but like an angel graced ;
 An angel's mind, but in a woman cased ;
 A heav'n on earth, or earth that heav'n contains :
 Now thus this wonder to myself I frame ;
 She is the cause that all the rest I am.

SONG.

Who is it that this dark night
 Underneath my window plaineth ?—
 It is one who, from thy sight
 Being (ah !) exil'd, disdaineth
 Ev'ry other vulgar light.

Why, alas ! and are you he ?
 Be not yet those fancies chang'd ?—
 Dear, when you find change in me,
 Tho' from me you be estrang'd,
 Let my change to ruin be.

Well, in absence this will die.—
 Leave to see, and leave to wonder :
 Absence sure will help, if I
 Can learn how myself to sunder
 From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove ;
 Time doth work what no man knoweth.—
 Time doth as the subject prove ;
 With time still affection groweth
 In the faithful turtle-dove.

What ! if ye new beauties see,
 Will not they stir new affection ?—
 I will think they pictures be
 (Image-like, of saint-perfection),
 Poorly counterfeiting thee.

(1) Queen Elizabeth.

But your reason's purest light
 Bids you leave such minds to nourish.—
 Dear, do reason no such spite ;
 Never doth thy beauty flourish
 More than in thy reason's sight.

But the wrongs Love bears will make
 Love at length leave undertaking.—
 No ! the more fools it doth shake
 In a ground of so firm making,
 Deeper still they drive the stake.

Peace ! I think that some give ear.
 Come no more, lest I get anger.—
 Bliss, I will my bliss forbear ;
 Fearing, sweet, you to endanger ;
 But my soul harbour there.

Well, begone : begone, I say ;
 Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.—
 O, unjust is fortune's sway !
 Which can make me thus to leave you,
 And from louts to run away.

SONG.

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread.
 For Love is dead.
 All Love is dead, infected
 With plague of deep disdain :
 Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
 And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us.

Weep, neighbours, weep: do you not hear it said
 That Love is dead ?
 His death-bed peacock's folly ;
 His winding-sheet is shame ;
 His will false-seeming holy ;
 His sole exec'tor blame.
 From so ungrateful, &c.

Let Dirge be sung, and Trentals¹ rightly read,
 For Love is dead :
 Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
 My mistress' marble-heart ;
 Which epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his dart.
 From so ungrateful, &c.

Alas ! I lye ; Rage hath this error bred :
 Love is not dead, but sleepeth
 In her unmatched mind ;
 Where she his counsel keepeth,
 Till due deserts she find.
 Therefore from so vile fancy,
 To call such wit a frenzy ;
 Who Love can temper thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us.

SONG.

Leave me, O love which reachest but to dust ;
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things :
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
 Whatever fades, but, fading,² pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
 To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
 Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
 That doth both shine and give us sight to see.

O, take fast hold ! let that light be thy guide
 In this small course which birth draws out to death ;
 And think how ill ³ becometh him to slide
 Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.

Then farewell, World, thy uttermost I see.
 Eternal Love, maintain Thy Love in Me !

(1) *Trentals*—A service of thirty masses for the repose of the soul of some one dead repeated on thirty successive days.

(2) *But fading*—by fading ; i.e. in passing away brings me to eternal pleasure.

(3) *Ill*—i.e. how ill *it* becometh.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

Come sleep ! O sleep ! the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low,
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw :
 O make in me those civil wars to cease :
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take then of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise or blind to light,
 A rosy garland, and a weary head ;
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

SONNET ON EDWARD IV.

Of all the kings that ever here did reign
 Edward named Fourth as first in praise I name ;
 Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
 Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame ;
 Not that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
 His sire's revenge,¹ join'd with a kingdom's gain,²
 And, gain'd by Mars, could yet mad Mars so tame,
 That balance weigh'd³ what sword did late attain ;
 Nor that he made the Flower-de-Luce so fraid,
 Though strongly hedg'd of bloody Lion's paws,
 That witty Lewis⁴ to him a tribute paid :

(1) Alluding to the Battle of Wakefield, December 31, 1460, in which Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. was victorious, and Edward IVth's father, Richard, Duke of York, was slain.

(2) Referring to the ultimate defeat of Henry VI. and to Edward's (then Earl of March) accession to the throne as Edward IV.—a title which he claimed as descendant and representative of the Mortimers, Earls of March, who in the female line, through Philippa (daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III.), wife of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, asserted a superior claim to the crown to that of Henry VI., who descended from John O'Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III.

(3) *Balance weighed*—Edward IV. was distinguished for his impartial administration of justice ; and for his avoidance of making any innovations in the laws.

(4) Louis XI. of France, who was glad to get rid of Edward out of France, by signing the treaty of 'Pacquigny, and by allowing the king and his ministers large pensions—in reality, bribes to keep out of the kingdom.

Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause ;
 But only for this worthy knight durst prove
 To lose his crown rather than fail his love.¹



CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Born 1563. Died 1593.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE was born at Canterbury, and baptized in the church of St. George the Martyr in that city February 26, 1563. He was educated at the King's School, in which he held a scholarship. In March, 1580, he entered as a Pensioner at Benet College, Cambridge, and took his degree of B.A. in 1583, M.A. in 1587. Marlowe must have come to London shortly after taking his Bachelor's degree, for before he took his Master's he had produced his successful play of "Tamburlaine the Great." As he possessed no property, and could have received little or nothing from his father, it is conjectured that he was aided in his university career by some friend who admired his youthful talent ; and that having graduated, he joined the crowd of literary adventurers in the metropolis, in order to earn a living by his own abilities. It is said that he was both actor and author. Phillips says he "rose from an actor to be a maker of plays."

"He had also a player been
 Upon the Curtain's stage,²
 But broke his leg in one lewd scene,
 When in his early age."

If he ever was an actor, it must have been for a very brief period, and in that case it is highly probable that he was led to write for the theatres from his association with the actors. His ability could not escape observation among men who in education and the advantages of a university career were greatly his inferiors. "Tamburlaine" was produced in 1586, and was succeeded by "Faustus," founded upon the same story on which Goethe wrote his celebrated "Faust." Hallam says : "There is an awful melancholy about Marlowe's Mephistopheles, perhaps more impressive than the malignant mirth of that fiend in the renowned work of Goethe."

(1) Edward was so passionately enamoured of Elizabeth Woodville (the beautiful widow of Sir Thomas Gray), whose connexions were entirely Lancastrian, that no considerations of prudence or state could induce him to refrain from marrying her, which he did privately at Grafton, near Stoney-Stratford, May 1, 1464. This love-match led to the disaffection of the Earl of Warwick, one of Edward's staunchest supporters, who joined Margaret of Anjou, and revived the civil wars. Edward was compelled to fly to Burgundy, but shortly returned, rallied his forces, and regained the kingdom.

(2) The Curtain Theatre, Shoreditch.

The "Jew of Malta" followed "Faustus," and is the only play by Marlowe which can be said to have lived to the present times. An adaptation of it was produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1818, in order to afford the celebrated tragedian, Edmund Kean, an opportunity of performing the part of "Barabbas the Jew," in which Alleyn—the founder of Dulwich College—had originally appeared. Alleyn played Barabbas, wearing a *big, false nose*, which a line in the play, speaking of the Jew's nose, rendered necessary. The false nose, to identify the stage-Jews, was an object of particular interest when the Jew of Malta was originally produced, and it has kept its place as a "property" in dramatic dress to the present day.

Marlowe was extremely fortunate in having so well-trained an actor as Alleyn to take the chief characters in his plays as they were successively produced. Nash said that the name of Ned Alleyn on the common stage was able to make an ill matter good. Heywood pronounced him

"Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue."

He appeared in "Tamburlaine." He was the original Mephistopheles of the stage in the play of "Faustus." He was the original likewise of Barabbas, in the "Jew of Malta," and in 1590, when Marlowe's play of "Edward II." was produced, Alleyn supported it; as he did also the "Massacre of Paris," in which he enacted the part of the Duke de Guise. In speaking of "Edward II." Charles Lamb said: "The death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted."

The "Massacre of Paris" is founded upon the dreadful tragedy of St. Bartholomew's Day, and introduces the chief personages concerned in that event. In the speech of Guise, wherein he directs the soldier to murder Admiral Coligni, Alleyn must have had a rare opportunity of exhibiting his tragic power. The above were the chief plays written by Marlowe. One or two others are attributed to him, but the authorship is doubtful.

But little is known of Marlowe's life and character; and even that little is to be regarded with hesitation. He is said to have been a man of infidel opinions, openly expressed in blasphemous language. He is also said to have lived a dissolute life, and to have perished in the pursuit of a degraded intrigue.

The latter statement is unhappily strengthened by the circumstances of his tragical end. In the register of St. Nicholas, Deptford, may be read as follows: "Christopher Marlowe, slain by Ffrances Archer, the 1. of June, 1593." The story goes that Marlowe, hindered in the pursuit of his object by this Francis Archer, who was a serving-man, attempted to stab him with his dagger in the brawl that ensued. Archer saved himself by seizing Marlowe's hand at the wrist, and flinging his arm upward, whereby the dagger penetrated through Marlowe's eye, and was plunged into his brain. So, in the thirtieth year of his age, perished Kit Marlowe; another instance of brilliant talent, rare wit, and great

accomplishments sacrificed, because unsustained by any high principle, any noble or holy estimate of life. There have been few writers, especially dramatic, who have given so much promise, and from whom the world might have expected richer gifts in poetry ; but profanity of thought, coupled as it so often is with dissoluteness of life, led Marlowe where it has so many before, and so many since—to an untimely grave ! In the freshness and vigour of his great talents, he died a death of which no friend could speak without a blush of shame.

Mr. Dyce says, “ Though immeasurably superior to the other dramatists of his time, he is, like them, a very unequal writer : it is in detached passages and single scenes, rather than in any of his pieces taken as a whole, that he displays the vast vigour and richness of his genius. But we can hardly doubt that if death had not so suddenly arrested his career, he would also have given still grander manifestations of dramatic power : indeed, for my own part, I feel a strong persuasion that with added years and well-directed efforts he would have made a much nearer approach in tragedy to Shakespere than has yet been made by any of his countrymen.”

Among the quotations which follow will be found the death-scene of “ Edward II.” alluded to above, and the speech of Guise, from the “ Massacre of Paris.”

EDWARD I.

K. Edw. Who's there ? what light is that ? wherefore com'st thou ?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

K. Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.

Villain ! I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord !

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The Queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery :

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears

To see a king in this most piteous state ?

K. Edw. Weep'st thou already ? List a while to me ;

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,

Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me is the sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains !

K. Edw. And there in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space ; and, lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum ;
 They give me bread and water, being a king ;
 So that for want of sleep and sustenance
 My mind's distempered and my body's numbed,
 And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
 O, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein,
 As doth this water from my tattered robes !
 Tell Isabel, the Queen, I looked not thus
 When for her sake I ran a tilt in France,
 And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. O, speak no more, my lord ! this breaks my heart.
 Lie on this bed,¹ and rest yourself a while.

K. Edw. These looks of thine can harbour naught but death :
 I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
 Yet stay a while ; forbear thy bloody hand,
 And let me see the stroke before it comes,
 That even then, when I shall lose my life,
 My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness, to mistrust me thus ?

K. Edw. What mean'st thou, to dissemble with me thus ?

Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
 Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

K. Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
 One jewel have I left : receive thou this (*giving jewel*).
 Still fear I ; and I know not what's the cause,
 But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
 Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul !
 Know that I am a king. O, at that name
 I feel a hell of grief ! Where is my crown ?
 Gone, gone ! and do I still remain alive ?

Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord : lie down and rest.

K. Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep ;
 For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
 Now as I speak, they fall ; and yet with fear
 Open again. O, wherefore sitt'st thou here ?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

K. Edw. No, no ; for, if thou mean'st to murder me,
 Thou wilt return again ; and therefore stay. [Sleeps.]

Light. He sleeps.

(1) *Lie on this bed.*—From the account which the king has given of his dungeon, we may conclude that a bed was not part of its furniture. Therefore "this bed" must be the "feather bed" which had been mentioned, and which was presently used in murdering the king. It was, no doubt, thrust upon the stage from the wing.

K. Edw. (waking.) O, let me not die yet! O, stay a while!

Light. How now, my lord!

K. Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake:
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis, come!

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.

K. Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist.
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

Light. Run for the table.

K. Edw. O, spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

MASSACRE AT PARIS.¹

Enter a SOLDIER.²

Sold. My lord?

Guise. Now come thou forth, and play thy tragic part:
Stand in some window, opening near the street,
And when thou see'st the Admiral ride by,
Discharge thy musket, and perform his death;
And then I'll guerdon thee with store of crowns.

Sold. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Guise (solus). Now, Guise, begin those deep-engendered
To burst abroad those never-dying flames [thoughts,
Which cannot be extinguish'd but by blood.
Oft have I levell'd, and at last have learn'd
That peril is the chiefest way to happiness,
And resolution honour's fairest aim.
What glory is there in a common good,
That hangs for every peasant to achieve?
That like I best that flies beyond my reach.
Set me to scale the high Pyramides,
And thereon set the diadem of France;
I'll either rend it with my nails to naught,
Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.

(1) The massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572.

(2) *Enter a Soldier, &c.*—"L'assassin fut bientôt trouvé. On choisit le fameux Maurevel, qui se cacha dans une maison devant laquelle l'Amiral passoit tous les jours en revenant du Louvre," &c. Anquetil, *Hist de France*, t. v. 226, ed. 1817.

For this I wake, when others think I sleep ;
 For this I wait, that scorn attendance else ;
 For this my quenchless thirst, whereon I build,
 Hath often pleaded kindred to the king ;
 For this this head, this heart, this hand, and sword,
 Contrives, imagines, and fully executes,
 Matters of import aimed at by many,
 Yet understood by none ;
 For this hath heaven engendered me of earth ;
 For this this earth sustains my body's weight,
 And with this weight I'll counterpoise a crown,
 Or with seditions weary all the world ;
 For this from Spain the stately Catholics
 Send Indian gold to coin me French ecues ;¹
 For this have I a largess from the Pope,
 A pension and a dispensation too ;
 And by that privilege to work upon
 My policy hath fram'd religion.
 Religion ! *O Diabole !*
 Fie, I am ashamed (however that I seem !)
 To think a word of such a simple sound
 Of so great matter should be made the ground !
 The gentle king,² whose pleasure uncontroll'd
 Weakeneth his body, and will waste his realm,
 If I repair not what he ruins,—
 Him, as a child, I daily win with words,
 So that, for proof, he barely bears the name :
 I execute, and he sustains the blame.
 The Mother-Queen³ works wonders for my sake,
 And in my love entombs the hope of France ;
 Rifling the bowels of her treasury
 To supply my wants and necessity.
 Paris hath full five hundred colleges,
 As monasteries, priories, abbeyes, and halls,
 Wherein are thirty thousand able men,
 Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholics ;
 And more,—of my knowledge, in one cloister keep
 Five hundred fat Franciscan friars and priests :
 All this, and more, if more may be comprised,
 To bring the will of our desires to end.

(1) *Ecues*—crown pieces.

(2) Charles IX. of France, in whose reign the massacre was perpetrated.

(3) Catherine de Medici, who herself gave orders for the bell of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois (adjoining the Louvre) to be knelled as the signal for the massacre to commence.

Then, Guise,
 Since thou hast all the cards within thy hands,
 To shuffle or cut, take this as surest thing,
 That, right or wrong, thou deal thyself a king.—
 Ay, but Navarre !—'tis but a nook of France ;
 Sufficient yet for such a petty king,
 That with a rabblement of his heretics
 Blinds Europe's eyes, and troubleth our estate.¹
 Him will we—(*pointing to his sword*) ;— but first
 let's follow those in France
 That hinder our possession to the crown.
 As Cæsar to his soilders, so say I,—
 Those that hate me will I learn to loathe.
 Give me a look that, when I bend the brows,
 Pale death may walk in furrows of my face ;
 A hand that with a grasp may grip the world ;
 An ear to hear what my detractors say ;
 A royal seat, a sceptre, and a crown ;
 That those which do behold them may become
 As men that stand and gaze against the sun.
 The plot is laid, and things shall come to pass
 Where resolution strives for victory.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Off went his silken robe, and in he leapt,
 Whom the kind waves so licorously cleapt,²
 Thickening for haste, one in another so,
 To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
 To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
 But now the cruel Fates with Até hasted
 To all the Winds, and made them battle fight
 Upon the Hellespont for either's right
 Pretended to the windy monarchy ;
 And forth they brake, the seas mix'd with the sky,
 And toss'd distressed Leander, being in hell,
 As high as heaven : bliss not in height doth dwell.
 The Destinies sate dancing on the waves,
 To see the glorious Winds with mutual braves
 Consume each other. O, true glass, to see
 How ruinous ambitious statists be

(1) Alluding to Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henri Quatre. King of France.

(2) *Cleapt*—an alteration, for the rhyme, of *clipt*, i.e. embraced.

To their own glories ! Poor Leander cried
 For help to sea-born Venus, she denied ;¹
 To Boreas, that for his Atthæa's sake ²
 He would some pity on his Hero take,
 And for his own love's sake on his desires ;
 But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.
 Then call'd he Neptune, who through all the noise
 Knew with affright his wreck'd Leander's voice,
 And up he rose ; for haste his forehead hit
 'Gainst heaven's hard crystal : his proud waves he smit
 With his forked sceptre, that could not obey ;
 Much greater powers than Neptune's gave them sway.
 They lov'd Leander so, in groans they brake
 When they came near him ; and such space did take
 'Twixt one another, loath to issue on,
 That in their shallow furrows earth was shown,
 And the poor lover took a little breath :
 But the curst Fates sate spinning of his death
 On every wave, and with the servile Winds
 Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
 By that she felt, her dear Leander's state.
 She wept, and prayed for him to every Fate ;
 And every Wind that whipp'd her with her hair
 About the face she kiss'd, and spake it fair,
 Kneeled to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
 To quench his thirst : but still their cruelties
 Even her poor torch envied, and rudely beat
 The baiting flame³ from that dear food it eat ;
 Dear, for it nourish'd her Leander's life,
 Which with her robe she rescued from their strife :
 But silk too soft was such hard hearts to break ;
 And she, dear soul, even as her silk, faint, weak,
 Could not preserve it : out, O, out it went !
 Leander still called Neptune, that now rent
 His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
 Where tears in billows did each other chase ;
 And, burst with ruth, he hurled his marble mace
 At the stern Fates : it wounded Lachesis,
 That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
 The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
 But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.

(1) *She denied*—i. e. *which* she denied.

(2) *For his Atthæa's sake*—for the sake of Orithyia, the fair Athenian princess.

(3) *The baiting flame*—the flame taking *bait* (refreshment), *feeding*.

The more kind Neptune raged, the more he razed
His love's life's fort, and killed as he embraced :
Anger doth still his own mishap increase ;
If any comfort live, it is in peace.
O thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poisoned influence !
Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things ; sense-sport preserves a bear :
But here naught serves our turns : O heaven and earth,
How most-most wretched is our human birth !
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart
Greater than they could make, and scorned their smart.
She bowed herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him :
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel ;—jewel !—her Leander :
A name of all earth's jewels pleased not her
Like his dear name. “ Leander, still my choice !
Come naught but my Leander ! O my voice,
Turn to Leander ! henceforth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrases, that shew all griefs' wounds,
Analyz'd in Leander ! O black change !
Trumpets, do you with thunder of your clange
Drive out this change's horror ! My voice faints :
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints !”
Thus cried she ; for her mixed soul could tell
Her love was dead : and when the Morning fell
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes that bled out of her cheeks did show
Leander brought by Neptune, bruised and torn
With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn,
To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much-much more
Than might have served to kill her. Should her store
Of giant sorrows speak ?—Burst,—die,—bleed,
And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed.
She fell on her love's bosom, hugged it fast,
And with Leander's name she breathed her last.

EPIGRAM OF A GULL.

Oft in my laughing rhymes I name a gull :
 But this new term will many questions breed ;
 Therefore at first I will express at full
 Who is a true and perfect gull indeed.
 A gull is he who fears a velvet gown,
 And when a wench is brave dares not speak to her ;
 A gull is he which traverseth the town,
 And is for marriage known a common wooer ;
 A gull is he which, when he proudly wears
 A silver-hilted rapier by his side,
 Endures the lie and knocks about the ears,
 Whilst in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide ;
 A gull is he which wears good handsome clothes,
 And stands in presence stroking up his hair,
 And fills up his unperfect speech with oaths,
 But speaks not one wise word throughout the year :
 But to define a gull in terms precise,—
 A gull is he which seems and is not wise.

IGNOTO.

I love thee not for sacred chastity,—
 Who loves for that?—nor for thy sprightly wit ;
 I love thee not for thy sweet modesty,
 Which makes thee in perfection's throne to sit :
 I love thee not for thy enchanting eye,
 Thy beauty's ravishing perfection ;
 I love thee not for unchaste luxury,
 Nor for thy body's fair proportion ;
 I love thee not for that my soul doth dance
 And leap with pleasure when those lips of thine
 Give musical and graceful utterance
 To some (by thee made happy) poet's line ;
 I love thee not for voice or slender small :¹
 But wilt thou know wherefore? fair sweet,—for all.
 Faith, wench, I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
 With the base-viol placed between my thighs ;
 I cannot lisp, nor to some fiddle sing,
 Nor run upon a high-stretch'd minikin ;²

(1) *Slender small*—i.e. a slender voice from a woman of small waist.

(2) *Minikin*—diminutive ; here a diminutive fiddle, a *kit*.

I cannot whine in puling elegies,
 Entombing Cupid with sad obsequies ;
 I am not fashioned for these amorous times,
 To court thy beauty with lascivious rhymes ;
 I cannot dally, caper, dance, and sing,
 Oiling my saint with supple sonnetting ;
 I cannot cross my arms, or sigh, " Ay me,
 Ay me, forlorn !"—egregious foppery !
 I cannot buss¹ thy fill, play with thy hair,
 Swearing by Jove, " thou art most debonair !"

* * * *

Sweet wench, I love thee : yet I will not sue,
 Or show my love as musky courtiers do ;
 I'll not carouse a health to honour thee,
 In this same bezzling,² drunken courtesy,
 And, when all's quaffed, eat up my bousing-glass,³
 In glory that I am thy servile ass ;
 Nor will I wear a rotten Bourbon lock,⁴
 As some sworn peasant to a female smock.
 Well-featured lass, thou know'st I love thee dear :
 Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine ear,
 To hang thy dirty silken shoe-tires there ;⁵
 Nor for thy love will I once gnash a brick,
 Or some pied colours in my bonnet stick ;
 But by the chaps of hell, to do thee good,
 I'll freely spend my thrice-decocted blood.

(1) *Buss*—kiss. (2) *Bezzling*—tippling, sotting. (3) *Bousing-glass*—drinking-glass.
 (4) *Rotten Bourbon lock*—alluding to the "love-locks" worn by men of fashion, and introduced from France. In Robert Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" (1592) we read: "Sir, will you have your worship's hair cut after the Italian manner? or, will you be Frenchified, with a love-lock down to your shoulders, wherein you may wear your mistress's favour?" The love-lock was a long curl, hanging over the left shoulder, and tied at the end with a ribbon, frequently the favour of some lady. It is often represented in pictures of Charles I. and of the courtiers of his time—see the portrait of Edward, fourth Earl of Dorset, in the ball-room at Knole. The Puritans took great offence at the flowing hair and love-locks of the cavaliers; hence their cropped hair and designation as Roundheads. In Charles II.'s reign, when periwigs came into fashion, the wig was sometimes divided with a parting at the back, from the crown downwards, and the love-lock, or curl, was introduced, hanging from the nape of the neck between the shoulders. This was called the *dildo*, or *pole-lock*. A specimen of this periwig (exhibiting the pole-lock), which was commonly worn by officers, and was called the "campaign wig," may be seen on the marble statue of Richard, fifth Earl of Dorset, in Withyham Church, Sussex. (He died 1677.) It is evident that the *queue* of the last century, which so long survived in the form of the sailor's pigtail, was the direct descendant of the pole-lock, which was the offspring of the "love-lock."

(5) In the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the gentry frequently wore earrings. Dr. Donne's picture shows them, with a Maltese cross hanging from the ring. Silken cords were likewise worn, as tokens of gallantry. The portrait of Shakespere at Hampton Court shows the ear hung with a silken tire.

THE DEATH OF FAUSTUS.

Faustus.—Oh ! Faustus !

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live.

* * * *

Stand still, ye ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come.
Oh ! I'd leap up to heaven ! Who pulls me down ?
Yet will I call on *Him*—Oh, spare me, Lucifer !
Where is it now ? 'Tis gone :
And see—a threatening arm—an angry brow !
Mountains and hills come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven !
No !—Then will I headlong run into the earth :
Gape, earth !—Oh, no : it will not harbour me.
Ye stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud ;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven !

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,
And all that steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of mirtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

(SIR W. RALEIGH'S REJOINDER.)¹

If all the world and love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb ;
And age complains of cares to come.

But fading flowers in every field
To winter floods their treasures yield :
A honeyed tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

(1) See footnote, p. 106.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
 Can me with no enticements move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, could love still breed,
 Had joys no date, had age no need ;
 Then those delights my mind might move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.



MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Born 1563. Died 1631.

DRAYTON was born in the parish of Atherston, Warwickshire, in 1563. He was educated at the expense of Sir Godfrey Godere. Little or nothing is known of his early life. It is supposed he went to Oxford, but did not long continue there. He seems to have been well known as a poet during the last ten years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In 1593 he published a collection of pastoral poems under the title of "The Shepherd's Garland." Shortly afterwards appeared "The Barons' Wars" and "England's Heroical Epistles." When James I. succeeded to the throne, Drayton courted him with verses, but was received coldly, although he had the favour of the Earl of Dorset, and received a yearly pension of £10 from Prince Henry. In 1613 his *Polyolbion* appeared, with Notes by Selden. This is a descriptive poem of England, her productions and legends ; it is the most important work of Drayton's muse. In 1626 he is spoken of as poet-laureate, which was no more than an empty title, carrying with it neither emolument, nor even the butt of canary. For many years Drayton was indebted to the Countess of Bedford for substantial obligations. Towards the close of his life he lived with the Earl of Dorset ; and when he died, in 1631, the Countess of Dorset erected the monument over his grave in Westminster Abbey.

Perhaps there is no poet of his period who is less read than Drayton. The reason is, that his verse is ponderous, his poems lengthy, and his diction often obscure. And yet there is often great boldness and magnificence of expression ; and his *Polyolbion* is a map-like description of Great Britain. Drayton's poetry wants a centre of interest. He

becomes geographical, historical, legendary, instructive ; but he does not appeal to the fancy, and consequently fatigues with the length and ponderous character of his versification. Singularly enough, he has left one piece, which is a complete contrast to his usual style. It is entitled "Nymphidia," and is a fairy story of Oberon, Mab, and Puck. As a creation of the fairy world, it is the most excellent composition in the English language. Neither before nor since has there ever been a fairy tale to compare with it. It stands alone and unapproached, the most thoroughly elfin work in our language. The description of chariots and horses, the harness for battle, the retreat of the fairies, and the ultimate rout of Oberon and Pigwiggen, are alike calculated to delight the young and to astonish the adult. Among the quotations which follow, large extracts have been made from the "Nymphidia."

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK III.

Queen Isabel¹ then landing with delight,
 Had what rich France could lend her for her ease ;
 And as she passed, no town but did invite
 Her with some show, her appetite to please :
 But Mortimer once coming in her sight,
 His shape and features did her fancy seize ;
 When she, that knew how her fit time to take,
 Thus she her most loved Mortimer bespake :

" () Mortimer, sweet Mortimer," (quoth she)
 " What angry power did first the means devise
 To separate Queen Isabel and thee,
 Whom (to despite) love yet together ties ?
 But if thou think'st the fault was made by me
 For a just penance to my longing eyes,
 Though guiltless they, this be to them assigned,
 To gaze upon thee till they leave me blind.

" My dear, dear heart, thought I to see thee thus,
 When first in court thou didst my favour wear,
 When we have watched lest any noted us,
 Whilst our looks used love's messages to bear,

(1) Isabella, Queen of Edward II. daughter of Philip V. of France. When her brother, Charles the Fair, seized Edward's French territories, Isabella crossed to France to negotiate arrangements. At the French court she met Roger de Mortimer, one of the banished lords of the confederacy which had been formed against Edward's favourites, the Despencers. The criminal relations between Isabel and Mortimer are matters of history, leading as they did to Edward's murder in Berkeley Castle.

And we by signs sent many a secret buss?
 An exile then, thought I, to see thee here?
 But what couldst thou be then, but now thou art?
 Though banished England, yet not from my heart.

“ That fate which did thy franchisement enforce,
 And from the depth of danger set thee free,
 Still regular and constant in that course,
 Made me this strait and even path to thee,
 Of our affections as it took remorse;
 Our birth-fixed stars so luckily agree,
 Whose revolution seriously directs
 Our like proceedings to the like effects.

“ Only wise counsel hath contrived this thing,
 For which we wished so many a woful day,
 Of which the clear and perfect managing
 Is that strong prop whereon our hopes may stay:
 Which in itself the authority doth bring,
 That weak opinion hath not power to sway,
 Confuting those whose sightless judgments sit
 In the thick rank with every common wit.

“ Then since th’ assay our good success assures,
 And we her favourites lean on Fortune’s breast,
 That every hour new comfort us procures,
 Of these her blessings let us choose the best;
 And whilst the day of our good hap endures,
 Let’s take the bounteous benefits of rest:
 Let’s fear no storm before we feel a shower,
 My son a King, two kingdoms help my dower.

“ Of wanton Edward when I first was woo’d,
 Why cam’st thou not into the court of France?
 Before thy king, thou in my grace hadst stood:
 O Mortimer, how good had been thy chance!
 My love attempted in that youthful mood,
 I might have been thine own inheritance;
 Where entering now by force, thou hold’st by might,
 And art disseisor¹ of another’s right.

Thou idol, honour, which we fools adore,
 (How many plagues do rest in thee to grieve us?)
 Which when we have, we find there is much more
 Than that which only is a name can give us:

(1) *Disseisor*—one who dispossesses illegally (N. French, *dissaisir*).

Of real comforts thou dost leave us poor,
 And of those joys thou often dost deprive us,
 That with ourselves doth set us at debate,
 And make us beggars in our greatest state."

With such brave raptures from her words that rise,
 She made a breach in his impressive breast,
 And all his powers so fully did surprise,
 As seemed to rock his senses to their rest,
 So that his wit could not that thing devise,
 Of which he thought his soul was not possest:
 Whose great abundance, like a swelling flood
 After a shower, ran through his ravish'd blood.

Like as a lute that's touched with curious skill,
 Each string stretched up his right tone to retain,
 Music's true language that doth speak at will,
 The bass and treble married by the mean,
 Whose sounds each note with harmony do fill,
 Whether it be in descant or on plain;
 So their affections, set in keys alike,
 In true concert meet, as their humours strike.

EDWARD II. AT BERKELEY CASTLE.

BOOK V.

With shameful scoffs, and barbarous disgrace,
 Him on a lean ill-favoured jade they set,
 In a vile garment, beggarly and base,
 Which (it should seem) they purposely did get;
 So carrying him in a most wretched case,
 Benumbed and beaten with the cold and wet,
 Deprived of all repose and natural rest,
 With thirst and hunger grievously opprest.

Yet still suspicious that he should be known,
 From beard and head they shaved away the hair,
 Which was the last that he could call his own:
 Never left Fortune any wight so bare,
 Such tyranny on king was never shown,
 And till that time with mortals had been rare;
 His comfort then did utterly deceive him,
 But to his death his sorrows did not leave him.

* * * *

Vile traitors, hold off your unhallowed hands,
 His brow upon it majesty still bears ;
 Dare you thus keep your sovereign lord in bands ?
 And can your eyes behold the anointed tears ?
 Or if your sight all pity thus withstands,
 Are not your hearts yet piercèd through your ears ?
 The mind is free, whate'er afflicts the man ;
 A king's a king, do Fortune what she can.

Dare man take that which God himself hath given ?
 Or mortal spill the spirit by him infused,
 Whose power is subject to the power of heaven ?
 Wrongs pass not unrevenged, although excused.
 Except that thou set all at six and seven,
 Rise, Majesty, when thou art thus abused ;
 Or for thy refuge which way wilt thou take,
 When in this sort thou dost thyself forsake ?

* * * *

Thus they to Berkely brought the wretched king,
 Which for their purpose was the place forethought.
 Ye heavenly powers, do ye behold this thing,
 And let this deed of horror to be wrought,
 That might the nation into question bring ?
 But oh, your ways with justice still are fraught :
 But he is hap'd into his earthly hell,
 From whence he bade the wicked world farewell.

They lodged him in a melancholic room,
 Where through strait windows the dull light came far,
 (In which the sun did at no season come,)
 Which strengthen'd were by many an iron bar,
 Like to a vault under some mighty tomb,
 Where night and day waged a continual war ;
 Under whose floor the common sewer passed,
 Up to the same loathsome stench that cast.

The ominous raven often he doth hear,
 Whose croaking him of following horror tells,
 Begetting strange imaginary fear,
 With heavy echoes, like to passing-bells ;
 The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,
 As though they chimed his last sad burying knells ;
 Under his cave the buzzing screech-owl sings,
 Beating the windows with her fatal wings.

By night affrighted in his fearful dreams,
Of raging fiends and goblins that he meets ;
Of falling down from steep rocks into streams ;
Of deaths, of burials, and of winding-sheets :
Of wandering helpless in far foreign realms ;
Of strong temptations by seducing sprights :
Wherewith awaked and calling out for aid
His hollow voice doth make himself afraid.

Then came the vision of his bloody reign,
Marching along with Lancaster's¹ stern ghost ;
Twenty-eight barons, either hanged or slain,
Attended with the rueful mangled host,
That unrevenged did all that while remain,
At Burton-bridge and fatal Borough lost ;
Threat'ning with frowns, and quaking every limb,
As though that piece-meal they would torture him.

And if it chanced that from the troubled skies
The least small star through any chink gave light,
Straitways on heaps the thronging clouds did rise,
As though that Heaven were angry with the night,
That it should lend that comfort to his eyes :
Deformèd shadows glimpsing in his sight,
As darkness, that it might more ugly be,
Through the least cranny would not let him see.

When all the affliction that they could impose
Upon him, to the utmost of their hate,
Above his torments yet his strength so rose,
As though that Nature had conspired with Fate ;
When as his watchful and too wary foes,
That ceased not still his woes to aggravate,
His further helps suspected, to prevent,
To take away his life to Berkely sent.

(1) The Earl of Lancaster, the King's cousin, had taken part with the Barons against Gaveston, and also against the Despencers. He was seized and beheaded at Pontefract, March 22, 1322.

HENRY HOWARD TO THE LADY GERALDINE.¹

From learned Florence (long time rich in fame)
 From whence thy race, thy noble grandsires came ;²
 To famous England, that kind nurse of mine,
 Thy Surrey sends to heavenly Geraldine.
 Yet let not Tuscan think I do it wrong,
 That I from thence write in my native tongue ;
 That in these harsh-tuned cadences I sing,
 Sitting so near the Muse's sacred spring ;
 But rather think itself adorned thereby,
 That England reads the praise of Italy.
 Though to the Tuscans I the smoothness grant,
 Our dialect no majesty doth want,
 To set thy praises in as high a key
 As France or Spain, or Germany, or they.

What day I quit the Foreland of fair Kent,
 And that my ship her course for Flanders bent,
 Yet think I with how many a heavy look
 My leave of England and of thee I took,
 And did intreat the tide (if it might be)
 But to convey me one sigh back to thee.
 Up to the deck a billow lightly skips,
 Taking my sigh, and down again it slips,
 Into the gulph itself it headlong throws,
 And as a post, to England-ward it goes.
 As I sate wondering how the rough sea stirred,
 I might far off perceive a little bird,
 Which as she fain from shore to shore would fly,
 Had lost herself in the broad vasty sky,
 Her feeble wing beginning to deceive her,
 The seas of life still gaping to bereave her :
 Unto the ship she makes, which she discovers,
 And there (poor fool !) a while for refuge hovers ;
 And when at length her flagging pinion fails,
 Panting she hangs upon the rolling sails,
 And being forced to loose her hold with pain,
 Yet beaten off, she straight lights on again,
 And tossed with flaws, with storms, with wind, with weather,
 Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither !

¹ See p. 78. Drayton assumes the truth of Howard's reported travels in Italy, proclaiming the beauty of the fair Geraldine.

² See Howard's Sonnet, p. 81, to Geraldine.

Now with the poop, now with the prow doth bear,
 Now on this side, now that, now here, now there,
 Methinks these storms should be my sad depart,
 The silly helpless bird is my poor heart ;
 The ship to which for succour it repairs,
 That is yourself, regardless of my cares.
 Of every surge doth fall, or wave doth rise,
 To some one thing I sit and moralize.

When for thy love I left the Belgic shore,
 Divine Erasmus and our famous More,
 Whose happy presence gave me such delight,
 As made a minute of a winter's night ;
 With whom a while I staid at Roterdame,
 Now so renownèd by Erasmus' name :¹
 Yet every hour did seem a world of time,
 Till I had seen that soul-reviving clime,
 And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,
 A watery soil to clog a fiery wit.
 And as that wealthy Germany I passed,
 Coming unto the Emperor's court at last,
 Great-learned Agrippa,² so profound in art,
 Who the infernal secrets doth impart,
 When of thy health I did desire to know,
 Me in a glass my Geraldine did show,
 Sick in thy bed ; and for thou couldst not sleep,
 By a wax taper set the light to keep ;
 I do remember thou didst read that ode,
 Sent back whilst I in Thanet made abode,
 Where when thou cam'st unto that word of love,
 E'en in thine eyes I saw how passion strove :
 That snowy lawn which coverèd thy bed,
 Methought look'd white, to see thy cheek so red ;
 Thy rosy cheek oft changing in my sight,
 Yet still was red, to see the lawn so white :
 The little taper which should give thee light,
 Methought waxed dim to see thy eyes so bright ;
 Thine eye again supplied the taper's turn,
 And with his beams more brightly made it burn :
 The shrugging air about thy temples hurls,
 And wrapt thy breath in little clouded curls,
 And as it did ascend it straight did seize it,
 And as it sunk it presently did raise it.

(1) Erasmus was born at Rotterdam, 1467. In England he was the intimate friend of Sir Thomas More.

(2) Cornelius Agrippa, the famous magician.

Canst thou by sickness banish beauty so,
 Which, if put from thee, knows not where to go
 To make her shift, and for succour seek
 To every rival'd face, each bankrupt cheek?
 If health preserved, thou beauty still dost cherish;
 If that neglected, beauty soon doth perish.
 Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
 Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain.
 If live or die, as thou dost, so do I;
 If live, I live; and if thou die, I die:
 One heart, one love, one joy, one grief or troth,
 One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.

If Howard's blood thou hold'st as but too vile,
 Or not esteem'st of Norfolk's princely stile;
 If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,¹
 That lion placed in our bright silver bend,
 Which as a trophy beautifies our shield
 Since Scottish blood discoloured Flodden field;
 When the proud Cheviot our brave ensign bear
 As a rich jewel in a lady's hair,
 And did fair Bramston's² neighbouring valleys choke
 With clouds of cannons' fire-disgorgèd smoke;
 Or Surrey's Earldom insufficient be,
 And not a dower so well contenting thee;
 Yet am I one of great Apollo's heirs,
 The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.
 By princes my immortal lines are sung,
 My flowing verses graced with every tongue:
 The little children when they learn to go,
 By painful³ mothers daded to and fro,
 Are taught by sugared numbers to rehearse,
 And have their sweet lips seasoned with my verse.

When heaven would strive to do the best it can,
 And put an angel's spirit into man,
 The utmost power it hath, it then doth spend,
 When to the world a poet it doth intend.
 That little difference 'twixt the gods and us,
 (By them confirmed) distinguished only thus;

(1) Alluding to the addition made to the blazon of the Howard's armour after Flodden. Camden says, "In the canton point of the bend an escutcheon or, within the Scottish pressure a demi lion rampant gules," &c.

(2) Bramston, near Flodden, a part of the Cheviot.

(3) "Painful," the term then in common use, and corresponding to our present "painstaking." A Puritan divine was described by a tablet in Worcester Cathedral (lately removed) as "*a right painful preacher*."

Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
 The gods commit their glory to our praise ;
 The eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
 We likewise share a second power by death.

When time shall turn those amber locks to gray,
 My verse again shall gild and make thee gay,
 And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
 And to thy autumn give a summer's hue ;
 That sacred power, that in my ink remains,
 Shall put fresh blood into thy withered veins,
 And on thy red decayed, thy whiteness dead,
 Shall set a white more white, a red more red,
 When thy dim sight thy glass can not descry,
 Nor thy crazed mirror can discern thy eye ;
 My verse to tell the one what th' other was,
 Shall represent them both thine eye and glass :
 Where both thy mirror and thine eye shall see,
 What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee ;
 And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
 What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.

If Florence once should lose her old renown,
 As famous Athens, now a fisher-town ;
 My lines for thee a Florence shall erect,
 Which great Apollo ever shall protect,
 And with the numbers from my pen that falls
 Bring marble mines to re-erect those walls.

* * *

What time I came into this famous town,
 And made the cause of my arrival known,
 Great Medicis¹ a list for triumphs built ;
 Within the which upon a tree of gilt,
 (Which was with sundry rare devices set)
 I did erect thy lovely counterfeit,
 To answer those Italian dames' desire
 Which daily came thy beauty to admire ;
 By which, my lion in his gaping jaws
 Held up my lance, and in his dreadful paws
 Reacheth my gauntlet unto him that dare
 A beauty with my Geraldine's compare.
 Which when each manly valiant arm assays,
 After so many brave triumphant days,

(1) This would be Cosmo de Medici, who was created Duke of Florence and Grand Duke of Tuscany by the Bull of Pope Pius V.

The glorious prize upon my lance I bear,
 By herald's voice proclaimed to be thy share.
 The shivered staves here for thy beauty broke
 With fierce encounters past at every stroke,
 When stormy courses answer cuff for cuff,
 Denting proud bevers with the counter-buff,
 Upon an altar, burnt with holy flame,
 I sacrificed as incense to thy fame :
 Where, as the phoenix from her spiced fume
 Renews herself, in that she doth consume ;
 So from these sacred ashes live we both,
 Even as that one Arabian wonder doth.

When to my chamber I myself retire,
 Burnt with the sparks that kindled all this fire,
 Thinking of England, which my hope contains,
 The happy isle where Geraldine remains :
 Of Hunsdon, where those sweet celestial eyne
 At first did pierce this tender breast of mine :
 Of Hampton Court and Windsor, where abound
 All pleasures that in Paradise were found ;
 Near that fair castle is a little grove,
 With hanging rocks all covered from above,
 Which on the bank of goodly Thames doth stand,
 Clipt by the water from the other land.

* * *

There the soft poplar and smooth beach doth bear
 Our names together carved everywhere,
 And Gordian knots do curiously entwine
 The names of Henry and Geraldine.
 O let this grove in happy times to come,
 Be called the lovers' bless'd Elysium ;
 Whither my mistress wonted to resort
 In summer's heat in those sweet shades to sport :
 A thousand sundry names I have it given,
 And called it Wonder-hider, Cover-heaven,
 The roof where Beauty her rich court doth keep,
 Under whose compass all the stars do sleep.
 There is one tree which now I call to mind,
 Doth bear these verses carved in the rind :
 " When Geraldine shall sit in thy fair shade,
 " Fan her fair tresses with perfumèd air,
 " Let thy large boughs a canopy be made,
 " To keep the sun from gazing on my fair ;

" And when thy spreading branchèd arms be sunk,
 " And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retain,
 " E'en from the dust of thy unwieldy trunk
 " I will renew thee, phoenix-like, again,
 " And from thy dry decayèd root will bring
 " A new-born stem, another *Æson's* spring."¹

I find no cause, nor judge I reason why,
 My country should give place to Lombardy ;
 As goodly flowers on *Thamesis* do grow
 As beautify the banks of wanton *Po* ;
 As many nymphs as haunt rich *Arnu's* strand
 By silver *Severn* tripping hand in hand :
 Our shade's as sweet, though not to us so dear,
 Because the sun hath greater power there.
 This distant place doth give me greater woe ;
 Far off, my sighs the farther have to go.
 Ah, absence ! why shouldst thou seem so long ?
 Or wherefore shouldst thou offer time such wrong ?
 Summer's so soon to steal on winter's cold,
 Or Winter's blasts so soon make summer old ?
 Love did us both with one self arrow strike,
 Our wounds both one, our cure should be the like ;
 Except thou hast found out some mean by art,
 Some powerful med'cine to withdraw the dart ;
 But mine is fixt, and absence being proved,
 It sticks too fast, it cannot be removed.

NYMPHIDIA.

Old Chaucer doth of *Topas* tell,
 Mad *Rablais*² of *Pantagruel*,
 A later third of *Dowsabel*
 With such poor trifles playing :
 Others the like have laboured at,
 Some of this thing and some of that,
 And many of they know not what,
 But that they must be saying.

(1) When *Jaso* returned from the quest of the Golden Fleece accompanied by *Medea*, and reached *Iolchos*, his father *Æso* was unable through infirmity to assist at the celebration of the victories of the *Argonauts*. At her husband's request *Medea* removed the weakness of *Æso*, by drawing away the blood from his veins, and injecting the juice of certain herbs which restored his vigour.

(2) *François Rabelais*, born 1483, was a priest, but practised at the court of *Francis I.* as a physician. *Pantagruel* is the son of *Gargantua*, in *Rabelais' Satire* on the follies of his time.

Another sort there be, that will
 Be talking of the Fairies still,
 Nor never can they have their fill,
 As they were wedded to them :
 No tales of them their thirst can slake,
 So much delight therein they take,
 And some strange things they fain would make
 Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
 Or of the later, or the old,
 Those elvish secrets to unfold,
 Which lie from others' reading,
 My active Muse to light shall bring
 The court of that proud Fairy King,
 And tell there of the revelling :
 Jove prosper my proceeding.

* * *

This palace standeth in the air,
 By necromancy placèd there,
 That it no tempest needs to fear,
 Which way soe'er it blow it :
 And somewhat southward of the noon,
 Whence lies a way up to the moon,
 And thence the Fairy can as soon
 Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
 Well morticèd and finely laid,—
 He was the master of his trade
 It curiously that builded :
 The windows of the eyes of cats,
 And for the roof, instead of flats,
 Is covered with the skins of bats,
 With moonshine that are guilded.

* * *

But listen, and I shall you tell
 A chance in fairy that befell,
 Which certainly may please some well
 In love and arms delighting :
 Of Oberon, that jealous grew,
 Of one of his own Fairy crew,
 Too well (he fear'd) his Queen that knew,
 His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this Fairy Knight,
One wondrous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed ;
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness he often checkt,
And could have wished him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing :
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes ;
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

" At midnight, the appointed hour,
And for the Queen a fitting bower,
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flower,
On Hip-cut-Hill that groweth :
In all your train there's not a Fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it, in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thum, a Fairy page,
He sent it, and doth him engage
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry :
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all ;
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
 Each thing therein is fitting laid
 That she by nothing might be stayed,
 For naught must be her letting:
 Four nimble gnats the horses were,
 Their harnesses of gossamere,
 Fly Cranion her charioteer,
 Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
 Which for the colours did excell ;
 The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 So lively was the limning ;
 The seat the soft wool of the bee
 The cover (gallantly to see)
 The wings of a pyed butterflie
 I trow 'twas simply trimming.

* * *

But let us leave Queen Mab a while,
 Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
 That now had gotten by this wile,
 Her dear Pigwiggen kissing ;
 And tell how Oberon doth fare,
 Who grew as mad as any hare,
 When he had sought each place with care,
 And found his Queen was missing.

* * *

Quoth Puck, " My liege, I'll never lin,
 But I will thorough thick and thin,
 Until at length I bring her in,
 My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
 Thorough brake, Thorough brier,
 Thorough muck, thorough mier,
 Thorough water, thorough fier—
 And thus goes Puck about it.

* * *

The Queen bound with love's powerful charm,
 Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm ;
 Her merry maids that thought no harm,
 About the room were skipping :
 A humble bee, their minstrel, played
 Upon his hautbois, every maid
 Fit for this revel was arrayed,
 The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
 "My Sovereign, for your safety fly,
 For there is danger but too nigh,
 I posted to forewarn you :
 The King hath sent Hobgoblin out,
 To seek you all the fields about,
 And of your safety you may doubt,
 If he but once discern you."

* * *

Forth ran they by a secret way,
 Into a brake that near them lay ;
 Yet much they doubted there to stay,
 Lest Hob should hap to find them :
 He had a sharp and piercing sight,
 All one to him the day and night,
 And therefore were resolved by flight
 To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanced to find a nut,
 In the end of which a hole was cut,
 Which lay upon a hazel root,
 There scattered by a squirrel,
 Which out the kernel gotten had :
 When, quoth this fay, "Dear Queen, be glad,
 Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
 I'll let you safe from peril."

"Come all into this nut" (quoth she),
 "Come closely in, be ruled by me,
 Each one may here a chuser be,
 For room ye need not wrestle ;
 Nor need ye be together heapt."
 So one by one therein they crept,
 And lying down they soundly slept,
 And safe as in a castle.

* * *

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
 Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
 And come again to have a bout,
 With Oberon yet madding :
 And with Pigwiggan now distraught,
 Who much was troubled in his thought
 That he so long the Queen had sought
 And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs he still doth cry,
" King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try
For my dear lady's honour :
For that she is a Queen right good
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced :
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long :
'The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing ;
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him ;
And for a plume a horse's hair,
Which being tossèd by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
E'er he himself could settle ;
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin.

Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepared,
Then bid him stand upon his guard,
This hand his baseness shall reward
Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publicly proclaim him;
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down;
Nor we a King should name him."

* * *

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thum doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in everything
To single sights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

* * *

Together furiously they ran
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters!
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regained their own;
Such nimbleness was never shown;
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain
The seconds could not judge yet:
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
 Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
 And freshly they the fight renew,
 They every stroke redoubled :
 Which made Proserpina take heed,
 And make to them the greater speed,
 For fear lest they too much should bleed,
 Which wondrously her troubled.

When to the infernal Styx she goes,
 She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
 And in a bag doth them enclose
 When well she had them blended.
 She hies her then to Lethe spring,
 A bottle and thereof doth bring,
 Wherewith she meant to work the thing
 Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
 Unto the place where Oberon
 And proud Pigwiggen one to one,
 Both to be slain were likely ;
 And there themselves they closely hide
 Because they would not be espy'd ;
 For Proserpine meant to decide
 The matter very quickly ;

And suddenly unties the poke,
 Which out of it sent such a smoke,
 As ready was them all to choke,
 So grievous was the pother :
 So that the knights each other lost,
 And stood as still as any post,
 Tom Thum nor Tomalin could boast
 Themselves of any other.

* * *

THE CRYER.

Good folk, for gold or hire,
 But help me to a cryer,
 For my poor heart is run astray
 After two eyes that passed this way.
 O yes, O yes, O yes !

If there be any man
 In town or country, can
 Bring me my heart again,
 I'll please him for his pain ;
 And by these marks I will you show,
 That only I this heart do owe.
 It is a wounded heart,
 Wherein yet sticks the dart,
 Ev'ry pierce sore hurt throughout it,
 Faith and troth, writ round about it.
 It was a tame heart, and a dear,
 And never used to roam !
 But having got this haunt, I fear
 'Twill hardly stay at home.
 For God's sake, walking by the way
 If you my heart do see,
 Either impound it for a stray,
 Or send it back to me !

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Fair stood the wind for France,
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
 But putting to the main
 At Kaux the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour ;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopp'd his way,
 Where the French general lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide,
 To the king sending ;

Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal feast,
By many a warlike feat,
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vanward led,
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder,

That with cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent,
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother.

Clarence in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up,
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day,
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry.
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?



WILLIAM SHAKESPERE.

Born 1564. Died 1616.

THE greatest genius that the world has ever known was cradled at Stratford-upon-Avon; and all that was mortal of him whose name is immortal now lies buried before the altar of that fitting resting-place for so great a man, the noble church of Stratford-upon-Avon! As we approach nearer to modern times, and as we speak of the men whose names are household words, it will not be necessary to give more than a brief outline of those lives with which it is commonly supposed that they who have enjoyed a tolerable education will be familiar.

This should be specially the case with Shakespere, and therefore this biography is brief, for the same reason that the quotations which follow it are few, and do not contain a single passage from any of his plays! It is assumed that the student or class-boy who uses this manual, will

take it in hand to study the language and style of those poets who are not familiar to him, and whose works he could not easily possess ; whereas the plays of Shakespere should be in possession of, and be well read by, every such youth, who, owning and prizing the complete works, will not care to look here for "gems" and scraps of quotations.

The Baptismal Register of Stratford contains the following entry : "April, 26, 1564. Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakespere." The house in which the poet was born stands in a restored condition, in Henley Street ; and the conjectured room of his birth is scribbled over—walls, ceiling, windows, with thousands of names. Among others on one of the panes of glass is Sir Walter Scott's autograph.

John Shakespere, the poet's father, was engaged in various occupations in Stratford, though it is difficult, or perhaps impossible now, to say precisely what was his calling. He fell into difficulties, and to relieve his father it seems highly probable that Shakespere first went to London, in order by his exertions to better his parent's means. All the education that Shakespere enjoyed was received at the Grammar School of his native place. It seems to have been in the main rudimentary, and never scholarly. He knew, as Ben Jonson said, "little Latin, and less Greek : " but he was one of those who in after-life was self-educated : and must have been a student, in the truest sense of that word, to the time of his death. Very early in life, when he was but eighteen, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a respectable yeoman living in the village of Shottery, a short distance from Stratford, where the paternal residence, "Anne Hathaway's Cottage," still stands. The marriage-bond, or licence, still exists, and is preserved in the Diocesan Registry, at Worcester. It is dated Nov. 28, 1582 (25th Elizabeth).

There is a story told which belongs entirely to the tattle of idle gossips, and for the truth of which there is not a particle of evidence existing, that Shakespere stole deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecotte, on account of which he was prosecuted by that now famous justice, and fled from Stratford to London. That he went to London shortly after his marriage is certain, and the probable motive for so doing has already been stated.

From 1580 to 1585, Shakespere and his "boys" are represented as holding horses, during the performances, at the play-house doors, for the gallants who had come to see the play. Whether he did so or not is a matter that will never affect the poet's fame : but the story is singularly improbable, from the fact that the play-house in question was close to the banks of the Thames : and that in Queen Elizabeth's time it was usual to reach the great residences and places of attraction along the Strand, or on the opposite shore by means of barges, and wherries, and *not on horseback*. In 1593 Shakespere printed "Venus and Adonis," which was dedicated to Lord Southampton. The following year he produced the Rape of Lucrece. As early as 1589 (when he was 25) he had so far advanced by his own exertions as to have become joint-proprietor in Blackfriars Theatre. The first play of Shakespere's which was

printed was "The First Part of the Contention (Henry 6th, Part 2). It did not appear until 1594. There is little doubt that he had been a dramatic author since 1591-2.

How rapidly his fame increased and spread may be judged by the fact that, in 1598, Francis Meres, a Master of Arts of Cambridge, in his book called "Palladis Tamia—Wit's Treasury," which was "a noted school book," observes, "So the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments, and resplendent habiliments, by Sir Philip Sydney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, *Shakespeare*, Marlow, and Chapman." Shakespeare was then 34 years of age, and had produced all his historical plays except Henry 5th and Henry 8th. By 1597 the poet had so far prospered as to be enabled to purchase New Place, the house built by Sir Hugh Clopton in Stratford, (temp. Henry 7,) and the most important house in the town. His residence in London was in Southwark, near the Bear Garden. He was in 1596 a principal shareholder in Blackfriars Theatre, and also in the Globe Theatre.

In 1601 his father died. In 1602 the prosperous poet was enabled to make considerable purchases of land (107 acres) from John and William Combe, of Stratford. In 1603 King James ascended the throne: and although for a time we find Shakespeare connected with the London theatres, and occasionally visiting London, it is clear that from 1604 to his death he made Stratford his chief and regular place of residence. During those years, in his retreat, and enjoying his "curious Knotted Garden," he composed *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline*, the *Winter's Tale*, the *Tempest*; and in the later portion of his life, *Henry 8th*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

It is remarkable, that towards the end of his life his mind and reading should have been so much turned to classical subjects, and that he should have studied, and reproduced, historical events with such particular accuracy.

In 1596 he lost his only son. Of his daughters, Susanna, the eldest, married Dr. Hall, of Stratford, in 1609; February 10th, 1616, the other, Judith, was married to Thomas Quiney. This is the last event we are acquainted with connected with the poet's life. Two months later, April 23rd, Shakespeare died of fever, and was buried in Stratford Church, April 25th, 1616, aged 52.

Any criticism of his writings is unnecessary. But it may not be useless to warn the young reader against receiving, or believing, any of the vulgar and gossiping stories which have been commonly introduced into the biographies of this greatest of all great men. It is deeply to be deplored that our knowledge of the facts of Shakespeare's life is so slender. Writers seem to have delighted in handing down from generation to generation a parcel of dishonouring fictions, whereby they have padded their pages, in lieu of facts. The day has happily arrived when they who really love the poet feel confident they may also love the man; and they are impatient of the fabrications which would be ludicrous, if

they were not wicked and offensive, whereby even the greatness of Shakespeare is not sufficiently sacred to preserve it from the taint of those artists of malice who, if they had to paint the Sun himself, would paint him with charcoal.

FROM "TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise as free,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness:
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

FROM "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

III.

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And *Marion's* nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who ;

To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets.

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?
 Reply, reply.

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With the gazing fed : and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies,
 Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell

All. Ding, dong, bell.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;

Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! &c.

 FROM "CYMBELINE."

SONG.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies !
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With everything that pretty is—
 My lady sweet, arise :
 Arise, arise.

 SONG.

Guiderius. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages ;
 Golden lads and lasses must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arviragus. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning flash ;
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !
Both. Quiet consummation have ;
 And renowned be thy grave !

SONNETS.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
 When I behold the violet passèd prime,
 And sable curls, all silvered o'er with white ;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
 Save breed to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood ;
 Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
 Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
 My love shall ever in my verse live young.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste :
 Then I can drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
 Then I can grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O, if (I say) you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse :
 But let your love even with my life decay ;
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest :
 But these particulars are not my measure ;
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks and horses be ;
 And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

FROM "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together :
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care ;
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee ;
 Youth, I do adore thee ;
 O, my love, my love is young !
 Age, I do defy thee :
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly ;
 A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud ;
 A brittle glass that's broken presently :
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld¹ or never found,
 As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement can redress,
 So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever 's lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

(1) *Seld*—seldom.

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss :
 Love's denying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's renying,¹
 Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is placed without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss ;
 O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
 For now I see
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall :
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 O cruel speeding !
 Fraughted with gall.
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal ;²
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
 My curtail dog, that wont to have played,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
 My sighs so deep
 Procure to weep,³
 In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquished men in a bloody fight !

(1) *Renyng*—renouncing (*renier*).

(3) *Procure to weep*—induce him, the dog, to weep.

(2) *Deal*—in no degree.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth their dye ;
 Herds stand weeping,
 Flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs back peeping
 Fearfully.

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains,
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.

 Farewell, sweet lass ;
 Thy like ne'er was
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan ;
 Poor Coridon
 Must live alone ;
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

*SIR HENRY WOTTON.*

Born 1568. Died 1639.

SIR HENRY WOTTON was born at Bocton Hall, or Boughton Hall, in the parish of Boughton-Malherbe, Kent, April 3, 1568. At this place his ancestors had been seated for several generations. His eldest brother by his father's first marriage was raised to the peerage by James I. as Baron Wotton. Sir Henry was educated at Winchester, and from thence proceeded as a Gentleman Commoner to New College, Oxford. While an Undergraduate he wrote a tragedy entitled "Tancredo," which Walton says was greatly admired. At Oxford he formed a close intimacy with the Italian, Albericus Gentilis, Professor of Civil Law. Hereby he became thoroughly familiar with the Italian language. In 1589 his father died. Wotton remained at Oxford for about two years after this event. He then started upon his travels. At Geneva he became acquainted with Beza and Casaubon ; and in France, at Rome, Florence, and Venice, he cultivated the friendship of the most famous men of that time. After an absence of some years he returned to England. "Indeed he was of a choice shape,

tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behaviour." He became Secretary to the Earl of Essex; but upon the fall of that nobleman he "did very quickly and as privately glide through Kent to Dover," and crossed to France. He feared being involved in the ruin of Essex. From France he proceeded to Rome, and thence to Florence; when the reigning Grand Duke, having intercepted certain letters revealing a plot against the life of James, King of Scotland (James I. of England), Wotton was employed by the Grand Duke to travel to Scotland and apprise James of his danger. Wotton passed as an Italian, travelling under the name of Octavio Baldi. By way of Norway he crossed to Scotland, and successfully accomplished his mission. This proved the foundation of his subsequent good fortune.

Shortly after his return to Florence, Queen Elizabeth died. Wotton immediately proceeded to England, and in 1604 was sent by James I. as ambassador to Venice. At Augsburg he wrote his celebrated definition of an ambassador: "*Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causa*,"—"An ambassador is an honest man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country."

On his return from this mission, having remained a few years without employment, he was sent on a mission in 1615 to the United Provinces, and in 1616 was once more appointed to the embassy at Venice.

In 1619 he went on a mission to the Grand Duke of Savoy; and was similarly employed, until the year before King James's death, in various parts of Germany. In 1623 Thomas Murray, the Provost of Eton, died. The vacant post was given to Wotton shortly before the king's death; but he was not instituted until some months afterwards, July 26, 1625. Conceiving that his office required it, he entered holy orders, and continued Provost until his death, in December, 1639. As his early life had been entirely given up to politics and diplomacy, so his later years were devoted to study and to devotion.

His principal writings, together with a Life, "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," were published by Isaac Walton in 1651. His literary reputation now chiefly depends upon his poetry, of which the first specimen appended is one of the most popular. During his lifetime the pointed wit and the sayings of Wotton were very popular. One of the most famous was that which he directed to be engraved on his tomb: "*Disputandi pruritus ecclesiarum scabies*,"—"The itch of disputation is the scab of the churches."

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are ;
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath !

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good !

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great !

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend,
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend !

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall :
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies ; pleasing troubles !
 Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles !
 Fame's but a hollow echo ; gold pure clay ;
 Honour the darling but of one short day ;
 Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damasked skin ;
 State but a golden prison to live in,
 And torture free-born minds ; embroider'd trains
 Merely but pageants for proud, swelling veins ;
 And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, nor our own :
 Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill ;

I would be high, but see the proudest oak
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke ;
 I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
 Dig in the bowels of the richest mine ;
 I would be wise, but that I often see
 The fox suspected while the ass goes free ;
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
 Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud ;
 I would be poor, but know the humble grass
 Still trampled on by each unworthy ass ;
 Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorned if poor ;
 Great, fear'd ; fair, tempted ; high, still envied more.
 I have wished all, but now I wish for neither
 Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair—poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir ;
 Would beauty's queen entitle me "the fair ;"
 Fame speak me Fortune's minion ; could I vie
 Angels¹ with India ; with a speaking eye
 Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb
 As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
 To stones by epitaphs ; be called great master
 In the loose rhymes of every poetaster ;
 Could I be more than any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives :
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
 Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
 And hold one minute of this holy leisure
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts ! welcome, ye silent groves !
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves :
 Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsonie spring ;
 A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
 In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face :
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares ;
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears.
 Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
 And learn to affect a holy melancholy ;
 And if Contentment be a stranger then,
 I'll ne'er look for it but in heaven again.

(1) *Angels*.—The gold coin, value 10s., called the "angel" was so named because the figure of an angel was the device upon the die of that particular piece of money.

THIS HYMN

WAS MADE BY SIR H. WOTTON WHEN HE WAS AN AMBASSADOR AT
VENICE, IN THE TIME OF A GREAT SICKNESS THERE.

Eternall Mover ! whose diffusèd glory,
To show our grovelling reason what Thou art,
Unfolds itself in clouds of nature's story,
Where man, Thy proudest creature, acts his part ;
Whom yet, alas ! I know not why, we call
The world's contracted sum, the little all.

For what are we but lumps of walking clay ?
Why should we swel ? whence should our spirits rise ?
Are not bruit beasts as strong, and birds as gay,
Trees longer lived, and creeping things as wise ?
Only our soul was left, an inward light,
To feel our weakness, and confess Thy might.

Thou, then, our strength, Father of life and death,
To whom our thanks, our vows, ourselves we ow,
From me, Thy tenant of this fading breath,
Accept those lines which from Thy goodness flow ;
And Thou that wert Thy regal prophet's muse,
Do not Thy praise in weaker strains refuse.

Let these poor notes ascend unto Thy throne,
Where majesty doth sit with mercy crowned ;
Where my Redcemer lives, in whom alone
The errors of my wand'ring life are drowned ;
Where all the quire of heaven resound the same,
That only Thine—Thine, is the saving name.

Well, then, my soul, joy in the midst of pain ;
Thy Christ, that conquered hell, shall from above
With greater triumph yet return again,
And conquer His own justice with His love,
Commanding earth and seas to render those
Unto His blisse for whom He paid His woes.

Now have I done, now are my thoughts at peace,
And now my joyes are stronger then my grieve ;
I feel those comforts that shall never cease,
Future in hope, but present in believe :
Thy words are true, Thy promises are just,
And Thou wilt find Thy dearly-bought in duts

ON HIS MISTRIS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.¹

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfie our eies
 More by your number then your light,
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanter of the wood,
 That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weake accents, what's your praise
 When Philomell her voyce shal raise?

You violets that first appeare,
 By your pure purpel mantels knownc,
 Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
 As if the spring were all your own,
 What are you when the rose is blowne?

So when my mistris shal be seene
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By vertue first, then choyce, a queen,
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' eclypse and glory of her kind?

TEARS AT THE GRAVE OF SIR ALBERTUS MORTON

(who was buried at Southampton)

WEPT BY SIR H. WOTTON.²

Silence, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
 For deepest wounds can least their feelings tel;
 Yet let me borrow from mine own unrest
 But time to bid him whom I loved farewell.

(1) "On that amiable princess, Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia Sept. 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known. Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes; for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the Emperor, 'because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia' ('for so,' says Walton in *The Life of Wotton*, 'she was pleased he should always call her')." ^{her}

(2) Sir Albertus Morton was nephew to Wotton, and had acted as his Secretary at

O my unhappy lines ! you that before
 Have served my youth to vent some wanton cries,
 And now, congealed with grief, can scarce implore
 Strength to accent Here my Albertus lies !

This is the sable stone, this is the cave
 And womb of earth that doth his corps imbrace :
 While others sing his praise, let me engrave
 These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the characters of woe,
 Here will I pay my tribute to the dead,
 And here my faithfull tears in showrs shal flow
 To humanize the flints whereon I tread.

Where, though I mourn my matchlesse losse alone,
 And none between my weaknesse judge and me,
 Yet e'en these gentle walles allow my mone,
 Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gon ? and live I rhyming here,
 As if some Muse would listen to my lay,
 When all, distuned, sit wailing for their dear,
 And bathe the banks where he was wont to play ?

Dwell thou in endlesse light, discharged soul,
 Freed now from Nature's and from Fortune's trust :
 While on this fluent globe my glasse shall role,
 And run the rest of my remaining dust.

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERTUS
 MORTON'S WIFE.

He first deceased ; she for a little tried
 To live without him, liked it not, and died.

Venice. He was knighted in 1617. At the time of his decease he was one of the Secretaries of State. In a letter to Nicholas Pey Sir Henry notices "Sir Albertus Morton his departure out of this world, who was dearer unto me then mine owne being in it." According to Wood, the death of Sir Albertus took place Nov. 1625..

A HYMN¹ TO MY GOD IN A NIGHT OF MY LATE
SICKNESS.

Oh Thou great Power, in whom I move,
 For whom I live, to whom I die !
 Behold me through Thy beams of love
 Whilest on this couch of tears I lye,
 And cleanse my sordid soul within
 By Thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oyls, no grains I need,
 No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
 One rosie drop from David's seed
 Was worlds of seas to quench Thine ire.
 O pretious ransome ! which, once paid,
 That "*consummatum est*" was said ;

And said by Him that said no more,
 But seal'd it with His sacred breath.
 Thou, then, that hast dispung'd my score,
 And dying wast the Death of death,
 Be to me now—on Thee I call !—
 My life, my strength, my joy, my all !

(1) This was sent to Isaac Walton with the following letter : " My worthy friend,—
 Since I last saw you, I have been confin'd to my chamber by a quotidian fever,—I
 thank God, of more contumacie then malignitie. It had once left me, as I thought ;
 but it was only to fetch more company, returning with a surcrew of those splenetick
 vapors that are called hypocondriacal : of which, most say, the cure is good company ;
 and I desire no better physician then yourself. I have in one of those fits endeavour'd
 to make it more easie by composing a short hymn ; and since I have apparelled my
 best thoughts so lightly as in verse, I hope I shall be pardon'd a second vanitie, if I
 communicate it with such a friend as yourself : to whom I wish a chearfull spirit, and
 a thankfull heart to value it as one of the greatest blessings of our good God ; in
 whose dear love I leave you, remaining your poor friend to serve you, H. Wotton."
 This illness appears to have been that which terminated in his death, Dec. 1639.



DR. JOHN DONNE.

Born 1573. Died 1631.

DONNE was born in London in 1573. He was well connected, and his mother was a relative of Sir Thomas More.

As a child he was a prodigy of learning. When eleven years of age he proceeded to Hart Hall, Oxford (afterwards Hertford College, now Magdalen Hall). From thence he removed to Cambridge; but as he belonged to a Roman Catholic family, and objected to the University oaths, he could take no degree. When seventeen he entered at Lincoln's Inn; and while a student embraced the Protestant faith. Having accompanied the Earl of Essex, in 1596, in the expedition to Cadiz, he travelled in Spain and Italy; and on returning to England was received into his house by the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, to whom he acted as Secretary. There he formed an attachment for a niece of Lady Ellesmere's, Anne, daughter of Sir George Moore, of Loxley Farm, Surrey. They were privately married. Lord Ellesmere dismissed Donne from his service, and Sir George in his indignation succeeded in getting him committed to prison. Being shortly released, rejected by the Chancellor and by the lady's father, Donne and his young wife were indebted for subsistence to Sir Francis Wooley, of Pitford, Surrey (son of Lady Ellesmere by her first marriage). With him he resided for some years, at Pitford, and although pressed by Dr. Morton (afterwards Bishop of Durham) to enter holy orders, Donne stedfastly refused, considering that the errors of his early life might cast dishonour on the sacred office. This occurred when he was thirty-four years of age. On the death of Sir Francis Wooley Donne found an asylum in the home of Sir Robert Drury, of Drury House (which stood at the bottom of what is now known as Drury Lane). He accompanied Sir Robert on an embassy to Paris, much against the wishes of his devoted wife, who conceived the fancy of following him under the disguise of a page. When at Paris, Donne had a singular vision, which is always reproduced among stories of the marvellous or supernatural. He saw (as Isaac Walton narrates) the apparition of his wife enter his room bearing a dead child, and shortly after he heard that his wife had been delivered of a still-born child at that very moment. On his return to England he was fortunate enough to be introduced to King James, and delighted the king by reading before him a polemical treatise he had composed, entitled "Pseudo-Martyr." It was at James's solicitation that Donne was at last induced to take orders. He was ordained by his friend Dr. King, Bishop of London, and made one of the king's chaplains in

ordinary. In 1617 he had to encounter the lasting sorrow of his life, in the death of his wife. The University of Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of D.D. He was successively Lecturer of Lincoln's Inn, Vicar of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and in his 54th year was promoted to the Deanery of St. Paul's; for which promotions he has left it on record that he was chiefly indebted to Richard, third Earl of Dorset, whose town house stood in the neighbourhood of St. Dunstan's, the present Salisbury Square. Being overtaken by the inroads of consumption, he was unable to perform his cathedral duties, whereupon some enemy attributed his silence, not to illness, but to idleness. Stung to the quick, Donne returned to the pulpit, and delivered what Walton calls his own funeral sermon, subsequently published under the title "Death's Duel." Having abandoned all hope of life, he gave himself up to pious meditations and the contemplation of death. He had his own portrait painted, enveloped in a shroud, which was hung up in his room until his death. From this the effigy on his monument in St. Paul's Cathedral was sculptured. He died at the age of fifty-three, and was buried in St. Paul's.

Donne was a man of most sincere piety and of the truest affection. The deep love which ever existed between him and his wife may be traced in his poetry, as it adorned their lives. Despite the deformities of style, common to the pedantry of the age, which encumber both his verses and also his sermons, Donne was a man possessed of genuine poetic fire. He has left behind him real gems of poetry; and although it is a fact that in his earlier works, and long before he was induced to enter holy orders, he gave too loose a rein to his imagination, nevertheless, as we read them now, the faults of excess can be pardoned and overlooked, whilst we are often startled and delighted by the energy and power which he displays. Dryden styled him "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation." Ben Jonson held his genius in the highest estimation. "He esteemeth John Donne," says Drummond, "the first poet in the world in some things: his 'Verses of the Lost Chain' he hath by heart, and that passage of 'The Calm,' 'That dust and feathers do not stir, all was so quiet.'" The passage from "The Calm" which Ben Jonson so much admired is given in these selections; but it will be observed that Drummond does not quote correctly. The lines run:

"No use of lanthorns; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday."

The student who desires a genuine intellectual entertainment in seeking knowledge regarding the poets of his country cannot have a greater treat than in reading the lives of Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Donne, as written by Isaac Walton.

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

In that, O Queen of queens ! thy birth was free
 From that which others doth of grace bereave,
 When in their mother's womb they life receive,
 God as His sole born daughter lovèd thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility
 He thee His Spirit for his spouse did leave,
 By whom thou didst His only Son conceive,
 And so wast link'd to all the Trinity.
 Cease then, O queens that earthly crowns do wear !
 To glory in the pomp of earthly things ;
 If men such high respects unto you bear,
 Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of kings,
 What honour can unto that Queen be done
 Who had your God for father, spouse, and son ?

 THE CROSS.

Since Christ embrac'd the Cross itself, dare I,
 His image, th' image of His Cross deny ?
 Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen altar to despise ?
 It bore all other sins ; but is it fit
 That it should bear the sin of scorning it ?
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,
 How would he fly His pains who there did die ?
 From me no pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
 Nor scandal taken, shall this Cross withdraw.
 It shall not, for it cannot ; for the loss
 Of this Cross were to me another cross :
 Better were worse ; for no affliction,
 No cross, is so extreme as to have none.
 Who can blot out the Cross, which th' instrument
 Of God dew'd on me in the sacrament ?
 Who can deny me power and liberty
 To stretch mine arms, and mine own Cross to be ?
 Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy Cross :
 The mast and yard make one where seas do toss.
 Look down, thou spy'st our crosses in small things ;
 Look up, thou see'st birds raised on crossèd wings.

All the globe's frame spheres is nothing else
 But the meridian's crossing parallels.
 Material crosses then good physic be,
 But yet spiritual have chief dignity.
 These for extracted chemic med'cine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve.
 Then are you your own physic, or need none,
 When still'd or purg'd by tribulation ;
 For when that cross ungrudg'd unto you sticks,
 Then you are to yourself a crucifix.
 As perchance carvers do not faces make,
 But that away which hid them there do take ;
 Let Crosses so take what hid Christ in thee,
 And be His image, or not His, but He.
 But as oft alchymists do coiners prove,
 So many a self-despising get self-love :
 And then, as worst surfeits of best meats be,
 So is pride issued from humility ;
 For 'tis no child but monster : therefore cross
 Your joy in Crosses, else 'tis double loss ;
 And cross thy senses, else both they and thou
 Must perish soon, and to destruction bow :
 For if th' eye see good objects, and will take
 No cross from bad, we cannot 'scape a snake.
 So with harsh, hard, sour, stinking cross the rest,
 Make them indifferent all ; nothing best.
 But most the eye needs crossing, that can roam
 And move : to th' others objects must come home.
 And cross thy heart ; for that in man alone
 Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
 Cross those detorsions¹ when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
 And as the brain though bony walls doth vent
 By sutures,² which a cross's form présent ;
 So when thy brain works, e'er thou utter it,
 Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
 Be covetous of Crosses ; let none fall.
 Cross no man else, but cross thyself in all.
 Then doth the Cross of Christ work faithfully
 Within our hearts, when we love harmlessly
 The Cross's pictures much, and with more care
 That Cross's children, which our crosses are.

(1) *Detorsions*, perversions of vision.

(2) *Sutures* (L. *suo*, to sew), literally, things joined together by sewing ; the uniting of parts of a wound by sewing ; hence the seam-like joints of the human skull.

ON THE SACRAMENT.

He was the Word that spake it ;
 He took the bread and brake it ;
 And what that Word did make it
 I do believe and take it.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZÆUS.

" Vota amico facta."

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
 Thou who dost, best friend, in best things outshine.
 May thy soul, ever cheerful, ne'er know cares ;
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs ;
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds ;
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know plaits or folds ;
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing ;
 Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling ;
 Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise ;
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies ;
 Nor thy prayes know low objects, still divine :
 God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

THE CALM.

FROM "THE ISLAND VOYAGE WITH THE EARL OF ESSEX."

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOK.¹

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
 A stupid calm ; but nothing it doth 'swage.
 The fable is inverted, and far more
 A block afflicts now than a stork before.
 Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves or us :
 In calms Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
 As steady as I could wish my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,
 The sea is now ; and as the iles which we
 Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.

(1) Christopher Brook and his brother, Samuel Brock (afterwards Master of Trinity College), were present at Donne's marriage : the one acted as the lady's father, the other as witness. They were both imprisoned thereupon with Donne.

As water did in storms, now pitch runs out ;
 As lead, when a fir'd church becomes one spout ;
 And all our beauty and our trim decays,
 Like courts removing, or like ending plays.
 The fighting place now seamen's rage supply,
 And all the tackling is a frippery.
 No use of lanthorns ; and in one place lay
 Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday.
 Earth's hollownesses, which the world's lungs are,
 Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air.
 We can nor lost friends nor sought foes recover,
 But, meteor-like, save that we move not, hover :
 Only the calenture¹ together draws
 Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes' maws ;
 And on the hatches, as on altars, lies
 Each one, his own priest and own sacrifice.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

All kings and all their favourites,
 • All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
 The sun itself (which makes times as they pass)
 Is elder by a year now than it was
 When thou and I first one another saw.
 All other things to their destruction draw ;
 Only our love hath no decay :
 This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday ;
 Running, it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse :
 If one might, death were no divorce.
 Alas ! as well as other princes, we
 (Who prince enough in one another be)

(1) *Calenture* (*calvo*, to be hot) is a distempered fever to which sailors are liable in hot climates, whereby they imagine the sea to be green fields, and will throw themselves overboard, as they fancy, into the pleasant grass :

"So, by a *calenture* misled,
 The mariner with rapture sees
 On the smooth ocean's azure bed
 Enamelled fields and verdant trees."
 DEAN SWIFT.

Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
 Oft fed with true oaths and with sweet salt tears ;
 But souls where nothing dwells but love
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be th'roughly blest ;
 But now no more than all the rest.
 Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
 Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
 Who is so safe as we ? where none can do
 Treason to us, except one of us two.
 True and false fears let us refrain ;¹
 Let us live nobly, and live and add again
 Years and years unto years, till we attain
 To write threescore : this is the second of our reign.²

ELEGY ON HIS WIFE.³

By our first strange and fatal interview,
 By all desires which thereof did insue,
 By our long-striving hopes, by that remorse
 Which my words masculine, persuasive force
 Begot in thee, and by the memory
 Of hurts which spies and rivals threatened me,
 I calmly beg ; but by thy father's wrath,
 By all pains which want and divorcement hath,
 I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
 And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy
 I here unswear, and overswear them thus :
 Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
 Temper, O fair love ! love's impetuous rage ;
 Be my true mistress, not my feigned page.
 I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
 Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
 Thirst to come back. O ! if thou die before
 My soul from other lands to thee shall soar !

(1) This tender utterance of a husband's love, with its superb conclusion, "Let us live nobly, and live and add again years and years unto years," is one of the purest and grandest expressions of conjugal affection that adorn our English literature.

(2) The second year after his marriage.

(3) Written at the period of Donne's accompanying Sir Robert Drury to Paris, in 1612.

Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
 Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
 Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness : thou hast read
 How roughly he in pieces shivered
 Fair Orithea, whom he swore he loved.
 Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have proved
 Dangers unurged. Feed on this flattery,
 That absent lovers one in th' other be.
 Dissemble nothing, not a boy ; nor change
 Thy body's habit nor mind : be not strange
 To thyself only : all will spy in thy face
 A blushing, womanly discovering grace.
 Richly clothed apes are called apes ; and as soon
 Eclipsed as bright we call the moon the moon.
 Men of France, changeable cameleons,
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
 Love's fuellers, and th' rightest company
 Of players which upon the world's stage be,
 Will too, too quickly know thee : and, alas !
 Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass
 His warm land, well content to think thee page,¹
 Will meet thee with such lust and hideous rage
 As Lot's fair guests were vexed : but none of these,
 Nor spongy hydroptic Dutch, shall thee displease
 If thou stay here. Oh, stay here ! for for thee
 England is only a worthy gallery,
 To walk in expectation, till from thence
 Our greatest King call thee to His presence.
 When I am gone dream me some happiness ;
 Nor let thy looks our long-hid love confess ;
 Nor praise nor dispraise me ; nor bless nor curse
 Openly Love's force ; nor in bed fright thy nurse
 With midnight startings, crying out, " Oh ! Oh !
 Nurse, oh ! my love is slain ! I saw him go
 O'er the white Alps alone ; I saw him, I,
 Assail'd, taken, fight, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die."
 Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
 Think it enough for me t' have had thy love.

(1) Alluding to his wife's fancy of following him in disguise as a page.



BEN JONSON.

Born 1573. Died 1637.

BEN JONSON was born in Westminster. His family appear to have come from Annandale, and to have removed thence to Carlisle. Jonson's father suffered imprisonment and loss of estate in the reign of Queen Mary. He died a month before his son was born. The widow married a second time. Her husband is described as a "bricklayer," living in Hartshorne Lane, Charing Cross. Jonson was sent to the Parish School of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and afterwards, through the friendship of the famous Camden (then Second Master) was admitted into Westminster School, where he received a thoroughly classical education. Jonson never forgot his debt of obligation to Camden. On leaving school, he was put to the business of his step-father. Fuller says that he helped in the *structure* of Lincoln's Inn, having *a trowel in his hand, and a book in his pocket*. Entertaining an aversion to the occupation of a bricklayer, he escaped from it, and entered the army, joining the troops then in Flanders, where he distinguished himself by killing an enemy in single combat. He was always proud of his early connexion with the army. Military life, however, was not suited to his taste. He returned to England to seek his fortune, according to his taste, in literature. Having determined to write for the stage, he obtained his first engagement at the Curtain, in Shoreditch, in the double capacity of player and dramatist. About 1592 he married; but, as it appears, his marriage was not happy, for his partner proved a shrew. About 1597 we begin to find authentic notices of payments and receipts for literary work. Henslowe lent to "Bengemen Johnstone twenty shillings upon a book he was to write before Christmas for the Rose Theatre, Bankside." He next became engaged at the Globe, and associated with Shakespere. It is said that Shakespere having seen the MS. of the play, "Every Man in his Humour," was so much struck with it that he recommended it for acceptance at the Globe. In 1598 an unfortunate circumstance occurred, which, for a time, jeopardized Jonson's life. He fought a duel in Hoxton Fields with one Gabriel Fletcher, a member of Henslowe's company at the Rose. Fletcher fought dishonourably with a sword ten inches longer than Jonson's. Nevertheless Jonson was the victor; but unfortunately killed his adversary. For this he was thrown into prison, and remained for a length of time in extreme peril. During his incarceration, being visited by a priest, and his mind being directed to religious subjects, he entered the Roman communion, in which he continued for twelve years. It is to be feared that Jonson was in earnest

while his life was in danger ; but when restored to his liberty and the indulgences of life, which he loved, the discipline and restraints self-imposed in prison became irksome !

In 1600 he produced "*Cynthia's Revels*," which was acted before the Court by the children of the Chapel Royal. His successes as a writer of course aroused the jealousy of his fellow-craftsmen, especially that of Marston and Dekker. Jonson openly satirized his envious opponents in his plays. In 1602 he wrote his first tragedy, entitled "*Richard Crook-back*:" but as he had been anticipated by Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, the play was soon forgotten, and is now lost. Despite his overbearing temper, which continually betrayed him into quarrels with his brethren of the pen, Jonson had established a reputation, in which he was unrivalled, as a scholar and a writer of solid, nervous language. He enjoyed the intimacy of Bacon, and Raleigh, and Selden. Early in the reign of James I. he was engaged to write masques for the Court. The first he composed was for the reception of the King by the City of London. Another was performed at Althorpe before the Queen and Prince Henry, on their way from Scotland to London. In 1605 Jonson once again found himself in prison. A comedy of which he was part author, entitled "*Eastward Hoe*," was supposed to contain some reflections upon the Scotch, which gave the King great offence. Chapman and Marston were committed, and as they were his fellow-authors, Jonson determined upon sharing their captivity. Despite the danger of having their ears and noses slit, as was threatened, they eventually made their peace, by correcting and expurgating the comedy. On leaving prison, Jonson celebrated the occasion with a banquet, at which Selden, Camden, and others were present, as also Jonson's mother, who, on drinking to her son's health, exhibited a packet of poison, which she had procured, and had intended, as she proclaimed, therewith, by mixing it in a wine-cup, to have poisoned her son first and herself afterwards, had he not been liberated.

From 1605 to 1612 the poet's plays and masques were produced in rapid succession. He was at the height of his fame and prosperity, and chose that moment to profess himself once more a member of the Church of England. An estimate of the quality of Ben Jonson's religious feeling may be formed from the fact, that on partaking of the Holy Communion for the first time after this event he quaffed off the entire contents of the chalice ! "*He did everything lustily*," said the late Robert Bell in his biography, as a comment on this incident ! Lustily ! with a vengeance ; but the word is unhappily suggestive of Jonson's true character. Mr. Bell proceeds with a passage so graphic and full of historic interest, that it is fitting to quote it in its integrity : "*At this time flourished the Mermaid Tavern, in Bread Street (Cheapside), where that famous club was held which is said, we know not upon what authority, to have been founded by Raleigh, and which is immortalized in the well-known lines of Beaumont and in the poems of Jonson. Here Shakespeare, before he retired to Stratford, and often afterwards on*

his visits to town, Donne, Selden, Chapman, Fletcher, Beaumont, and the rest, nightly assembled ; and here took place those wit-combats between Jonson and Shakespere in which old Fuller compares the former to a great Spanish galleon, 'built far higher in learning' than his opponent, and 'solid but slow in performance ;' and the latter to an English man-of-war, 'lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, turning with all tides, tacking about, and taking advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention.' The comparison conveys an accurate reflection of the contrast presented in the persons and genius of the two poets. Opposed to 'gentle Shakespere,' as Jonson designated him, 'a handsome, well-shaped man,' says Aubrey, graceful and light of limb, and displaying in his dress some degree of refinement harmonizing with the expression of his pale, tranquil face, his intellectual forehead, and thoughtful eyes, we have 'rare Ben' over his 'beloved liquor,' canary, a man of enormous girth and colossal height, weighing close upon twenty stone, his stormy head looking as solid and wild as a sea rock, his rugged face knotted and seamed by jovial excesses acting on a scorbutic habit, and his brawny person enveloped in a great, slovenly wrapper, 'like a coachman's great-coat, with slits under the arm-pits,' which Lacy, the player, told Aubrey was his usual costume. While the robust man lays down the law, and thunders out despotic canons enforced by classical authority, his nimble antagonist undermines his positions with a rapid fire of wit, which, if it do not convince the judgment of the spectators, is at least sure to carry off the applause."

Jonson accompanied Raleigh's son to France in 1613, as his tutor. In 1618 he made a journey on foot to Scotland, and stayed for some weeks on a visit to Drummond at Hawthornden. In 1619 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of M.A. The same year he was appointed Poet Laureate. For some years he resided at a comb-maker's, outside Temple-Bar ; and, while there, instituted the Apollo Club, which was held at the Devil Tavern, Fleet Street.¹ The laws of the club, written in Latin, still exist. The members admitted were "*sealed of the tribe of Ben ;*" among them were Sir John Suckling, Kenelm Digby, Hyde (Earl of Clarendon), Herrick, Carew, and, in short, all the choicest literary spirits of the day. Jonson was associated with Inigo Jones in producing masques to be performed before the Court. They disagreed, and Jonson lampooned Jones so fiercely, that he brought himself into disgrace with the King. His fortunes and his health both began to decline. He was struck with palsy, and was compelled once more, about the years 1632-1633, by necessity, to write for the theatres. In the Earl of Newcastle he found a kind friend, who gave him an engagement to write a masque, and for a time revived his fortunes. His salary from the City, which had been stopped, was renewed at the express request of the King. In his decline he composed the "Sad Shepherd,"

(1) This tavern derived its name from the sign-board, which was a representation of the traditional encounter between St. Dunstan and the Devil. The tavern stood on the spot now occupied by Child's bank.

which in freshness and vigour might have been a composition of his youth rather than of his deathbed. It was his last production. He died August 6, 1637; and three days later was buried in Westminster Abbey, *in an upright position*. Sir John Young, an Oxfordshire gentleman, gave a mason eighteen-pence to cut upon the stone above his grave the words, which now are world-wide in fame—"O rare Ben Jonson!"

Whalley has drawn his character in the following passage: "He was laborious and indefatigable in his studies; his reading was copious and extensive; his memory so tenacious and strong, that when turned of forty he could have repeated all that he had ever wrote; his judgment accurate and solid, and often consulted by those who knew him well in branches of very curious learning, and far remote from the flowery paths loved and frequented by the Muses.

"The Lord Falkland celebrates him as an admirable scholar; and saith, that the extracts he took and the observations which he made on the books he read were themselves a treasure of learning, though the originals should happen to be lost."

Jonson is not to be judged of by his plays. They are no index or reflection of his mind and character. We must seek the man in his minor poems, and there study what he felt and thought. "Here (says Robert Bell) his express qualities are fully brought out; his close study of the classics; his piety, (!) sound principles, and profound knowledge of mankind; his accurate observation of social modes and habits; and that strong common-sense, taking the most nervous and direct forms of expression, in which we may trace the germs of Dryden more clearly than in any other writer. Here too, and here alone, we find him surrounded by the accomplished society in the midst of which he lived, and of whose principal celebrities he has transmitted to us a gallery of imperishable portraits.

"The predominant merit of his poems lies in their practical wisdom. He is everywhere the inflexible advocate of truth and virtue, the scorner of false pretensions, and the scourger of vice and meanness. His lines are pregnant with thought applicable to the conduct of life; and without any of the affectation of aphorisms, multitudes of his couplets might be separated from the context, and preserved apart for their axiomatic completeness."

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY BELOVED MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise :
 For silliest ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
 And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
 These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
 Should praise a matron : what would hurt her more ?
 But thou art proof against them, and indeed
 Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !
 Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !
 My Shakspeare rise ! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further off, to make thee room :
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,—
 I mean with great but disproportion'd muses ;
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,¹
 Or sporting Kid,² or Marlowe's mighty line.³
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee I will not seek
 For names ; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,⁴
 And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

(1) Lily's plays, which were written for the Court, are more masques than plays. He was the originator of that affected style called *euphuism*.

(2) Jonson is merry at the expense of Kid, who was the reverse of being either sportive or lively. He wrote the "Spanish Tragedy," which deals largely in stage horrors.

(3) Kit Marlowe's poetry has already been given ; but it is supposed Jonson had a double meaning in the phrase "mighty line," and referred to the use of blank verse which Marlowe first introduced upon the stage.

(4) The words *buskin* and *sock* became terms representative of tragedy and comedy, because upon the ancient stage the buskin was a half-boot worn in tragedy, and the sock was the shoe worn in comedy.

Triumph, my Britain ! thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !
And all the muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part :
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion : and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat
(Such as thine are), and strike the second heat
Upon the muse's anvil ; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn ;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue : even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turnèd and true-filèd lines ;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James !
But, stay ! I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there.
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourn'd like
night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath ;
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be :
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

EPITAPH ON S.P.,¹ A CHILD OF QUEEN
 ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.

Weep with me all you that read
 This little story ;
 And know for whom a tear you shed .
 Death's self is sorry.
 'Twas a child, that so did thrive
 In grace and feature,
 As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
 Which owned the creature.
 Years he numbered scarce thirteen
 When fates turned cruel ;
 Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel ;
 And did act, what now we moan,
 Old men so duly,

(1) Salathiel Pavy. "The subject of this beautiful epitaph," says Mr. Gifford, 'acted in 'Cynthia's Revels,' and in the 'Poetaster,' 1600 and 1601, in which latter year he probably died. The poet speaks of him with interest and affection, and it cannot be doubted that he was a boy of extraordinary talents."

As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
 He played so truly.
 So, by error, to his fate
 They all consented :
 But viewing him since—alas, too late !
 They have repented ;
 And have sought, to give new birth,
 In baths to steep him :
 But being so much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

EPIGRAM ON DONNE.

Donne, the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
 Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse ;
 Whose every work of thy most early wit
 Came forth example, and remains so yet ;
 Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
 And which no affection praise enough can give !
 To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
 Which might with half mankind maintain a strife.
 All which I meant to praise, and yet I would ;
 But leave, because I cannot as I should.

TO HEAVEN.

Good and great God ! can I not think of Thee,
 But it must straight my melancholy be ?
 Is it interpreted in me disease,
 That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease ?
 O be Thou witness, that the reins dost know
 And hearts of all, if I be sad for show ;
 And judge me after, if I dare pretend
 To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
 As Thou art all, so be Thou all to me,
 First, midst, and last, converted One and Three,
 My faith, my hope, my love ; and in this state
 My judge, my witness, and my advocate.
 Where have I been this while exiled from Thee ?
 And whither rapt, now Thou but stoop'st to me ?

Dwell, dwell here still ! O, being everywhere,
 How can I doubt to find Thee ever here ?
 I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
 Conceiv'd in sin, and unto labour born,
 Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
 And destin'd unto judgment after all.
 I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
 Upon my flesh to inflict another wound.
 Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death
 With holy Paul, lest it be thought the 'breath
 Of discontent ; or that these prayers be
 For weariness of life, not love of Thee.

A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
 The Author both of life and light :
 The angels so did sound it,
 And like the ravish'd shepherds said,
 Who saw the light, and were afraid,
 Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
 That did us all salvation bring,
 And freed the soul from danger ;
 He whom the whole world could not take,¹
 The Word, which heaven and earth did make ;
 Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
 The Son's obedience knew no No,
 Both wills were in one stature ;
 And as that Wisdom had decreed,
 The Word was now made flesh indeed,
 And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
 Who made Himself the price of sin,
 To make us heirs of glory !
 See this Babe, all innocence ;
 A martyr born in our defence :
 Can man forget the story ?

(1) *Take*—contain ; *quod non capit*.

TRUTH.¹

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch ;
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word,
That yields a scent so sweet
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

It is the sword that doth divide
The marrow from the bone,
And in effect of heavenly love
Doth show the Holy One.

TO THE WORLD.

A FAREWELL FOR A GENTLEWOMAN, VIRTUOUS AND NOBLE.

False world, good night ! since thou hast brought
That hour upon my morn of age,
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought ;
My part is ended on thy stage.
Do not once hope that thou canst tempt
A spirit so resolved to tread
Upon thy throat, and live exempt
From all the nets that thou canst spread.
I know thy forms are studied arts,
Thy subtle ways be narrow straits,
Thy courtesy but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.
I know, too, though thou strut and paint,
Yet art thou both shrunk up and old,

(1) Prefixed to "The Touchstone of Truth," by J. Warre, 1630.

That only fools make thee a saint,
 And all thy good is to be sold.
 I know thou whole art but a shop
 Of toys and trifles, traps and snares.
 To take the weak or make them stop :
 Yet thou art falser than thy wares.
 And, knowing this, should I yet stay,
 Like such as blow away their lives.
 And never will redeem a day,
 Enamoured of their golden gyves ?
 Or, having 'scaped, shall I return,
 And thrust my neck into the noose
 From whence so lately I did burn,
 With all my powers, myself to loose ?
 What bird or beast is known so dull,
 That fled his cage or broke his chain,
 And tasting air and freedom, wull
 Render his head in there again ?
 If these, who have but sense, can shun
 The engines that have them annoyed,
 Little for me had reason done,
 If I could not thy gins avoid.
 Yes ; threaten, do ! Alas, I fear
 As little as I hope from thee !
 I know thou canst nor show nor bear
 More hatred than thou hast to me.
 My tender, first, and simple years
 Thou didst abuse, and then betray ;
 Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears,
 When all the causes were away.
 Then in a soil hast planted me,
 Where breathe the basest of thy fools .
 Where envious arts professèd be,
 And pride and ignorance the schools ;
 Where nothing is examined, weighed,
 But as 'tis rumoured, so believed ;
 Where every freedom is betrayed,
 And every goodness taxed or grieved.
 But what we're born for we must bear :
 Our frail condition, it is such
 That what to all may happen here,
 If't chance to me, I must not grutch.
 Else I my state should much mistake,
 To harbour a divided thought

From all my kind ; that for my sake
 There should a miracle be wrought.
 No ; I do know that I was born
 To age, misfortune, sickness, grief :
 But I will bear these with that scorn
 As shall not need thy false relief.
 Nor for my peace will I go far,
 As wanderers do that still do roam,
 But make my strengths, such as they are,
 Here in my bosom, and at home.¹

AN EPISTLE,

ANSWERING TO ONE THAT ASKED TO BE SEALED OF THE TRIBE
 OF BEN.²

Men that are safe and sure in all they do
 Care not what trials they're put unto ;
 They meet the fire, the test, as martyrs would,
 And though opinion stamp them not, are gold.
 I could say more of such, but that I fly
 To speak myself out too ambitiously,
 And showing so weak an act to vulgar eyes,
 Put conscience and my rights to compromise.
 Let those that merely talk and never think,
 That live in the wild anarchy of drink,
 Subject to quarrel only : or else such
 As make it their proficiency how much
 They've glutted in and lechered out that week ;
 That never yet did friend or friendship seek
 But for a sealing : ³ let these men protest ;
 Or th' other on their borders, that will jest
 On all souls that are absent,—even the dead,
 Like flies, or worms, which man's corrupt parts fed ;

(1) There is a striking resemblance between these lines and that passage in Beaumont's *Elegy on the Countess of Rutland* beginning,

"Mankind is sent to sorrow."

(2) Jonson had many "adopted sons," young men in whose success he felt an interest, and whose talents he encouraged. The following list is probably complete : Bishop Morley, Lord Falkland, Richard Brome, William Cartwright, Robert Herrick, Joseph Butler, Thomas Randolph, Sir Henry Morrison, Shakerly Marmion, James Howell, Sir Kenelm Digby, and Sir John Suckling. These persons constituted that band of youthful associates which Jonson here pleasantly designates "the Tribe of Ben." The epistle is addressed to some new candidate for filiation.

(3) That is, becoming sureties for them, joining them in their bonds.

That to speak well think it above all sin
 Of any company but that they are in ;
 Called every night to supper in these fits,
 And are received for the covey of wits ;
 That censure all the town, and all the affairs,
 And know whose ignorance is more than theirs :
 Let these men have their ways, and take their times
 To write their libels and to issue rhymes :
 I have no portion in them, nor their deal
 Of news they get, to strew out the long meal ;
 I study other friendships, and more one
 Than these can ever be ; or else wish none.

What is't to me whether the French design
 Be, or be not, to get the Valteline?
 Or the State's ships sent forth belike to meet
 Some hopes of Spain in their West-Indian fleet ?
 Whether the dispensation yet be sent,
 Or that the match from Spain was ever meant ? ¹
 I wish all well, and pray high Heaven conspire
 My prince's safety and my king's desire.
 But if for honour we must draw the sword,
 And force back that which will not be restored,
 I have a body yet that spirit draws
 To live or fall a carcass in the cause.
 So far without inquiring what the States,
 Brunfield, and Mansfield, do this year, my fates
 Shall carry me at call ; and I'll be well,
 Though I do neither hear these news, nor tell
 Of Spain or France, or were not pricked down one
 Of the late mystery of reception ;
 Although my fame to his not under-hears
 That guides the motions and directs the bears.
 But that's a blow by which in time I may
 Lose all my credit with my Christmas clay
 And animated porcelain of the court ;
 Ay, and for this neglect the coarser sort
 Of earthen jars there may molest me too :
 Well, with mine own frail pitcher what to do
 I have decreed ; keep it from waves and press,
 Lest it be justled, cracked, made nought, or less.
 Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
 And dwell as in my centre, as I can,

(1) These allusions to the breaking off the match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain indicate the date of the Epistle.

Still looking to, and ever loving Heaven,
 With reverence using all the gifts thence given ;
 'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent,
 Such as are square, well-tagged, and permanent
 Not built with canvas, paper, and false lights,
 As are the glorious scenes at the great sights ;
 And that there be no fevery heats nor colds,
 Oily expansions, or shrunk dirty folds,
 But all so clear, and led by Reason's flame,
 As but to stumble in her sight were shame ;
 These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve,
 And free it from all question to preserve.
 So short you read my character, and theirs
 I would call mine, to which not many stairs
 Are asked to climb. First give me faith, who know
 Myself a little. I will take you so,
 As you have writ yourself. Now stand, and then,
 Sir, you are sealèd of the Tribe of Ben.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.¹

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death ! ere thou hast slain another
 Learned, and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

(1) The accomplished sister of Sir Philip Sydney, who dedicated to her his "Arcadia." The Countess of Pembroke wrote some graceful poems, translated the tragedy of "Antony" from the French, and joined her brother in a Translation of the Psalms. Spenser speaks of her as—

"Most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
 Her brother dear."

She died in 1621. The above epitaph was first introduced into the collected work of Ben Jonson by Whalley, on the ground that it was "universally assigned to him." Jonson's claim to it, however, is by no means certain.



BISHOP HALL.

Born 1574. Died 1656.

THE name of Bishop Hall, who has been denominated the Christian Seneca, is so well known as that of a prelate and divine, and "Hall's Meditations" are so familiar to the English mind, that few remember the fact of his being likewise a poet, whose Satires, after the pattern of Juvenal and Persius, occupy an honourable position in literature, and give him a place among our poets.

Joseph Hall was born July 1, 1574, in Bristow Park, in the parish of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester. His father was an officer under Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, and in that capacity was entrusted with the Governorship of Huntingdon. At the age of 15 Hall entered at Emanuel College, Cambridge. He gained a scholarship, and in due course took his degree of B.A. In 1595 he was elected Fellow of his College, and in 1596 took his M.A. degree. During the next year his "Satires" were published. They would be remarkable had they been the production of a man mature in years and experience of the world; but as the work of one who had only just completed his academic career and got his Fellowship they are marvellous, in power, opulence of language, and keenness of wit.

Having taken holy orders, Joseph Hall was appointed Master of Tiverton School, from whence he shortly afterwards was promoted to the living of Halsted, near Bury St. Edmunds. In 1605 he accompanied Sir Edmund Bacon to the Continent. On his return, being appointed to preach before Prince Henry at Richmond Palace, he gave so much satisfaction that the Prince appointed him one of his chaplains. About 1612 he took his degree of D.D., and was presented by the Earl of Norwich to Waltham Holy Cross, Essex. Subsequently he was made Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of Wolverhampton. He accompanied James I. to Scotland as his chaplain; and also attended the Synod of Dort (summoned by the States-General in 1618) as one of the Protestant divines, in order to decide the controversies between the Calvinists and Arminians. He preached a Latin sermon before the Synod; and on his departure for England was presented with a gold medal. King James preferred him to the deanery of Worcester. In 1627 he was appointed Bishop of Exeter (the second year of the reign of Charles I.).

In his episcopal office he seems to have fallen under suspicion, as being too favourable to the Puritans. He wrote in his own defence: "The billows went so high, that I was three several times on my knees

to his Majesty, to answer these great criminations ; and what contest I had with some great lords concerning these particulars it would be too long to report ; only this, under how dark a cloud I was hereupon, I was so sensible, that I plainly told the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury (Laud), that rather than I would be obnoxious to these slanderous tongues of his *misinformers* I would cast off my rochet. I knew I went right ways, and would not indure to live under undeserved suspicion."

In 1641, Nov. 15, he was translated by Charles I. to the Bishopric of Norwich ; but within two months found himself a prisoner in the Tower. He had joined with the Archbishop of York and others of the prelates in protesting against the validity of laws passed during their forced absence from Parliament. For this he and they were at once impeached by the House of Commons. The impeachment was ultimately abandoned ; but it was not until June, 1642, that Hall recovered his liberty, after six months' imprisonment. He returned at once to Norwich and resumed his episcopal duties. In April, 1643, the ordinances of sequestration were passed. The sequestrators entered his palace, and appraised his goods "with all diligent severity." It was entirely owing to the friendship of private friends and admirers that Bishop Hall and his family were left with wearing apparel or a trencher for their food. In short, despite the respect in which he was universally held, not being a Laudian, and suspected by Laud of too great friendliness for the Puritans, he was treated by the Puritans as Puritans then and ever have treated every one, or any one, who happened not to square his opinions entirely with their bigotry of sentiment and overbearing disposition.

The remainder of Bishop Hall's life was passed in poverty, suffering under harsh and brutal treatment. Upon the "poor pittance allowed me for my maintenance," after seeing his palace plundered, and his cathedral subjected to sacrilege, with broken windows and disfigured monuments, he was at last compelled to retreat before the insolence and foulness of the Parliamentarians. He retired to Higham, near Norwich, in 1647, and as occasion allowed he continued to preach and exercise himself in the discharge of religious duties. Impoverished, but unmolested, he terminated his days at Higham, and died Sept. 8, 1656, aged 81. In the churchyard of Higham, "without any funeral pomp" (as he directed), he was buried.

Wharton says of his poetry : "These Satires are marked with a classical precision to which English poetry has yet rarely obtained. The indignation of the satirist is always the result of good sense. Nor are the thorns of severe invective unmixed with the flowers of pure poetry. The characters are delineated in strong and lively colouring, and their discriminations are touched with the masterly traces of genuine humour." Bishop Hall was not only our first satirist, but was the first who brought epistolary writing to the view of the public ; which was common in that age to other parts of Europe, but not practised in England till he published his own epistles.

ANTHEM FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF EXCETER.

Lord, what am I? A worm, dust, vapour, nothing!
 What is my life? A dream, a daily dying!
 What is my flesh? My soul's uneasie clothing!
 What is my time? A minute ever flying:
 My time, my flesh, my life, and I;
 What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I, Lord? Downe in a vale of death:
 What is my trade? Sin, my dear God offending;
 My sport sin too, my stay a puffe of breath:
 What end of sin? Hell's horroure never ending:
 My way, my trade, sport, stay, and place
 Help to make up my doleful case.

Lord, what art Thou? Pure life, power, beauty, bliss:
 Where dwell'st Thou? Up above in perfect light:
 What is Thy time? Eternity it is:
 What state? attendance of each glorious sp'rit:
 Thyself, Thy place, Thy dayes, Thy state
 Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach Thee, Lord? Oh, soar above,
 Ambitious soul: but which way should I flie?
 Thou, Lord, art way and end: What wings have I?
 Aspiring thoughts, of faith, of hope, of love:
 Oh, let these wings that way alone
 Present me to Thy blissful throne.

 ON LOVE.

SATIRE VII. BOOK II.

Great is the folly of a feeble brain
 O'er-ruled with love and tyrannous disdain:
 For love, however in the basest breast
 It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best,
 Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry,
 While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.

The love-sick poet, whose importune prayer
 Repulsèd is with resolute despair,
 Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame
 With public complaints of his conceived flame.
 Then pours he forth in patchèd sonnetings
 His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings ;
 As though the staring world hanged on his sleeve,
 When once he smiles to laugh : and when he sighs to grieve.
 Careth the world, thou love, thou live, or die ?
 Careth the world how fair thy fair one be ?
 Fond wit-wal, that wouldst load thy witless head
 With timely horns before thy bridal bed.
 Then can he term his dirty ill-faced bride
 Lady and queen, and virgin deify'd :
 Be she all sooty-black or berry brown,
 She's white as morrow's milk or flakes new blown :
 And though she be some dunghill drudge at home,
 Yet can he her resign some refuse room
 Amidst the well-known stars : or if not there,
 Sure will he saint her in his Kalendere.

ON THE SALE OF BENEFICES.

SATIRE V. BOOK II.

Saw'st thou ever Si Quis patched on Paul's church doore,
 To seeke some vacant vicarage before ?
 Who wants a churchman that can service say,
 Read fast and faire his monthly homiley ?
 And wed and bury, and make Christen-soules ?
 Come to the left-side alley of Saint Poules.
 Thou servile foole, why couldst thou not repaire
 To buy a benefice at steeple-faire ?
 There moughtest thou for but a slender price
 Advowson thee with some fat benefice :
 Or if thee list not waite for dead men's shoon,
 Nor pray each morn th' incumbent's daies were done :
 A thousand patrons thither ready bring
 Their new-faln churches to the chaffering :
 Stake three yeares' stipend ; no man asketh more :
 Go take possession of the church-porch doore,

And ring thy bells ; lucke stroken in thy fist :
 The parsonage is thine, or ere thou wist.
 Saint Fooles of Gotam mought thy parish be
 For this thy base and servile symonie.

ON MEN DISCONTENTED WITH THEIR LOT.

SATIRE VI. BOOK IV.

I wot not how the world's degenerate,
 That men or know or like not their estate :
 Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morne
 Not one but holds his native state forlorne.
 When comely striplings wish it were their chance
 For Cænis' distaffe to enchange their lance,
 And weare curl'd perriwigs, and chalk their face,
 And still are poring on their pocket-glasse.
 Tyr'd with pinned ruffs and fans and partlet strips,
 And busks and verdingales about their hips,
 And tread on corkèd stilts a prisoner's pace,
 And make their napkin for their spitting place,
 And gripe their waist within a narrow span.
 Fond Cænis, that wouldst wish to be a man!
 Whose manish housewives like their refuse state,
 And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
 Who like a cot-queene freezeth at the rock,
 Whiles his breech't dame doth man the forren stock.
 Is't not a shame to see each homely groome
 Sit perched in an idle chariot roome,
 That were not meete some pannel to bestride,
 Sursingled to a gallèd hackney's hide?
 Each muck-worme will be rich with lawlesse gaine,
 Although he smother up mowes of seven years' graine,
 And hanged himself when corne grows cheap again ;
 Although he buy whole harvests in the spring,
 And foyst in false strikes to the measuring :
 Although his shop be muffled from the light
 Like a day dungeon or Cimmerian night :
 Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest,
 While his George-Nobles rusten in his chest.
 He sleeps but once and dreams of burglary,
 And wakes and casts about his frightened eye,

And gropes for th'eves in every darker shade ;
 And if a mouse but stirre he calls for ayde.
 The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
 All scarfèd with py'd colours to the knee,
 Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate.
 And now he gins to loathe his former state :
 Now doth he inly scorne his Kendall-greene,
 And his patch'd cockers¹ now despised beene.
 Nor list he now go whistling to the carre,
 But sells his teeme and setleth to the warre.
 O Warre ! to them that never tryed thee sweete !
 When his dead mate falls groveling at his feete,
 And angry bullets whistlen at his eare,
 And his dim eyes see nought but death and drere—
 Oh, happy ploughman ! were thy weale well knowne :
 Oh, happy all estates except his owne !
 Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent
 If he can live to see his name in print ;
 Who when he is once fleshèd to the presse,
 And sees his handsell have such fair successe,
 Sung to the wheele, and sung unto the payle,
 He sends forth thraves² of ballads to the sale.
 Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodg'd rhymes,
 To have his name talked of in future times.
 The brain-sick youth, that feeds his tickled eare
 With sweet-sauc'd lies of some false traveller,
 Which hath the Spanish decades read awhile,
 Or whetstone leasings of old Mandeville,³
 Now with discourses breakes his midnight sleepe,
 Of his adventures through the Indian deepe,
 Of all their massy heapes of golden mine,
 Or of the antique toombes of Palestine ;
 Or of Damascus' magick wall of glasse,⁴
 Of Solomon his sweating piles of brasse,

(1) *Patched cockers*—his spotted sporting dogs.

(2) *Thraves*.—A thrave is two dozen sheaves. The expression here means heaps, bundles of ballads.

(3) *Whetstone leasings of old Mandeville*—the marvellous stories, or falsehoods, told by Sir John Maundeville, which by their wonders act as whetstones, sharpeners to the edge of the appetite of those who love the wonderful. Sir John Maundeville was a native of St. Albans, who travelled in the East and the Holy Land between the years 1322 and 1342. His "Travels" was the most popular work of the sixteenth century; and with all their credulity they still preserve a great interest to every one who studies the history of the Holy Land. Sir John died at Liege, A.D. 1372.

(4) It was not Maundeville who described Damascus with a wall of glass. This statement is made by Benjamin of Tudela (A.D. 1173). He says, "Damascus contains a Mohammedan mosque, called the Synagogue of Damascus—a building of unequalled magnificence. They say it was the palace of Ben Hadad, and that one wall of it is framed of glass by enchantment."

Of the bird Ruc, that bears an elephant,
 Of mermaids that the southerne seas do haunt ;
 Of headlesse men, of savage cannibals,
 The fashion of their lives, and governalls ;
 What monstrous cities there erected be,
 Cayro, or the city of the Trinity.
 Now are they dung-hill cocks that have not seene
 The bordering Alpes, or else the neighbour Rhine :
 And now he plies the newes-full grashopper,
 Of voyages and ventures to enquire.
 His land mortgaged he, sea-beat in the way,
 Wishes for home a thousand sighs a day.
 And now he deems his home-bred fare as leefe
 As his parcht bisket or his barrel'd beefe.
 'Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
 Oh, let me lead an academick life ;
 To know much, and to think we nothing know ;
 Nothing to have, yet think we have enowe ;
 In skill to want, and wanting seek for more ;
 In weale nor want, nor wish for greater store :
 Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excesse,
 At our low sayle, and our high happiness.



GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER.

GILES FLETCHER.—*Born 1580. Died 1623.*

PHINEAS FLETCHER.—*Born 1584. Died 1660.*

GILES and PHINEAS FLETCHER were brothers, the sons of Dr. Giles Fletcher, of King's College, Cambridge—a man who is spoken of by Anthony Wood as himself a poet. He is better known as a political agent of Queen Elizabeth's and as an economist. He was employed at various periods as the Queen's Commissioner in Scotland, Germany, and the Low Countries. In the memorable Armada year he was sent to Russia, where by negotiations very ably conducted he was enabled to conclude a commercial treaty most advantageous to the interests of England. Dr. Fletcher subsequently published a very curious work on "The Russe Commonwealth," containing an account of the

Muscovite country and people, as he saw them. Camden calls it "Libellum in quo plurima observanda." He was afterwards made Master of Requests, Secretary to the City of London, and also Treasurer to St. Paul's. He died in 1610, leaving his two sons inheritors of his literary tastes, and especially of his love for poetry.

Giles Fletcher was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and largely indebted to the kindness of the Master of Trinity, Dr. Neveyle. He says in the dedication of his poem to the Master, "In which (Trinity) being placed by your favour only, most freely, without either any means from other or any desert in myself, being not able to do more, I could do no less, than acknowledge that debt which I shall never be able to pay." Giles Fletcher proceeded in due course to his degree of B.D. and became Vicar of Alderton in Suffolk, where he died in 1623.

The only poem by Giles Fletcher which has been published and preserved to us is entitled, "Christ's Victory in Heaven, Christ's Triumph on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, Christ's Triumph after Death." Southey has said of it, that "*it will preserve his name while there is any praise.*" Mr. Headley, who gave much time to a critical examination of the Fletchers' works, says it is a rich and picturesque poem; and he points out several passages to prove that Milton was under considerable obligation to Giles Fletcher; but he also shows how much the Fletchers owed to Spenser.

Phineas Fletcher, the younger brother of Giles, was born about 1584. He was educated at Eton, and admitted a Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1600, where he took his degrees, B.A. 1604, and M.A. 1608. Having entered holy orders, he was presented by Sir Henry Willoughby to the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, 1621, which appointment, we learn from Blomefield's "Norfolk," he held for twenty-nine years. It is supposed that he died and was buried at Hilgay.

Quarles has called Phineas Fletcher the "Spenser of this age." There is no doubt that Spenser's works gave a bias to the mind of Phineas. From the "Faery Queen" he received his taste for allegory and personification. In speaking of "Corydon and Colin" he says,

"To lackey one of these is all my pride's aspiring."

Phineas Fletcher left a few minor pieces; his "Sicelides,"—a piscatory drama, intended to have been performed before James I. at Cambridge—his "Eclogues," and "Miscellanies:" but he is only known in the present day as the author of "The Purple Island." Campbell in his "Lives of the Poets" gives such a humorous, but just, criticism of this poem, that it may be well to quote it:—

"Giles's 'Christ's Victory and Triumph' has a tone of enthusiasm peculiarly solemn. Phineas, with a livelier fancy, had a worse taste. He lavished on a bad subject the graces and ingenuity that would have made a fine poem on a good design. Through five cantos of his 'Purple Island' he tries to sweeten the language of anatomy by the

flowers of poetry, and to support the wings of allegory by bodily instead of spiritual phenomena. Unfortunately in the remaining cantos he only quits the dissecting table to launch into the subtlety of the schools, and describes Intellect, the Prince of the Isle of Man, with his eight counsellors—Fancy, Memory, Common Sense, and the five external senses—as holding out in the human fortress against the evil powers that besiege it. Here he strongly resembles the old Scottish poet, Gawain Douglas, in his poem of King Hart. But he outstrips all allegorists in conceit when he exhibits Voletta, or the Will, the wife of Intellect, propped in her fainting fits by Repentance, who administers restorative waters to the queen, made with lips' confession and with '*pickled sighs*,' stilled in the alembic of a broken spirit. But the conclusion of the '*Purple Island*' sinks into such absurdity and adulation, that we could gladly wish the poet back again to allegorizing the bladder and kidneys. In a contest about the eternal salvation of the human soul the event is decided by King James I. (at that time a sinner upon earth) descending from heaven with his treatise on the Revelation under his arm, in the form of an angel, and preceding the Omnipotent, who puts the forces of the Dragon to the rout. These incongruous conceptions are clothed in harmony, and interspersed with beautiful thoughts."

Such is Campbell's just opinion. But the student will do well to give attention to the "*Purple Island*." It marks a period in English literature—a turning point, at which the outrageous absurdities of overstrained allegory and the inflated language of adulation had attained their climacteric. Ludicrous as the impersonation of King Jamie descending from heaven with his treatise under his arm may be, we cannot forget the fulsome language in the 5th Act of Shakspeare's Henry VIII., nor the equally overstrained adulation of Elizabeth to be traced in Spenser, Raleigh, and most of the poets of her day. Just as the monkish school of poetry ran its course from Chaucer to Stephen Hawes and Alexander Barklay, so from Wyatt to Phineas Fletcher did the allegorical and the laudatory gradually develop, until the arrow of adulation was drawn to a head, and reached that point beyond which absurdity could be no further strained, even though strung with beauty of thought and harmony of utterance. Another school arose, in which we find Milton the bright particular star. The Fletchers serve as the link between the former and the latter style. They connect us with Spenser on the one hand, and with Milton on the other: and as we read the poet of the Elizabethan reign and the poet of the Commonwealth we are startled to find what a change had been worked in so short a period in the English school of poetry; whilst between the two, and partaking in certain respects of the characteristics of each, stand "*Christ's Victory*" and "*The Purple Island*."

GILES FLETCHER.

CHRIST'S VICTORY IN HEAVEN.

The birth of Him that no beginning knew,
 Yet gives beginning to all that are born ;
 And how the Infinite far greater grew,
 By growing less ; and how the rising morn,
 That shot from heav'n, and back to heav'n return,
 The obsequies of Him that could not die,
 And death of life, end of eternity,
 How worthily He died that died unworthily ;

How God and man did both embrace each other—
 Met in one person, heaven and earth did kiss ;
 And how a Virgin did become a mother,
 And bare that Son, who the world's Father is,
 And Maker of his mother ; and how bliss
 Descended from the bosom of the High,
 To clothe Himself in naked misery,
 Sailing at length to heaven, in earth, triumphantly ;

Is the first flame, wherewith my whiter Muse
 Doth burn in heavenly love, such love to tell.
 O Thou that didst this holy fire infuse,
 And taught'st this breast, but late the grave of hell,
 Wherein a blind and dead heart lived, to swell
 With better thoughts, send down those lights that lend
 Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end,
 The love that never was, nor ever can be, penn'd.

* * * *

What hath man done that man shall not undo,
 Since God to him is grown so near akin ?
 Did his foe slay him ? he shall slay his foe :
 Hath he lost all ? he all again shall win :
 Is sin his master ? he shall master sin :
 Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try :
 The only way to conquer was to fly ;
 But thus long death hath lived, and now death's self shall die

He is a path, if any be misled ;
 He is a robe, if any naked be ;
 If any chance to hunger, He is bread ;
 If any be a bondman, He is free ;
 If any be but weak, how strong is He ?
 To dead men life He is, to sick men health ;
 To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth ;
 A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

* * * *

When I remember Christ our burden bears,
 I look for glory, but find misery ;
 I look for joy, but find a sea of tears ;
 I look that we should live, and find Him die ;
 I look for angels' songs, and hear Him cry :
 Thus what I look, I cannot find so well ;
 Or rather, what I find I cannot tell,
 These banks so narrow are, those streams so highly swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin ;
 Suffers for us, and our joy springs in this ;
 Suffers to death, here is His Manhood seen ;
 Suffers to rise, and here His Godhead is :
 For man, that could not by himself have rise,
 Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise,
 And God, that could not die, in manhood dies,
 That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

* * * *

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
 Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute ;
 A tree is now the instrument of life,
 Though all that trunk and this fair body suit :
 Ah, cursèd tree, and yet O blessèd fruit !
 That death to Him, this life to us doth give :
 Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
 And the Physician dies to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the harbour of delight,
 Yet in his honey flow'rs our poison blew ;
 Sad Gethseman the bower of baleful night,
 Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
 Yet all our honey in that poison grew :
 So we from sweetest flowers could suck our bane,
 And Christ from bitter venom could again
 Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,
 A man is now the author of our rise :
 A garden was the place we perished all,
 A garden is the place He pays our price :
 And the old serpent with a new device
 Hath found a way himself for to beguile :
 So he that all men tangled in his wile
 Is now by one man caught, beguiled with his own guile.

* * * *

His radious head with shameful thorns they tear,
 His tender back with bloody whips they rent,
 His side and heart they furrow with a spear,
 His hands and feet with riving nails they tent,
 And, as to disentrail his soul they meant,
 They jolly at his grief, and make their game
 His naked body to expose to shame,
 That all might come to see, and all might see that came.

Whereat the heav'n put out his guilty eye,
 That durst behold so execrable sight,
 And sabled all in black the shady sky,
 And the pale stars, struck with unwonted fright,
 Quenched their everlasting lamps in night :
 And at His birth, as all the stars heav'n had
 Were not enow, but a new star was made ;
 So now both new, and old, and all away did fade.

The wise philosopher cried, all aghast,
 The God of Nature surely languishèd ;
 The sad Centurion cried out as fast,
 "The Son of God, the Son of God was dead !"
 The headlong Jew hung down his pensive head,
 And homewards far'd ; and ever, as he went,
 He smote his breast, half desperately bent ;
 The very woods and beasts did seem His death lament.

THE WOOING SONG.

Love is the blossom where there blows
 Every thing that lives or grows ;
 Love doth make the heav'ns to move,
 And the sun doth burn in love :

Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
 And makes the ivy climb the oak ;
 Under whose shadows lions wild,
 Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild ;
 Love no med'cine can appease,
 He burns the fishes in the seas ;
 Not all the skill his wounds can stench,¹
 Not all the sea his fire can quench :
 Love did make the bloody spear
 Once a leavy coat to wear,
 While in his leaves there shrouded lay
 Sweet birds for love that sing and play :
 And of all love's joyful flame
 I the bud and blossom am ;
 Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See, see, the flowers that below
 Now as fresh as morning blow,
 And, of all, the virgin rose,
 That as bright Aurora shows :
 How they all unleavèd die,
 Losing their virginity ;
 Like unto a summer shade,
 But now born, and now they fade.
 Every thing doth pass away,
 There is danger in delay :
 Come, come gather then the rose,
 Gather it, or it you lose.
 All the sand of Tagus' shore
 Into my bosom casts his ore ;
 All the valleys' swimming corn
 To my house is yearly borne :
 Every grape of every vine
 Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
 While ten thousand kings, as proud,
 To carry up my train have bow'd,
 And a world of ladies send me
 In my chambers to attend me.
 All the stars in heav'n that shine,
 And ten thousand more, are mine :
 Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

(1) *Stench*—*staunch*.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

AGAINST A RICH MAN DESPISING POVERTY.

If well thou view'st us, with no squinted eye,
 No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
 Thy wealth no richer than my poverty ;
 My want no poorer than thy rich estate :
 Our ends and births alike ; in this as I ;
 Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind ;
 Thou having more than much, yet seekest more :
 Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find ;
 Who wishes, wants ; and who so wants, is poor :
 Then this must follow of necessity ;
 Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,
 But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch :
 But with my little I have much content ;
 Content hath all ; and who hath all, is rich :
 Then this in reason thou must needs confess,
 If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses God hath lent,
 And to his audit liable is ever,
 To reckon how, and where, and when, he spent :
 Then thus thou bragg'st, thou art a great receiver :
 Little my debt, when little is my store :
 The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

But seeing God Himself descended down
 T' enrich the poore by his rich poverty ;
 His meat, his house, his grave, were not is own,
 Yet all is his from all eternity :
 Let me be like my Head, whom I adore ;
 Be thou great, wealthy, I still base and poor.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

CANTO XII. STANZA XXII.

FIDO AND KNOWLEDGE CHARGE THE DRAGON'S ARMY.

[The following passage describes the Dragon in his last refuge, with Sin and Despair and the "deformed crew" that are his offspring.]

Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew
That all the field with foggy mist enwraps :
As when Tiphæus from his paunch doth spew
Black smothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder-claps ;
The pitchy vapours choke the shining ray,
And bring dull night upon the smiling day :
The wavering Etna shakes and fain would run away.

Yet could his bat-eyed legions eas'ly see
In this dark chaos : they the seed of night :
But these not so, who night and darkness flee ;
For they the sons of day, and joy in light .
But Knowledge soon began a way devise
To bring again the day, and clear their eyes :
So opened Fido's shield, and golden vail unties.

Of one pure diamond, celestial fair,
That heavenly shield by cunning hand was made ;
Whose light divine, spread through the misty air,
To brightest morn would turn the western shade,
And lightsome day beget before his time ;
Fram'd in heaven, without all earthly crime,
Dipped in the fiery sun, which burnt the baser slime.

And when from fenny moors the lumpish clouds
With rising steams damp the bright morning's face ;
At length the piercing sun his team unshrouds,
And with his arrows the idle fog doth chase ;
The broken mist lies melted all in tears :
So this bright shield the stinking darkness tears,
And, giving back the day, dissolves their former fears :

Which when afar the fiery Dragon spies,
His flights deluded with so little pain ;
To his last refuge now at length he flies ;
Long time his pois'nous gorge he seemed to strain :

At length, with loathly sight, he up doth spew
From stinking paunch a most deformed crew ;
That heaven itself did fly from their most ugly view.

The first that crept from his detested maw
Was Hamartia,¹ foul deformed wight :
More soul deformed the sun yet never saw ;
Therefore she hates the all-betraying light :
A woman seemed she in her upper part ;
To which she could such lying gloss impart,
That thousands she had slain with her deceiving art.

The rest, though hid, in serpent's form arrayed,
With iron scales, like to a plaited mail :
Over her back her knotty tail displayed,
Along the empty air did lofty sail ;
The end was pointed with a double sting,
Which with such dreaded might she wont to fling,
That nought could help the wound, but blood of heavenly King.

* * * *

Her viprous locks hung loose about her ears,
Yet with a monstrous snake she them restrains,
Which like a border on her head she wears :
About her neck hang down long adder chains
In thousand knots and wreaths infolded round,
Which in her anger lightly she unbound,
And darting far away would sure and deadly wound.

Yet fair and lovely seems to fools' dim eyes ;
But hell more lovely, Pluto's self more fair,
Appears, when her true form true light describes :
Her loathsome face, blancht skin, and snaky hair ;
Her shapeless shape, dead life her carrion smell :
The devil's dung, the child and dam of hell,
Is chaffer fit for fools, their precious souls to sell.

The second in this rank was black Despair,
Bred in the dark womb of eternal Night :
His looks fast nail'd to Sin ; long sooty hair
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide staring fright ;
His leaden eyes, retired into his head,
Light, heaven, and earth, himself, and all things fled :
A breathing corpse he seemed, wrapt up in living lead.

(1) *Hamartia*—Sin.

His body all was framed of earthly paste
 And heavy mould ; yet earth could not content him :
 Heaven fast he flies, and heaven fled him as fast ;
 Though kin to hell, yet hell did much torment him ;
 His very soul was nought but ghastly fright.
 With him went many a fiend and ugly sprite,
 Armed with ropes and knives, all instruments of spite.

Instead of feathers on his dangling crest
 A luckless raven spread her blackest wings ;
 And to her croaking throat gave never rest,
 But deathful verses and sad dirges sings :
 His hellish arms were all with fiends embost,
 Who damned souls with endless torments roast,
 And thousand ways devise to vex the tortured ghost.

Two weapons, sharp as death, he ever bore—
 Strict judgment, which from far he deadly darts ;
 Sin at his side, a two-edged sword, he wore,
 With which he soon appals the stoutest hearts :
 Upon his shield Alecto with a wreath
 Of snaky whips the damned souls tortureth ;
 And round about was wrote, *Reward of Sin is Death !*

The last two brethren were far different,
 Only in common name of death agreeing.
 The first armed with a scythe still mowing went,
 Yet whom and when he murder'd never seeing,
 Born deaf and blind : nothing might stop his way ;
 No prayers, no vows, his keenest scythe could stay,
 Nor beauty's self his spite, nor virtue's self, allay.

No state, no age, no sex may hope to move him ;
 Down falls the young and old, the boy and maid :
 Nor beggar can entreat, nor king reprove him ;
 All are his slaves in's cloth of flesh arrayed :
 The bride he snatches from the bridegroom's arms,
 And horror brings in midst of love's alarms :
 Too well we know his power by long experienced harms.

A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place ;¹
 A bone his club ; his armour sheets of lead.

(1) Here we distinctly trace the imitation of Spenser's poetry :

“ Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
 Made of a dead man's skull, that seemed a ghastly sight.”
Faery Queen, b. 2, canto 2, stanza 22.

Some more, some less, fear his all-frighting face ;
But most who sleep in downy pleasure's bed :
But who in life have daily learn'd to die,
And dead to this, live to a life more high,
Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumbering quiet lie.

The second, far more foul in every part,
Burnt with blue fire and bubbling sulphur streams,
Which creeping round about him filled with smart
His cursed limbs, that direly he blasphemes.
Most strange it seems, that burning thus for ever,
No rest, no time, no place these flames may sever :
Yet death in thousand deaths without death dyeth never.

Soon as these hellish monsters came in sight,
• The sun his eye in jetty vapours drown'd ;
Scared at such hell-hounds' view, heaven's 'mazed light
Sets in an early evening ; earth astound
Bids dogs with howls give warning, at which sound
The fearful air starts, seas break their bound
And frightened fled away ; no sands might them impound.

The palsied troop first like asps shaken sare,
Till now their heart congealed in icy blood
Candied the ghastly face ; locks stand and stare :
Thus charmed, in ranks of stone they marshal'd stood ;
Their useless swords fell idly on the plain ;
And now the triumph sounds in lofty strain :
So conquering Dragon binds the knights with slavish chain.

* * * *

Long while the silent passion, wanting vent,
Made flowing tears her words, and eyes her tongue,
Till faith, experience, hope, assistance lent
To shut both flood-gates up with patience strong :
The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some comforts borrow
From firmest truth ; then glimpsed the hopeful morrow.
So spring some dawns of joy, so sets the night of sorrow.

Ah, dearest Lord ! my heart's sole Sovereign,
Who sitt'st high mounted on Thy burning throne,
Hark from Thy heavens, where Thou dost safely reign,
Clothed with the golden sun and silver moon ;
Cast down a while Thy sweet and gracious eye,
And low avail that flaming Majesty,
Deigning Thy gentle sight on our sad misery.

To Thee, dear Lord, I lift this watery eye ;
 This eye which Thou so oft in love hast praised ;
 This eye with which Thou wounded oft wouldst die :
 To Thee, dear Lord, these suppliant hands are raised ;
 These to be lilies Thou hast often told me ;
 Which if but once again may ever hold Thee,
 Will never let Thee loose, will never more unfold Thee.

* * * *

Reviving cordial of my dying sprite,
 The best elixir for soul's drooping pain,
 Ah ! now unshade Thy face, uncloud Thy sight ;
 See, every way's a trap, each path a train :
 Hell's troops my sole beleaguer : bow Thine ears,
 And hear my cries pierce through my groans and fears :
 Sweet Spouse ! see not my sins but through my plaints and tears.●

Let frailty favour, sorrow succour move,
 Anchor my life in Thy calm streams of blood ;
 Be Thou my rock, though I poor changeling rove,
 Tost up and down in waves of worldly flood !
 Whilst I in vale of tears at anchor ride,
 Where winds of earthly thoughts my sails misguide,
 Harbour my fleshly bark safe in Thy wounded side.

Take, take my contrite heart, Thy sacrifice,
 Wash'd in her eyes that swims and sinks in woes :
 See, see, as seas with winds high working rise,
 So storm, so rage, so gape Thy boasting foes.
 Dear Spouse ! unless Thy right hand even steers ;
 Oh ! if Thou anchor not these threat'ning fears ;
 Thy ark will sail as deep in blood as now in tears.

With that a thund'ring noise seemed shake the sky ;
 As when with iron wheels through stony plain
 A thousand chariots to the battle fly ;
 Or when with boisterous rage the swelling main,
 Puft up by mighty winds, does hoarsely roar,
 And beating with his waves the trembling shore,
 His sandy girdle scorns, and breaks earth's rampart door.

And straight an angel, full of heavenly might,¹
 (Three several crowns circled his royal head)²

(1) "Our late most learned sovereign in his Remonstrance and Complaint on the Apocalypse."—Such is the original note appended to this stanza, describing King James, full of heavenly might, blowing his silver trumpet.

(2) The crowns of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

From northern coast heaving his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams dispread,
And open lays the Beast's and Dragon's shame ;
For to this end th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.

A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty earth with thundering knell ;
And oft proclaimed, as through the world he flew,
Babel, great Babel, lies as low as hell :
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her heaven-exalted towers in dust are drowned ;
Babel, proud Babel fallen, and lies as low as ground.

The broken heavens dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light ;
Straight shrilling trumpets with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight :
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceived that day must be his last ;
Which strook his frightened heart, and all his troops aghast.

So up he arose upon his stretchèd sails,
Fearless expecting his approaching death :
So up he arose, that th' air starts and fails,
And, over pressed, sinks his load beneath :
So up he arose, as does a thunder-cloud,
Which all the earth with shadows black doth shroud :
So up he arose, and through the weary air rowed.

Now his Almighty Foe far off he spies ;
Whose sun-like arms dazed the eclipsèd day,
Confounding with their beams less glittering skies,
Firing the air with more than heavenly ray ;
Like thousand suns in one :—such is their light,
A subject only for immortal sprite ;
Which never can be seen but by immortal sight.

His threatening eyes shine like that dreadful flame
With which the Thunderer arms His angry hand :
Himself had fairly wrote His wondrous name,
Which neither earth nor heaven could understand :
A hundred crowns, like towers, beset around,
His conquering head : well may they there abound,
When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are richly crowned.

His armour all was dyed in purple blood
 (In purple blood of thousand rebel kings),
 In vain their stubborn powers His arm withstood :
 Their proud necks chained, He now in triumph brings,
 And breaks their spears, and cracks their traitor swords :
 Upon whose arms and thighs in golden words
 Was fairly writ, *The King of kings, and Lord of lords.*



RICHARD CORBET.

Born 1582. Died 1635.

THE Right Rev. Richard Corbet, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and successively Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich, was the son of a gardener living at Ewell, Surrey, where Corbet was born in 1582. He was educated at Westminster School, and from thence proceeded to Christ Church, of which college he was subsequently made Dean. He obtained great popularity in the pulpit, and is termed by Anthony Wood "a quaint preacher." He was a firm supporter of the High Church party in the reign of James I., and was favoured with the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, through whom he was brought to the notice of the King, and appointed Chaplain. His preferment to the Deanery and to the Episcopal Bench followed quickly. As Bishop of Norwich he died, in 1635.

Corbet's poetry is entirely humorous—or ludicrous! This was the turn of his mind. We should therefore have hardly expected that he would have been the man whom Archbishop Laud would have selected to act against the Puritans. Such, however, was the fact; and it was a happy circumstance, for Corbet was enabled to mitigate the punishments ordered to be inflicted on the Puritans. The gentleness and kindness of his disposition won for him the regard of many to whom he was in principles utterly opposed; and his eccentricities of character, as also of composition, were forgotten and forgiven in the esteem which was felt for the man. Satire and a keen sense of the ludicrous pervade all the poetry which came from his pen. He is worthy of a kindly recollection, because he made use of his influence and position to mitigate the sufferings of those whom the cruelties of the Star-Chamber would have tortured or oppressed.

A CERTAIN POEM,

As it was presented in Latine by Divines and others before his Majesty King James I. in Cambridge, by way of enterlude, styled *LIBER NOVUS DE ADVENTU REGIS AD CANTABRIGIAM*, faithfully done into English, with some liberal additions. Made rather to be sunge than read, to the tune of Bonny Nell.

It is not yet a fortnight since
Lutetia¹ entertain'd our prince,
And vented hath a studied toy
As long² as was the siege of Troy,
And spent herself for full five days
In speeches, exercise, and plays.

To trim the town great care before
Was tane by th' lord Vice-chancellor;
Both morn and even he cleansed the way,
The streets he gravelled thrice a day:
One strike of March-dust for to see
No proverb³ would give more than he.

Their colledges were new be-painted,
Their founders eke were new be-sainted;
Nothing escaped, nor post, nor door,
Nor gate, nor raile, nor board, nor floor:
You could not know (oh, strange mishap!)
Whether you saw the town or map.

But the pure house of Emanuel⁴
Would not be like proud Jesabel,
Nor shew herself before the king
An hypocrite, or painted thing;
But that the ways might all prove fair,
Conceived a tedious mile of prayer.

Upon the looked-for seventh⁵ of March
Out went the townsmen all in starch,
Both band and beard, into the field,
Where one a speech could hardly wield;
For needs he would begin his stile,
The king being from him half a mile.

(1) Quia valde lutoso est Cantabrigia. (2) Ludus per spatium 6 horarum; infra.
(3) "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom."
(4) Coll. Eman. abundat *Puritanis*.
(5) The king entered Cambridge March 7, 1614-15.

They gave the king a piece of plate,
Which they hoped never came too late;
But cry'd, "Oh, look not in, great king,
For there is in it just nothing:"
And so prefer'd with tune and gate
A speech as empty as their plate.

Now, as the king came neer the town,
Each one ran crying up and down:
"Alas, poor Oxford, thou'rt undone,
For now the king's past Trompington,
And rides upon his brave gray dapple,
Seeing the top of King's-colledge chappel."

Next rode his lordship¹ on a nag,
Whose coat was blue,² whose ruff was shag.
And then began his reverence
To speak most eloquent non-sense:
"See how" (quoth he), "most mighty prince,
For very joy my horse doth wince."

"What cryes the town? What we?" (said he)
"What cryes the University?
What cry the boys? what every thing?
Behold, behold, yon comes the king:"
And every period he bedecks
With "En et ecce venit rex."—

"Oft have I warned" (quoth he), "our dirt
That no silk stocking should be hurt;
But we in vain strive to be fine,
Unless your grace's sun doth shine;
And with the beams of your bright eye
You will be pleased our streets to dry."

Now come we to the wonderment
Of Christendom, and eke of Kent,
The Trinity; which, to surpass,
Doth deck her spokesman³ by a glass:
Who, clad in gay and silken weeds,
Thus opes his mouth,—hark how he speeds.

"I wonder what your grace doth here,
Who have expected been twelve year,

(1) Samuel Harsnett, then Bishop of Chichester. (2) Vestis indicat virum.
(3) Nethersoli Cant. orator, qui per speculum se ipsum solet ornari.

And this your son, fair Carolus,
That is so Jacobissimus :¹
Here's none, of all, your grace refuses ;
You are most welcome to our muses.

"Although we have no bells to jangle,
Yet can we shew a faire quadrangle,
Which, though it ne're was graced with king,
Yet sure it is a goodly thing :
My warning's short, no more I'll say,
Soon you shall see a gallant play."

But nothing was so much admired,
As were their playes so well attired ;
Nothing did win more praise of mine,
Then did their actors most divine :²
So did they drink their healths divinely ;
So did they dance and skip so finely.

Their plays had sundry grave wise factors,
A perfect diocess of actors
Upon the stage ; for I am sure that
There was both bishop, pastor, curat :
Nor was their labour light or small ;
The charge of some was pastoral.

Our playes were certainly much worse,
For they had a brave hobby-horse,
Which did present unto his grace
A wondrous witty ambling pace :
But we were chiefly spoyl'd by that
Which was six hours of *God knows what*.³

His lordship then was in a rage,
His lordship lay upon the stage,
His lordship cryed, all would be marr'd :
His lordship loved a-life the guard,
And did invite those mighty men,
To what, think you ? even to a Hen.

He knew he was to use their might
To help to keep the door at night,

(1) Orator hoc usus est vocabulo in oratione ad regem.

(2) Actores omnes fuere theologi.

(3) Ludus dicebatur Ignoramus, qui durabat per spatium sex horarum.

And well bestowed he thought his Hen,
That they might Tolebooth¹ Oxford men :
He thought it did become a lord
To threaten with that bug-bear word.

Now pass we to the civil law,
And eke the doctors of the spaw,
Who all performed their parts so well,
Sir Edward Ratcliff² bore the bell,
Who was, by the king's own appointment,
To speak of spells and magick oyntment.

The doctors of the civil law
Urged ne're a reason worth a straw ;
And though they went in silk and satten,
They, Thomson-like,³ clipped the king's Latine ;
But yet his grace did pardon then
All treasons against Priscian.

Here no man speak ought to the point,
But all they said was out of joint ;
Just like the chappel ominous
I' the colledge called *God with us* ;
Which truly⁴ doth stand much awry,
Just north and south, yes, verily.

Philosophers did well their parts,
Which proved them masters of their arts ;
Their moderator was no fool,
He far from Cambridge kept a school :
The country did much store afford,
The proctors might not speak a word.

But, to conclude, the king was pleased,
And of the court the town was eased :
Yet, Oxford—though (dear sister) hark yet—
The king is gone but to New-market,
And comes again ere it be long ;
Then you may make another song.

The king being gone from Trinity,
They make a scramble for degree ;

(1) Idem quod Bocardo apud Oxon. (2) Insignis insignissimus stultus.
(3) Paulus Tompsonus, qui nuper læsæ majest: reus ob aurum decurtat.
(4) Decorum quia Coll: est Puritanorum plenum ; scil. Emanuel.

Masters of all sorts and all ages,
Keepers, sub-cizers, lackeyes, pages,
Who all did throng to come aboard,
With "Pray make me now, good my lord."

They prest his lordship wondrous hard ;
His lordship then did want the guard :
So did they throng him for the nonce,
Until he blest them all at once,
And cryed, "Hodiissime :
Omnes Magistri estote."

Nor is this all which we do sing,
For of your praise the world must ring :
Reader, unto your tackling look,
For there is coming forth a book
Will spoyle Joseph Barnesius
The sale of Rex Platonius.

JOURNEY INTO FRANCE.

[The internal evidence of this curious and interesting poem shows that it must have been written about 1616-17, shortly after the marriage of the boy-king, Louis XIII.]

I went from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride or fence ;
Nor did I go like one of those
That do returne with half a nose
They carrièd from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
Much like John Dory in the song,¹
Upon a holy tide.
I on an ambling nag did jet,—
I trust he is not paid for yet,—
And spur'd him on each side.

(1) Of this once popular song [see Ritson's *Antient Songs*] the following is the introductory stanza :—

"As it fell upon a holyday,
And upon a holy-tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag
To Paris for to ride-a."

And to St. Dennis fast we came,
 To see the sights of Nostre Dame—
 The man that shows them snaffles—
 Where who is apt for to believe
 May see our Ladie's right-arm sleeve,
 And eke her old pantofles.

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
 That she did wear in Bethlehem town
 When in the inn she lay.
 Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
 For so good clothes ne're lay in stable
 Upon a lock of hay.

No carpenter could by his trade
 Gain so much coyn as to have made
 A gown of so rich stuff ;
 Yet they, poor fools, think, for their credit,
 'They may believe old Joseph did it,
 'Cause he deserved enough.

There is one of the crosse's nails,
 Which who so sees his bonnet vails,
 And, if he will, may kneel.
 Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so ;
 Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
 It is as true as steel.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
 When Judas led them forth, did use ;
 It weighs my weight downright :
 But, to believe it, you must think
 The Jews did put a candle in 't,
 And then 'twas very light.

The Bastile and Saint Dennis-street ;
 The Shafflenist, like London Fleet ;
 The Arsenal, no toy.
 But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
 Go to the court and see the king,—
 O 'tis a hopeful boy.¹

(1 Louis XIII., who, by the assassination of his father, Henri Quatre, by Ravaillac, succeeded to the throne, when only nine years of age, A.D. 1610.

He is of all his dukes and peers
 Reverenced for much wit at 's years ;
 Nor must you think it much ;
 For he with little switch doth play,
 And make fine dirty pyes of clay,—
 O never king made such !

A bird that can but kill a fly,¹
 Or prate, doth please his Majesty,
 'Tis known to every one.
 The Duke of Guise gave him a parret,
 And he had twenty cannons for it
 For his new galeon.

O that I ere might have the hap
 To get the bird which in the map
 Is called the Indian Ruck !
 I'de give it him, and hope to be
 As rich as Guise or Luine,²
 Or else I had ill luck.

There's one saint there hath lost his nose ;
 Another 's head, but not his toes,
 His elbow and his thumb.
 But when that we had seen the rags,
 We went to th' inn and took our nags,
 And so away did come.

We came to Paris on the Seine :
 'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
 'Tis Europe's greatest town.
 How strong it is I need not tell it,
 For all the world may easily smell it,
 That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see ;
 The palace and great gallery ;
 The Place Royal doth excel ;
 The new bridge, and the statues there ;
 At Nostre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,
 The steeple bears the bell ;

(1) Louis XIII. had a great love for birds. Luines, his favourite, whom he made Constable of France, rose to favour by his skill in training birds for the king.

(2) *Luine*—Luines.

For learning, th' Universitie ;
 And for old clothes, the frippery—
 The house the queen did build ;
 Saint Innocents, whose earth devoures
 Dead corps in four and twenty hours,
 And there the king was killed.¹

Birds round about his chamber stand,
 And he them feeds with his own hand ;
 'Tis his humility.
 And if they do want anything,
 They need but whistle for their king,
 And he comes presently.

But now, then, for these parts he must,
 Be enstiled Lewis the Just,
 Great Henry's lawful heir ;
 When to his stile to add more words,
 They'd better call him king of birds,
 Than of the great Navarre.

He hath besides a pretty quirk,
 Taught him by nature, how to work
 In iron with much ease.
 Sometimes to the forge he goes ;
 There he knocks, and there he blows,
 And makes both locks and keys :

Which puts a doubt on every one,
 Whether he be Mars or Vulcan's son ;
 Some few believe his mother :
 But let them all say what they will,
 I came resolved, and so think still,
 As much the one as th' other.

The people, too, dislike the youth,
 Alledging reasons ; for, in truth,
 Mothers should honoured be :
 Yet others say, he loves her rather
 As well as ere she loved his father,
 And that's notoriously.²

(1) The locality in which Henri Quatre was killed.

(2) The allusion is to Marie de Medici, whom Henri Quatre married, on his divorce from Marguerite de Valois. She was the mother of Louis XIII. and of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. The profligacy of Henri Quatre was a source of great jealousy and unhappiness to his Queen, and was the blot upon an otherwise glorious reign.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Born 1585. Died 1649.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND was born at the seat of his ancestors, Hawthornden, in the parish of Lasswade, Midlothian, a few miles from Edinburgh. He was the son of Sir John Drummond (Gentleman Usher to James VI. of Scotland) by his wife Susanna, daughter of Sir William Fowler, Secretary to Anne of Denmark. The family of Drummond was ancient and noble: King Robert III. had married Annabella Drummond, sister of William Drummond of Carnock, the poet's ancestor.

William Drummond was educated at the High School, Edinburgh. He afterwards graduated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1606, having attained his majority, he proceeded to Bourges, in France, to study civil law. Remaining on the Continent for four years, he returned to Hawthornden, on the death of his father, in 1610; when, instead of following the law as a profession, he entirely devoted himself to polite literature, and retired to Hawthornden, a fitting home for a poet. The old castellated mansion is perched upon a rock overhanging a beautiful narrow glen, through which a river foams and frets among the rocks and stones, while the banks on either side are richly clothed with noble trees. "A sweet and solitary seat" it has been called, "and very fit and proper for the Muses." In this retreat he began to write. On the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, 1612, he published his elegy, "Fears on the Death of Meliades," the name which Prince Henry had adopted in all his challenges for martial sports (in which he delighted), as an anagram of *Miles a Deo*. When King James visited Scotland in 1617, he wrote "The Wandering Muses, on the river Forth, Feasting." In 1619 Ben Jonson paid him the visit which is now so famous in literary history. Jonson walked all the way from London to Hawthornden, in order to visit the man he had so strong a desire to know. Hence arose the celebrated "Conversations," which were taken down by Drummond for his personal satisfaction, and evidently were never intended for publication. Drummond had to sustain a terrible grief, which affected his whole life, and gave a plaintive character to his muse, in the sudden death of a Miss Cunningham, whom he was about to marry. His loss so overwhelmed him, that he left Hawthornden, and for eight years wandered about on the Continent, travelling through France, Germany, and Italy, but chiefly residing in Paris and Rome. He made a great collection of books in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, which he presented to the University of Edinburgh. On

his return to Scotland, he found the country distracted with its political and religious discussions; and as he was a known and staunch Royalist, he was compelled to suffer and to pay for his opinion. Retreating from Hawthornden, he resided for a length of time with his brother-in-law, Sir John Scott, in Fifeshire. At this period he wrote his "History of the Five James's, Kings of Scotland."

In 1630, having met with a Miss Elizabeth Logan, who bore a strong resemblance to his former intended wife, he married the lady, and lived in complete retirement at Hawthornden, which he restored, and put up the following inscription on the house:—

"Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden,
Joannis equitis aurati filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret,
sibi et successoribus instauravit. 1638.

June 15, 1633, when Charles I. visited Edinburgh, Drummond wrote the speeches delivered by the allegorical characters in the pageant enacted in honour of the King's visit. When the troubles of the country increased, Drummond wrote various tracts in support of the Royal cause; among others a "Remonstrance" against the measures of the Covenanters, for which he received a letter of thanks from the gallant James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, who also sent Drummond a protection, dated August 1645. Drummond was, of course, reputed a malignant, and was continually harassed by the Covenanting party. As his estates lay in different shires, he was compelled to send, according to calculation, halves and quarters of men to serve among the troops to whose cause he was opposed, which tickled the poet's fancy: upon which he wrote the following lines to the King:—

"Of all these forces raised against the King,
'Tis my strange hap not one whole man to bring,
From divers parishes; yet divers men,
But all in halves and quarters. Great King, then,
In halves and quarters if they come gainst thee,
In halves and quarters send them back to me!"

Though Drummond was a staunch Royalist, the only weapon he could wield was the pen! This he used continually in the King's behalf; but he never appears to have taken up arms. On the execution of Charles I., and the downfall of the Monarchy and the Church, Drummond's spirit was broken. His grief was so intense, that it shortened his days; and not having survived his royal master many months, he expired at Hawthornden, December 4, 1649, aged 64, and was buried in Lasswade Church.

When James of Scotland became James I. of England, the Scottish language, in which the northern poets had written, yielded inevitably to the kindred tongue of England. Drummond was the first Scotch poet who wrote in simple English. He was not a man of great genius, or of particular learning; but he was elegant, accomplished, refined, and is always highly esteemed for the tenderness which is the great characteristic of his poetry. He was fond of retirement, and devoted to literature. Thoroughly domestic in his tastes and habits (fond of chess and

of performing on the lute), in his principles he was fervent, firm, and devoted, both regarding the King and regarding religion.

By his "Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations" he is best known to the general reader; because, though the Conversations will bear no comparison with such a work as "Boswell's Life of Johnson," nevertheless Drummond's "Conversations of Jonson" is a work curious, and to all literary men attractive,—therefore universally read and known. As a poet he will always be highly esteemed on account of his Sonnets. These were the most perfect of his productions. Petrarch was his model; and in these compositions he nearly approached the spirit as well as style of his model. After Spenser and Shakespere there is no poet whose Sonnets are held in as high esteem as Drummond's. The most famous of his large collection are quoted. They deserve the close attention of the student; and among all the Sonnetteers of the English language, it may be doubted if any is more eminently pure and beautiful in diction.

ASCENDIT AD CÆLOS.

- 1 Bright portals of the sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling stars,
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold,
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.
- 2 Scarfed in a rosy cloud
He doth assend the air;
Straight doth the moon Him shrowd
With her resplendent hair;
The next encystal'd light
Submits to Him its beams,
And He doth trace the height
Off that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.
- 3 He towers those golden bounds
He did to sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds
Are found His feet beneath;

The milky way comes near,
 Heaven's axle seems to bend
 Above each turning sphere,
 That robed in glory Heaven's King may ascend.

4 What was dismarshall'd late
 In this Thy noble frame,
 And lost the prime estate,
 Hath re-obtain'd the same,
 Is now most perfect seen ;
 Streams which diverted were
 (And troubled strayed unclean)
 From their first source, by Thee home turnèd are.

5 By Thee that blemish old
 Of Eden's leprous prince,
 Which on his race took hold,
 And him exiled from thence,
 Now put away is far :
 With sword, in ireful guise,
 No cherub more shall bar
 Poor man the entries into Paradise.

6 O well-spring of this all,
 Thy father's image vive,
 Word, that from nought did call
 What is, doth reason, live ;
 Whose work is but to will,
 God's coeternal Son,
 Great banisher of ill,
 By none but Thee could these great deeds be done.

7 Now each ethereal gate
 To Him hath opened been,
 And glory's King in state
 His palace enters in ;
 Now come is this high priest
 In the most holy place,
 Not without blood addrest,
 With glory heaven, the earth to crown with grace.

8 Stars, which all eyes were late,
 And did with wonder burn
 His name to celebrate,
 In flaming tongues them turn ;

Their orby crystals move
 More active than before,
 And entheate from above
 Their sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.

9 The quires of happy souls,
 Walked with that music sweet,
 Whose descant care controuls,
 Their Lord in triumph meet ;
 The spotless sp'rits of light
 His trophies do extol,
 And arch'd in squadrons bright
 Greet their great Victor in His capitol.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
 A beauty, fading like the April flowers,
 A sweet, with floods of gall that runs combined,
 A pleasure, passing ere in thought made ours,
 A honour that more fickle is than wind,
 A glory, at opinion's frown that lowers,
 A treasury, which bankrupt Time devours,
 A knowledge, than grave ignorance more blind,
 A vain delight our equals to command,
 A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
 A servile lot, decked with a pompous name,
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
 Till wisest Death make us our error know.

NO TRUST IN TIME.

Look how the flower which lingeringly doth fade,
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
 Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
 As high as it did raise, bows down the head ;
 Just so, the pleasures of my life being dead,
 Or in their contraries but only seen,
 With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
 And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been,

Therefor, as doth the pilgrim whom the night
 Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
 Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
 Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day ;
 Thy sun posts westward, passèd is thy morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

Of this fair volume which we "World" do name
 If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
 Of Him who it corrects and did it frame
 We clear might read the art and wisdom rare ;
 Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,
 His providence extending everywhere,
 His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
 In every page—no period of the same.
 But silly we, like foolish children, rest
 Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,
 Fair dangling ribands ; leaving what is best,
 On the great Writer's *sense* ne'er taking hold ;
 Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
 It is some picture on the margin wrought.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
 Of winters past or coming, void of care,
 Well pleasèd with delights which present are,
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling flowers!
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declair,
 And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare ;
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs,
 Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?
 Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
 To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

I KNOW.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In Time's great periods shall return to nought ;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought ;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail Beauty's like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords ;
That Love a jarring is of minds' accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power :
Know what I list, this all can not me move,
But that, alas, I both must write and love.

TO SLEEP.

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppressed,
Lo ! by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possessed ;
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou are wont to show—
With feignèd solace ease a true-felt woe ;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath ;
I long to kiss the image of my death.

BEAUTY FADES.

Trust not, sweet soul, those curlèd waves of gold
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enrolled.

Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe
 When first I did their azure rays behold,
 Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
 Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
 Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
 Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
 Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
 And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes ;
 The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
 Shall once, ah me ! not spare that spring of yours.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends,
 Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
 Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
 Become all ear—stars stay to hear thy plight !
 If one whose grief e'en reach of thought transcends,
 Who ne'er, not in a dream, did taste delight,
 May thee importune who like case pretends,
 And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite,
 Tell me—so may thou fortune milder try,
 And long, long sing—for what thou thus complains,
 Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
 Enamour'd smiles on woods and flowery plains?
 The bird, as if my questions did her move,
 With trembling wings, sighed forth, "I love—I love!"

TO ALEXIS.

Alexis, here she stayed ; among these pines,
 Sweet hermitess, she did alone repair.
 Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
 More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines.
 Here sat she by these muskèd eglantines,—
 The happy flowers seem yet the print to bear !
 Her voice did sweeten here thy sugared lines,
 To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend an ear.
 She here me first perceived—and here a morn

Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face ;
 Here did she sigh—here first my hopes were born ;
 Here first I got a pledge of promised grace :
 But, ah ! what serves 't t' have been made happy so,
 Sith passèd pleasures double but new woe?

TO SPRING.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train !
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers :
 The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain ;
 The clouds, for joy, in pearls weep down their showers.
 Sweet Spring, thou com'st !—but, ah ! my pleasant hours
 And happy days with thee come not again ;
 The sad memorials only of my pain
 Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sour.
 Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair ;
 But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
 Is gone ; nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.
 Neglected Virtue ! seasons go and come,
 When thine, forgot, lie closèd in a tomb.

TO HIS LUTE.

My Lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
 With thy green mother in some shady grove,
 When immelodious winds made thee move,
 And birds their ramage¹ did on thee bestow.
 Since that dear voice which did thy voice approve,
 Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
 Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
 What art thou but a harbinger of woe ?
 Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
 But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear ;
 Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear ;
 For which be silent as in woods before ;
 Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
 Like widowed turtle still *her* loss complain.

(1) *Ramage*—Chirping, singing, or warbling.

EPIGRAMS.

The Scottish kirk the English church do name ;
 The English church the Scots a kirk do call.
 Kirk, and not church, church and not kirk,—O shame !
 Your Kappa turn in Chi, or perish all.
 Assemblies meet, post bishops to the court ;
 If these two nations fight, 'tis strangers' sport.

Against the king, Sir, now why would ye fight ?
 Forsooth, because he dubbed me not a knight.
 And ye, my lords, why arm ye 'gainst King Charles ?
 Because of lords he would not make us earls.
 Earls, why do ye lead forth these warlike bands ?
 Because we will not quit the church's lands.
 Most holy church-men, what is your intent ?
 The King our stipends largely did augment.
 Commons, to tumult thus why are you driven ?
 Priests us persuade it is the way to heaven.
 Are these just cause of war (good people), grant ?
 Hoe ! plunder ! thou ne'er swore our covenant.

When lately Pym descended into hell,
 Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
 What place that was he callèd loud to tell,
 To whom a devil, " This is the Lower House." ¹

THE FIVE SENSES.

I. SEEING.

From such a face, whose excellence,
 May captivate my sovereign's sense,
 And make him (Phœbus like) his throne
 Resign to some young Phaeton,
 Whose skill-less and unstayed hand
 May prove the ruin of the land,
 Unless great Jove, down from the sky,

(1) This piece is illustrative of Drummond's deep aversion to Pym, and to the whole of the associates of Cromwell.

Beholding Earth's calamity,
Strike with his hand, which cannot err,
The proud usurping charioteer,
And cure (though Phœbus grieve) our woe ;
From such a face as can work so,
Wheresoever thou hast a being,
Bless my sovereign and his seeing.

II. HEARING.

From jest profane and flattering tongues,
From bawdy tales and beastly songs,
From after-supper suits, that fear
A parliament or council's ear ;
From Spanish treaties, that may wound
The country's peace, the Gospel's sound ;
From Job's false friends, that would entice
My sovereign from heaven's paradise ;
From prophets, such as Achab's were,
Whose flatterings sooth my sovereign's ear ;
His frowns more than his Maker's fearing ;
Bless my sovereign and his hearing.

III. TASTING.

From all fruit that is forbidden,
Such for which old Eve was chidden,
From bread of labours, sweat and toil,
From the poor widow's meal and oil,
From blood of innocents oft wrangled
From their etates, and from that's strangled ;
From the candid poisoned baits
Of Jesuits and their deceits ;
Italian salads, Romish drugs,
The milk of Babel's proud whores' dugs ;
From wine that can destroy the brain,
And from the dangerous figs of Spain,
At all banquets and all feasting,
Bless my sovereign and his tasting.

IV. FEELING.

From prick of conscience—such a sting
As slays the soul—Heaven bless the king !
From such a bribe as may withdraw
His thoughts from equity or law ;
From such a smooth and beardless chin
As may provoke or tempt to sin ;

From such a hand whose moist palm may
 My sovereign lead out of the way ;
 From things polluted and unclean ;
 From all things beastly and obscene ;
 From that may set his soul a reeling,
 Bless my sovereign and his feeling.

V. SMELLING.

Where myrrh and frankincense is thrown,
 The altar's built to gods unknown,
 O let my sovereign never dwell !—
 Such damned perfumes are fit for hell.
 Let no such scent his nostrils stain ;
 From smells that poison can the brain
 Heaven still preserve him. Next I crave
 Thou wilt be pleased, great God, to save
 My sovereign from a Ganymede,
 Whose whorish breath hath power to lead
 His excellence which way it list ;
 O let such lips be never kist !
 From a breath so far excelling,
 Bless my sovereign and his smelling.

THE ABSTRACT.

SEEING.

And now, just God, I humbly pray,
 That thou wilt take the slime away
 That keeps my sovereign's eyes from seeing
 The things that will be our undoing.

HEARING.

Then let him hear (good God) the sounds,
 As well of men as of his hounds.

TASTE.

Give him a taste, and truly too,
 Of what his subjects undergo.

FEELING AND SMELLING.

Give him a feeling of their woes,
 And then no doubt his royal nose
 Will quickly smell the rascals forth,
 Whose black deeds have eclipsed his worth :
 They found and scourged for their offences,
 Heavens, bless my sovereign and his senses.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BEAUMONT.—*Born 1586. Died 1616.*

FLETCHER.—*Born 1576. Died 1625.*

FRANCIS BEAUMONT was the third son of Francis Beaumont, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. He was born at Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire, and at the age of ten was admitted a Gentleman Commoner at Broadgate Hall, Oxford (now Pembroke College). On leaving Oxford he studied at the Inner Temple, where his "Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn" was performed in 1612. Beaumont's studies of law could not have been very great, for he seems to have devoted himself to the Muses almost at once, after leaving the University. He entered into a literary partnership with John Fletcher, in consequence of which their names are now always associated in literature under the title given to their dramatic firm, "Beaumont and Fletcher." They lived together for a considerable time "on the Bank-side, not far from the play-house," where they had all things in common—the same clothes, cloaks, &c. Subsequently Beaumont married Ursula, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Isley, of Sundridge, Kent, by whom he had two daughters; one of whom lived for a number of years in the family of the Duke of Ormond, and attained a great age, being still alive in the year 1700. Beaumont only lived until 1616, when he was thirty years of age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, close to the Earl of Middlesex's monument. There is no inscription to mark the spot.

JOHN FLETCHER was the son of Richard Fletcher, D.D., who was successively Bishop of Bristol, Worcester, and London. The bishop is still unenviably remembered, on account of his being chosen to attend Mary, Queen of Scots, at the time of her execution. His "memory will be execrated as long as the manly and pathetic pages of Dr. Stuart shall endure, for embittering, with officious zeal, the last moments of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. At which time," says Anthony Wood, "he being the person appointed to pray with and for her, did persuade her to renounce her religion, contrary to all Christianity (as it was by many then present so taken), *to her great disturbance!*"

John Fletcher, the bishop's son, was born at Rye, in Sussex, December 1576, and was admitted a pensioner at Bennet College when he was fifteen. The intimacy between Beaumont and Fletcher

seems to have commenced at Oxford, and from the nature of their literary partnership they must have continued (despite Beaumont's marriage) daily associates to the time of Beaumont's death. Fletcher only survived his friend nine years. In 1625 the Great Plague ravaged the metropolis. Fletcher received an invitation from a friend to go into the country. Unfortunately he delayed his departure in order to furnish himself with a new suit of clothes; and while he tarried the fatal infection took him, and he died. He was buried in the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

It is impossible in the present day to determine which portions of the plays published under their joint names were written by Beaumont and which by Fletcher. Dr. Earle, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury—a man intimately acquainted with Beaumont—asserted during the life-time of Fletcher, that the three plays, "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," and "King and No King," were exclusively the composition of Beaumont. Beaumont was the scholar, while Fletcher was the man of the world. Beaumont's strength lay most in the pathetic and solemn, while Fletcher's was in pleasantry and comedy :

" Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base."

There are, however, in some of the plays mock-heroic scenes of great excellence, which are known to have been written by Beaumont. Eleven of the plays to be found in their "Works" were written by Fletcher after Beaumont's death, and therefore their authorship belongs exclusively to him. As the object of this book is, as far as possible, to avoid quoting dramatic authors, the passages here given are taken chiefly from Beaumont's poetry. They will be found lively and original; and in the so-called "Sonnet," beginning, "Like a ring without a finger," there is a profuseness of lively imagery that is most charming.

SONNET.

Like a ring without a finger,
Or a bell without a ringer;
Like a horse was never ridden,
Or a feast and no guest bidden;
Like a well without a bucket,
Or a rose if no man pluck it:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The ring if worne the finger decks,
The bell pulled by the ringer speakes;
The horse doth ease if he be ridden,
The feast doth please if guest be bidden;

The bucket draws the water forth,
The rose when pluck'd is still most worth :
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like to a stock not grafted on,
Or like a lute not played upon ;
Like a jack without a weight,
Or a barque without a freight ;
Like a lock without a key,
Or a candle in the day :
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The grafted stock doth beare best fruit,
There's music in the fingered lute ;
The weight doth make the jack go ready,
The freight doth make the barque go steady ;
The key the lock doth open right,
The candle's useful in the night :
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a call without " Anon, sir,"
Or a question and no answer ;
Like a ship was never rigged,
Or a mine was never digged ;
Like a wound without a tent,¹
Or civet-boxe without a scent :
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The " Anon, sir," doth obey the call,
The question answered pleaseth all ;
Who rigs a ship sailes with the wind,
Who digs a mine doth treasure find ;
The wound by wholesome tent hath ease,
The boxe perfumed the senses please :
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like marrow-bone was never broken,
Or commendations and no token ;
Like a fort and none to win it,
Or like the moon and no man in it ;

(1) *Tent*—a roll of lint: *i.e.* a wound without any medical tent, or treatment.

Like a schoole without a teacher,
 Or like a pulpit and no preacher :
 Just such as these may she be said
 That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The broken marrow-bone is sweet,
 The token doth adorne the greet ;
 There's triumph in the fort being woon,
 The man rides glorious in the moon ;
 The schoole is by the teacher stilled,
 The pulpit by the preacher filled :
 Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a cage without a bird,
 Or a thing too long deferr'd ;
 Like the gold was never tryed,
 Or the ground unoccupied ;
 Like a house that's not possessed,
 Or the book was never pressed :
 Just such as these may she be said
 That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The bird in cage doth sweetly sing,
 Due season prefers every thing ;
 The gold that's tryed from drosse is pur'd,
 There's profit in the ground manur'd ;
 The house is by possession graced,
 The book when pressed is then embraced :
 Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

ETERNITY OF LOVE PROTESTED.

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
 Whose pale weake flame
 Cannot retaine
 His heat in spight of absence or disdaine ;
 But doth at once, like paper on fire
 Burne and expire.

True love can never change his seat,
 Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
 That noble flame which my breast keeps alive
 Shall still survive
 When my soule's fled :
 Nor shall my love die when my body's dead ;
 That shall waite on me to the lower shade,
 And never fade.
 My very ashes in their urne
 Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burne.

IN THE PRAISE OF SACK.

Listen all, I pray,
 To the words I have to say ;
 In memory sure insert 'um :
 Rich wines do us raise
 To the honour of baies,—
 Quem non fecere disertum ?

Of all the juice
 Which the gods produce,
 Sack shall be preferr'd before them ;
 Tis sack that shall
 Create us all,
 Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all ale,
 And beer that is stale,
 Rosa-solis, and damnable hum ;
 But we will crack
 In the praise of sack
 'Gainst omme quod exit in um.

This is the wine
 Which, in former time,
 Each wise one of the magi
 Was wont to arouse
 In a frolick bouse,
 Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane,
 And a rope be their shame,
 Let the gout and collick pine 'um,
 That offer to shrink
 In taking their drink,
 Seu Graecum sive Latinum.

Let the glasse go round,
 Let the quart-pot sound,
 Let each one do as he's done to :
 Avant, ye that hug
 The abominable jug ;
 'Mongst us Heteroclita sunt.

There's no such disease
 As he that doth please
 His palate with beere for to shame us :
 'Tis sack makes us sing
 Hey down adown ding ;
 Musa Paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute,
 Or doth poorly dispute,
 That drinks aught else but wine, O :
 The more wine a man drinks,
 Like a subtle sphinx,
 Tantum valet ille loquendo.

'Tis true, our soules
 By the lowsie bowles
 Of beere, that doth nought but swill us,
 Do go into swine,
 (Pythagoras, 'tis thine)
 Nam vos mutastis et illos.

When I've sack in my braine,
 I'm in a merry veine,
 And this to me a blisse is :
 Him that is wise
 I can justly despise ;
 Mecum confertur Ulisses.

How it cheares the brains,
 How it warms the vains,
 How against all crosses it arms us

How it makes him that's poore
 Courageously roare,
 Et mutatas dicere formas!

Give me the boy,
 My delight and my joy,
 To my tantum that drinks his tale :
 By sack that he waxes
 In our syntaxes,
 Est verbum personale.

Art thou weake or lame,
 Or thy wits to blame ?
 Call for sack, and thou shalt have it ;
 'Twill make thee rise
 And be very wise,
 Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolic rounds,
 We have merry go downs,
 Yet nothing is done at randome ;
 For when we are to pay
 We club and away,
 Id est commune notandum.

The blades that want cash
 Have credit for crash,
 They'll have sack, whatever it cost 'um ;
 They do not pay
 Till another day,
 Manet alta mente repostum.

Who ne'er failes to drink
 All cleare from the brink,
 With a smooth and even swallow,
 I'll offer at his shrine,
 And call it divine,
 Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still,
 And never hath his fill,
 Hath a passage like a conduit ;
 The sack doth inspire
 In rapture and fire,
 Sic æther æthera fundit.

When you merrily quaffe,
 If any do off,
 And then from you needs will passe ye,
 Give their nose a twitch,
 And kick them in the britch,
 Nam componuntur ab asse.

I have told you plain,
 And tell you again,
 Be he furious as Orlando,
 He is an asse
 That from hence doth passe,
 Nisi bibit ab ostia stando.

FROM "THE ELDER BROTHER."

Beauty clear and fair,
 Where the air
 Rather like a perfume dwells,
 Where the violet and the rose
 Their blue veins in blush disclose,
 And come to honour nothing else ;

Where to live near,
 And planted there,
 Is to live, and still live new ;
 Where to gain a favour is
 More than light, perpetual bliss,
 Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
 To this light,
 A stranger to himself and all ;
 Both the wonder and the story
 Shall be yours, and eke the glory :
 I am your servant, and your thrall.

FROM "THE MAID'S TRAGEDY."

- Asp.* Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say, I died true :
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth :
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth !
- Dula.* I could never have the pow'r
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly :
Venus, fix thou mine eyes fast,
Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.
-

FROM "VALENTINIAN."

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince : fall like a cloud,
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain,
'Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

FROM "ROLLO."

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn ;
But my kisses bring again
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears ;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

FROM "NICE VALOUR, OR THE PASSIONATE
MADMAN."

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
'There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy :
Oh, sweetest melancholy !
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound !

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
A midnight bell, a parting groan !
These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley :
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.



PHILIP MASSINGER.

Born 1584. Died 1640.

PHILIP MASSINGER was born at Salisbury. His father was one of the retainers of the Earl of Pembroke, and acted as courier in carrying communications between Queen Elizabeth and the Earl. Massinger entered at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, in 1602, where he was supported by the Earl of Pembroke. He is said to have spent his time at the University more in reading poetry and romances than in studying logic and philosophy. He left Oxford without taking a degree, and seems to have lost the favour of his patron. Having gone to London, he devoted himself at once to dramatic writing, though it is probable he rather aided others than attempted anything original of his own. It was not until he had been sixteen years in London that his first original play, "The Virgin Martyr," was produced (1622). After Beaumont's death he assisted Fletcher in the composition of several of his plays. Altogether there were thirty-seven plays which appeared under Massinger's name, of which he had written either the whole or a great part. Eighteen of his plays still exist, and there were ten more which were destroyed in MS. by the carelessness of a servant of Warburton. The last play of Massinger's composition appeared only six weeks before his death. He died March 17, 1640, and was buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark, as a "stranger," *i.e.* a non-parishioner.

Massinger's plays are distinguished for their abstinence from the coarse oaths which pervade the dramatic writings of his day; and in general for a purer and better taste than we find in the writers of his time. His works are particularly interesting as expositions of the state of society at the period in which he wrote. "The City Madam," from which a scene is here given, exhibits the vulgar and pretentious opulence of City people, the neediness and dishonesty of courtiers, and is throughout a fearful holding-up of the mirror to nature in the times that immediately preceded the Great Rebellion.

THE CITY MADAM. ACT IV. SCENE 4.

*A Room in SIR JOHN FRUGAL'S House.**Enter* HOLDFAST, STARGAZE, *and* MILLISCENT.*Star.* Not wait upon my lady?*Hold.* Nor come at her;

You find it not in your almanack.

Mill. Nor I have licence

To bring her breakfast?

Hold. My new master hath

Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted long;

And after a carnival, Lent ever follows.

Mill. Give me the key of her wardrobe.

You'll repent this;

I must know what gown she'll wear.

Hold. You are mistaken,

Dame president of the sweetmeats; she and her daughters

Are turn'd philosophers, and must carry all

Their wealth about them: they have clothes laid in their chamber,

If they please to put them on, and without help too,

Or they may walk naked. You look, Master Stargaze,

As you had seen a strange count, and had now foretold

The end of the world, and on what day; and you,

As the wasps had broke into the gallipots,

And eaten up your apricots.

Lady Frug. (within). Stargaze! Milliscent!*Mill.* My lady's voice.*Hold.* Stir not, you are confined here.—Your ladyship may approach them, if you please; [*Aloud.*

But they are bound in this circle.

Lady Frug. (within). Mine own bees

Rebel against me! When my kind brother knows this,

I will be so revenged!

Hold. The world's well alter'd.

He's your kind brother now; but yesterday

Your slave and jesting-stock.

Enter LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY, *in coarse habits,*
*weeping.**Mill.* What witch hath transform'd you?*Star.* Is this the glorious shape your cheating brother
Promised you should appear in?

Mill. My young ladies
In buffin gowns, and green aprons ! tear them off :
Rather shew all than be seen thus.

Hold. 'Tis more comely;
I wis, than their other whim-whams.

Mill A French hood too,
Now 'tis out of fashion ! a fool's cap would shew better.

Lady Frug. We are fools indeed ! by whose command are
we used thus ?

Enter LUKE.

Hold. Here he comes can best resolve you.

Lady Frug. O, good brother !
Do you thus preserve your protestation to me ?
Can queens envy this habit ? or did Juno
E'er feast in such a shape ?

Anne. You talk'd of Hebe,
Of Iris, and I know not what ; but were they
Dress'd as we are ? they were sure some chandler's daughters
Bleaching linen in Moorfields.

Mary. Or Exchange wenches,
Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday
At Pimlico, or Islington.

Luke. Save you, sister !
I now dare style you so : you were before
Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear
Like a city matron ; and my pretty nieces
Such things as were born and bred there. Why should you ape
The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles,
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant
For their superfluous bravery ? 'Twas monstrous :
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

Lady Frug. Is this spoken
In scorn ?

Luke. Fie ! no ; with judgment. I make good
My promise, and now shew you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes ; and stand resolved
You shall continue so.

Lady Frug. It is confess'd, sir.

Luke. Sir ! sirrah : use your old phrase, I can bear it

Lady Frug. That, if you please, forgotten, we acknowledge .
We have deserv'd ill from you ; yet despair not,
Though we are at your disposure, you'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

Lady Frug. And not make us ridiculous.

Luke.

Admired rathe.

As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood, to imitate. Do not frown ;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,
And rise up a new satirist : but hear gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by't.

Lady Frug. We are bound to hear you.

Luke. With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was
An honest country farmer, Goodman Humble,
By his neighbours ne'er called Master. Did your pride
Descend from him ? but let that pass : your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight,
And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin,
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far
You were privileged, and no man envied it ;
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician and plebeian.

Mill. Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some other text ;
Your rhetoric is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.

Luke. Peace, chattering magpie !

I'll treat of you anon :—but when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name Lady Mayoress
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means
By which you were raised, my brother's fond indulgence
Giving the reins to it ; and no object pleased you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court ;
What a strange, nay monstrous, metamorphosis follow'd !
No English workman then could please your fancy,
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse :
This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd
To buzz into your ears what shape this countess
Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew

The young lord's eyes upon her ; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place,
To walk before you——

Lady Frug.

Pray you, end.

Hold.

Proceed, sir ;

I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you,
You touch them so to the quick.

Luke.

Then, as I said,

The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl ; your carcanets¹
That did adorn your neck, of equal value :
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio ruffs ;²
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats ; and sickness feign'd,
That your night-rails of forty pounds a-piece
Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants ;
Rich pantofles³ in ostentation shewn,
And roses⁴ worth a family ; you were served in plate,
Stirr'd not a foot without your coach ; and going
To church, not for devotion, but to shew
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars cried,
Heaven save your honour ! this idolatry
Paid to a painted room.

Hold.

Nay, you have reason

To blubber, all of you.

Luke.

And when you lay

In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,
And that for waiters ; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests ; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian dye ; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle ; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.

Lady Frug.

No more, I pray you.

Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in your daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits : not in revenge

(1) *Carcanet*—a necklace set with stones.

(2) *Ruffs*—Small ruffs were worn by citizens' wives, the large Spanish ruffs by courtiers and ladies of rank.

(3) *Pantofles*—slippers.

(4) *Roses*—shoe-rosettes.

Of your base usage of me, but to fright
Others by your example : 'tis decreed
You shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these useless drones !

Hold. Will you pack ?

Mill. Not till I have

My trunks along with me.

Luke. Not a rag ; you came

Hither without a box.

Star. You'll shew to me,

I hope, sir, more compassion.

Hold. Troth I'll be

Thus far a suitor for him : he hath printed

An almanack, for this year, at his own charge ;

Let him have the impression with him, to set up with.

Luke. For once I'll be entreated ; let it be
Thrown to him out of the window.

Star. O cursed stars

That reign'd at my nativity ! how have you cheated
Your poor observer !

Anne. Must we part in tears ?

Mary. Farewell, good Milliscent !

Lady Frug. I am sick, and meet with

A rough physician. O my pride and scorn !

How justly am I punish'd !

Mary. Now we suffer

For our stubbornness and disobedience

To our good father.

Anne. And the base conditions

We imposed upon our suitors.

Luke. Get you in

And caterwaul in a corner.

Lady Frug. There's no contending.

[LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY go off at one door.

STARGAZE and MILLISCENT at the other.

Luke. How

Lik'st thou my carriage, Holdfast ?

Hold. Well, in some parts ;

But it relishes, I know not how, a little

Of too much tyranny.

Luke. Thou art a fool :

He's cruel to himself that dares not be

Severe to those that used him cruelly.

[*Exeunt.*

THE DUKE OF MILAN. ACT I. SCENE 3.

SFORZA, supposed Duke of Milan.
MARCELIA, the Duchess, wife of Sforza.
TIBERIO and STEPHANO, Lords of the
Council.

FRANCISCO, the favourite of Sforza.
ISABELLA, mother of Sforza.
MARIANA, wife of Francisco.
Attendants, &c.

Sfor. You are the mistress of the feast—sit here,
O my soul's comfort ! and when Sforza bows
Thus low to do you honour, let none think
The meanest service they can pay my love,
But as a fair addition to those titles
They stand possest of. Let me glory in
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O mother, look on her ! sister, admire her !
And since this present age yields not a woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past, and let imagination help,
Of those canonized ladies Sparta boasts of,
And in her greatness, Rome was proud to owe,
To fashion one ; yet still you must confess,
The phoenix of perfection ne'er was seen,
But in my fair Marcelia.

Fran. She's indeed,
The wonder of all times.

Tib. Your excellence,
Though I confess you give her but her own,
Forces her modesty to the defence
Of a sweet blush.

Sfor. It need not, my Marcelia ;
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
A poor detractor : for thou art indeed
So absolute in body and in mind,
That but to speak the least part to the height,
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end
In silent admiration !

Isab. You still court her,
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.

Sfor. A mistress, mother ! she is more to me,
And every day deserves more to be sued to.
Such as are clov'd with those they have embraced

May think their wooing done : no night to me
 But is a bridal one, where Hymen lights
 His torches fresh and new ; and those delights,
 Which are not to be clothed in airy sounds,
 Enjoy'd, beget desires as full of heat
 And jovial fervour as when first I tasted
 Her virgin fruit—Blest night ! and be it number'd
 Amongst those happy ones, in which a blessing
 Was, by the full consent of all the stars,
 Conferr'd upon mankind.

Marc. My worthiest lord !
 The only object I behold with pleasure,—
 My pride, my glory, in a word, my all !
 Bear witness, Heaven, that I esteem myself
 In nothing worthy of the meanest praise
 You can bestow, unless it be in this,
 That in my heart I love and honour you.
 And, but that it would smell of arrogance,
 To speak my strong desire and zeal to serve you,
 I then could say, these eyes yet never saw
 The rising sun, but that my vows and prayers
 Were sent to Heaven for the prosperity
 And safety of my lord : nor have I ever
 Had other study, but how to appear
 Worthy your favour ; and that my embraces
 Might yield a fruitful harvest of content
 For all your noble travail in the purchase
 Of her that's still your servant : By these lips,
 Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss——

Sfor. O swear for ever, swear !

Marc. I ne'er will seek
 Delight but in your pleasure : and desire,
 When you are sated with all earthly glories,
 And age and honours make you fit for heaven,
 That one grave may receive us.

Sfor. 'Tis believed,
 Believed, my blest one.

Mari. How she winds herself
 Into his soul !

Sfor. Sit all—Let others feed
 On those gross cates, while Sforza banquets with
 Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.
 I could live ever thus.—Command the eunuch
 To sing the ditty that I last composed,

Enter a COURIER.

In praise of my Marcelia,—From whence?

Cour. From Pavia, my dread lord.

Sfor.

Speak, is all lost?

Cour. (*delivers a letter*). The letter will inform you.

Fran.

How his hand shakes,

As he receives it!

Mari.

This is some allay

To his hot passion.

Sfor.

Though it bring death, I'll read it:

"May it please your excellence to understand, that the very hour I write this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a herald from the Emperor, which was cheerfully received by the King of France. The batailles being ready to join, and the vanguard committed to my charge, enforces me to end abruptly,

Your Highness's humble servant,

GASPERO."

Ready to join!—By this then I am nothing,

Or my estate secure.

[*Aside.*

Marc.

My lord.

Sfor.

To doubt,

Is worse than to have lost: and to despair,

Is but to antedate those miseries

That must fall on us; all my hopes depending

Upon this battle's fortune. In my soul,

Methinks, there should be that imperious power,

By supernatural, not usual means,

T' inform me what I am. The cause consider'd,

Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong,

Their numbers full, and in their councils wise;

But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,

Hot in his executions; fortunate

In his attempts; married to victory:—

Ay, there it is that shakes me.

Fran.

Excellent lady,

This day was dedicated to your honour;

One gale of your sweet breath will easily

Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself, there's none

That dare speak to him.

Marc.

I will run the hazard—

My lord!

Sfor. Ha!—pardon me, Marcelia, I am troubled;

And stand uncertain, whether I am master

Of aught that's worth the owning.

Marc. I am yours, sir :
 And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
 There was no loss could move you. This day, sir,
 Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke
 A grant made to Marcelia ? your Marcelia ?
 For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,
 All deep designs, and state-affairs deferr'd,
 Be, as you purposed, merry.

Sfor. Out of my sight ! [*Throws away*
 And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake me. [*the letter.*
 Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate :
 Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,
 The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,
 Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,
 And seek for new life here. Why are you sad ?
 No other sports ! By Heaven, he's not my friend
 That wears one furrow in his face. I was told
 There was a masque.

Fran. They wait your highness' pleasure,
 And when you please to have it.

Sfor. Bid them enter :
 Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—
 'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,
 But all my days, and years, shall be employ'd
 To do thee honour.



GEORGE WITHER.

Born 1588. Died 1667.

WITHER was born at Bentworth, in Hampshire, June 11, 1588. He was the second son of John Wither, Esq. living on his ancestral property at Manydowne, near Wotton St. Lawrence. After receiving his education at the Grammar School of Colemere he entered at Magdalen College, Oxon, in 1604, having for his tutor Dr. Warner, subsequently Bishop of Rochester. After being about three years at the University, he left it without taking his degree. He says in his Satires he was called home to "hold the plough," which may be satirical, but is certainly not true. He went to London, and entered at Lincoln's Inn. He did no more in the law than he had done in the University. The first mention that we find of him is as the author of various fugitive pieces of poetry which were circulated among his friends.

In 1613 he succeeded in making himself famous by the publication of his Satires on the manners of the time, entitled, "Abuses Stript and Whipt." The Government took offence at certain expressions in this work, and committed the author to the Marshalsea, where he remained caged for several months. In confinement he published his Satire to the King, 1614, bitterly complaining of his imprisonment, which procured his release. After his liberation he published his "Songs and Hymns of the Church," dedicated to James I. On the King's death he made a pilgrimage to the Queen of Bohemia, and presented her with a copy of his Translation of the Psalms, in which work he had been encouraged by her father, James I. His poetry, and the usage he had endured, made him very popular with the Puritanical party. His denunciation of the abuses of the time made his poetry, and also his prose, most acceptable to the malcontents. He lived in ease upon the estate which he inherited, and at the commencement of the civil commotions in 1639 served under the Earl of Arundel as a Captain of Horse in the expedition of Charles I. against the Scotch Covenanters. Subsequently, when the war commenced between the King and his English subjects, Wither turned round, and having sold his estate, raised a troop of horse for the Parliament. He was promoted to the rank of Major. On his colours he carried the motto "Pro Rege, Lege, Grege." In 1642 he was appointed Commander of Farnham Castle, Surrey, which he deserted. He was taken prisoner by the Royalists, and, it is said, owed his life to Sir John Denham, who requested the King not to hang Wither, because, whilst he lived, Denham would not be thought the worst poet in England.

Having regained his liberty, he was made Justice of the Peace in Quorum, by the Long Parliament, for Hampshire, Surrey, and Essex. Cromwell made him Major-General of the Horse and Foot in Surrey, in which office "he licked his fingers sufficiently, gaining thereby a great odium from the generous Royalists." At the Restoration he was compelled to disgorge his gains, and was also committed to Newgate as author of a publication entitled "Vox Vulgi." On confessing that he was so, he was sent to the Tower, where he continued for some time a prisoner, being forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper. He was released from thence July 27, 1663. On the 2d of May 1667 he died in the Savoy, and was buried within the east door of the Church of the Savoy.

Wither's poetry is very unequal, and a great deal of it slovenly and unfinished. Anthony Wood said the things he had written "*were accounted by the generality of scholars mere scribbles.*" Critics of the present century have detected in him a true poetic genius, and he has received honours from Campbell, Hazlitt, and Sir Egerton Brydges which had not previously been paid him. His early poetry was decidedly his best. Charles Lamb says that the praises of poetry have often been sung, and its force over fascinated crowds has been acknowledged; but, "before Wither, no one had celebrated its power at home: the wealth and strength which that divine gift confers on the possessor."

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be!

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be!

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be!

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be!

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be!

FROM THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF THE
SHEPHERD'S HUNTING.¹

Roget. If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing, she gets power ;
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more,
Till she to the high'st hath past ;
Then she rests with fame at last.
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight ;
For, if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb ;
There begin again, and fly,
Till I reached eternity.
But, alas ! my Muse is slow,
For thy place she flags too low ;
Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late ;
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
Am myself put up a muing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly where I never did.
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double,
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banished from my flocks,
And confined within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields ;
Though I may not see those groves
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,

(1) Wither, under the name of Roget, exhorts his friend Willy (William Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals") not to give up courting the Muse on account of envy or detraction. He then declares the solace which poetry has been to him. The scene is in the Marshalsea, where Wither was imprisoned on account of his Satires, and where Browne is supposed to be visiting him.

And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel ;
Though of all those pleasures past
Nothing now remains at last,
But remembrance (poor relief),
That more makes than mends my grief :
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre envy's evil will ;
Whence she should be driven too,
Wer't in mortal's power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling ;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull lonesome, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made ;
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves ;
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss ;
The rude portals, which give light
More to terror than delight ;
This my chamber of Neglect,
Walled about with Direspect :

From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair,
 She hath taught me by her might
 To draw comfort and delight.
 Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this :
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content
 That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
 Though they as a trifle leave thee
 Whose dull thoughts can not conceive thee ;
 Though thou be to them a scorn
 Who to nought but earth are born ;
 Let my life no longer be
 Than I am in love with thee.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP !

Sleep, baby, sleep ! What ails my dear ?
 What ails my darling, thus to cry ?
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
 To hear me sing thy lullaby.
 My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessèd soul, what canst thou fear ?
 What thing to thee can mischief do ?
 Thy God is now thy father dear,
 His holy Spouse thy mother too.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
 A sacred bathing thou hast had ;
 And though thy birth unclean hath been,
 A blameless babe thou now art made.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
 For thee great blessings ripening be ;
 Thine eldest brother is a King,
 And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy Protector threatened are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight :
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He ;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be convey'd.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
He friends and helpers doth prepare,
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease ;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay, and asses fed :
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee ;
And by His torments and His pain
Thy rest and ease securèd be.

My baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast yet more, to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE.

I loved a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen :
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen.
But, fool as then I was,
I thought she loved me too :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star ;
She did surpass her sister,
Which pass'd all others far ;
She would me "honey" call ;
She'd, oh !—she'd kiss me too :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had ;
She was my only sweeting,
She made my heart full glad ;
The tears stood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew :
But now, alas ! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry ;
Her skin was white as snow ;
When she was blithe and merry,
She angel-like did show ;

Her waist exceeding small ;
 The fives did fit her shoe :
 But now, alas ! she's left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter
 She had her heart's desire ;
 I still did scorn to stint her
 From sugar, sack, or fire ;
 The world went round about,
 No cares we ever knew :
 But now, alas ! she's left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

To maidens' vows and swearing
 Henceforth no credit give ;
 You may give them the hearing,
 But never them believe ;
 They are as false as fair,
 Unconstant, frail, untrue :
 For mine, alas ! hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.



THOMAS CAREW.

Born 1589. Died 1639.

THOMAS CAREW was the younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, one of the Carews of Gloucestershire, and descended from the old stock—the Carews of Devonshire. Lord Clarendon says that Thomas Carew was born in 1589. The date is commonly accepted. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxon : but never took a degree. After travelling as a young man on the Continent, he returned to England, and was received with special favour at the Court of Charles I. The King appointed him a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. Carew passed his time in gaiety, affluence, and the sunshine of the Court of Charles, and died before the days of trouble came. He was much regarded in his day by Ben Jonson, and Davenant, and Sir John Suckling, so that we often find the name of Carew mentioned among the set that associated with Rare Ben ! He died in 1639, and Lord Clarendon says “his glory was, that after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness

than it ought to have been, he died with great remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity."

Carew's poetry is all of a light and airy character, and deals with trifles. But it is polished and beautiful of its kind. Hallam hesitates whether to give the preference to him or Waller, to whom he holds Carew superior in fancy and tenderness. Carew was slow and careful in composition, and cultivated with exceeding care the graces of lyrical composition.

EPITAPH.

MARIA WENTWORTH,¹ THOMÆ COMITIS CLEVELAND FILIA
PRIMOGENITA, VIRGINIAM ANIMAM EXHALAVIT
AN. DOM. — ÆT. SUÆ

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-tempered clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betrayed.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height it soared to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd
To parents ; courtesy, behind ;
On either side, an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

So, though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justify'd
A chaste polygamy, and dy'd.

Learn from hence, reader, what small trust
We owe this world, where Virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

(1) She was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, fourth Baron and Earl of Cleveland, who was promoted to various dignities through the interest of Archbishop Laud. He was one of the most zealous Royalists, and survived to head the triumphal procession on the entrance of Charles II. into London. The barony descended to Anne Isabella, Lady Byron (widow of the poet), who in 1856 became Baroness Wentworth.

THE PROTESTATION.

No more shall meads be decked with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;
Nor April violets paint the grove,
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn ;
The fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;
The humble oak no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow ;
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly ;
The sun refuse to show his light,
And day shall then be turned to night ;
And in that night no star appear,
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth ;
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell ;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

Read in these roses the sad story
Of my hard fate, and your own glory :
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fainting lover ;
In the red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red express my anguish :
The white my innocence displaying ;
The red my martyrdom betraying.

The frowns that on your brow resided
Have those roses thus divided.
Oh ! let your smiles but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties' orient deep
These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For in pure love Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ;
For in your sweet-dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain its fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires :
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

UPON MY LORD CHIEF JUSTICE FINCH.

HIS ELECTION OF MY LADY ANNE WENTWORTH FOR HIS MISTRESS.

Hear this and tremble, all
 Usurping beauties that create
 A government tyrannical
 In Love's free state :
 Justice hath to the sword of your edged eyes
 His equal balance joined ; his sage head lies
 In Love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

Hark how the stern Law breathes
 Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
 No fetters but of silken wreaths
 And braided hairs :
 His dreadful rods and axes are exiled,
 Whilst he sits crowned with roses : Love hath fil'd
 His native roughness ; Justice is grown mild.

The golden age returns ;
 Love's bow and quiver useless lie,
 His shaft, his brand, nor wounds nor burns ;
 And cruelty
 Is sunk to hell : the fair shall all be kind ;
 Who loves shall be beloved ; the froward mind
 To a deformèd shape shall be confin'd.

Astræa hath possest
 An earthly seat, and now remains
 In Finch's heart ; but Wentworth's breast
 That guest contains :
 With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies,
 Nor lost her sphere ; for, new-enthroned, she cries,
 " I know no heaven but fair Wentworth's eyes."

1 She was the sister of the Lady Maria before mentioned ; but the Chief Justice's addresses were not successful. The Lady Anne married Lord Lovelace.

THE ENQUIRY.

Amongst the myrtles as I walked
Love and my sighs thus inter-talked :
"Tell me, (said I in deep distress)
Where may I find my shepherdess?"

"Thou fool," (said Love) "know'st thou not this,
In everything that's good she is ?
In yonder tulip go and seek ;
There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

"In yon enamelled pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eyes.
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There waves the streamers of her blood.

"In brightest lilies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand.
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell."

"'Tis true" (said I) : and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union ;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt : said Love, "These be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee :
And as these flowers thy joys shall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye ;
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together."

THE HUE AND CRY.

In Love's name, you are charged hereby,
To make a speedy hue and cry
After a face which, t'other day,
Stole my wandering heart away.
To direct you, these in brief
Are ready marks to know the thief :

Her hair a net of beams would prove
 Strong enough to capture Jove
 In his eagle shape ; her brow
 Is a comely field of snow ;
 Her eye so rich, so pure a grey,
 Every beam creates a day ;
 And if she but sleep (not when
 The sun sets), 'tis night again ;
 In her cheeks are to be seen
 Of flowers both the king and queen,
 Thither by the Graces led,
 And freshly laid in nuptial bed ;
 On whom lips like nymphs do wait,
 Who deplore their virgin state ;
 Oft they blush, and blush for this,
 That they one another kiss.
 But observe, beside the rest
 You shall know this felon best
 By her tongue ; for if your ear
 Once a heavenly music hear,
 Such as neither gods nor men
 But from that voice shall hear again,
 That, that is she. O, straight surprize,
 And bring her unto Love's assize :
 If you let her go, she may
 Antedate the latter-day,
 Fate and Philosophy controul,
 And leave the world without a soul.



FRANCIS QUARLES.

Born 1592. Died 1644.

QUARLES came of a respectable family in Essex. After completing his education at Christ's College, Cambridge, he entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn. He was appointed cupbearer to the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia. Having left her service, he became Secretary to Archbishop Usher, and resided in Ireland. When the Irish Rebellion broke out in 1641, Quarles was obliged to fly to England, and was a great sufferer, not only by his losses in Ireland, but

subsequently through losses inflicted by the Parliamentarians in England. He had a pension from Charles I. and was appointed Chronologer to the City of London. In the total overthrow of the Royal cause he was not only stript of his property, but his library and manuscripts were plundered. It is said that grief for his losses hastened his death. He expired September 8, 1644.

Quarles is one of those authors who can hardly take rank among Poets, and yet one whom it is not well to pass over in silence. The quaint, and oftentimes absurd, conceits of the English divines of the times of James and Charles find their expression in versification in the works of Quarles.

Quarles' poetry is in a great measure pious whims. It has sincerity, feeling, earnestness ; but it is frequently so grotesque in its imagery, that we should doubt whether the author was not making fun of holy things, did we not know that the fashion of his Muse was but to "do into verse" the prose of the pulpit. Quarles' "Emblems" are the only productions of his pen which can be said to have lived until the present time. They have survived, and been reproduced, because there has always been a certain class of mind in England, since 1640, which has liked its religion spiced and flavoured with quaintness of illustration. Quarles was a sturdy Royalist, and went down in the shipwreck of the Royal cause. Probably he would have taken his "Emblems" and all his other saintly humour along with him, and with Prospero would have exclaimed,

"—deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book,"

if he could have foreseen that his verses would become favoured strains with the conventical descendants of the Puritans.

A FEAST FOR WORMS.

MEDITATION I.

What thing is man, that God's regard is such ?
Or why should Heaven love wretchless man so much ?
Why ? What are men, but quickned lumps of earth ?
A Feast for Worms : a bubble full of breath ;
A looking-glass for grief ; a flash, a minute ;
A painted tomb, with putrefaction in it ;
A map of death ; a burthen of a song ;
A winter's dust ; a worm of five-foot long ;
Begot in sin ; in darkness nourisht ; born
In sorrow ; naked, shiftless, and forlorn.
His first voice (heard) is crying for relief :
Alas ! he comes into a world of grief.

His age is sinful, and his youth is vain ;
 His life's a punishment, his death's a pain :
 His life's an hour of joy, a world of sorrow ;
 His death's a winter's night that finds no morrow :
 Man's life's an hour-glass, which, being run,
 Concludes that hour of joy, and so is done.
 Jonab must go ; nor is this charge confined
 To Jonab, but to all the world enjoyn'd.
 You Magistrates, arise, and take delight
 In dealing justice and maintaining right ;
 There lies your Niniveh. Merchants, arise,
 And mingle conscience with your merchandise.
 Lawyers, arise, make not your righteous laws
 A trick for gain ; let justice rule the cause.
 Tradesmen, arise, and ply your thriving shops
 With truer hands, and eat your meat with drops.
 Paul, to thy tent, and Peter, to thy net ;
 And all must go that course which God hath set.
 Great God, awake us in these drowzy times,
 Lest vengeance find us sleeping in our crimes !
 Encrease succession in Thy Prophets' lieu,
 For, lo ! Thy harvest's great and workmen few.

EMBLEMS.

" Draw me : we will follow after thee by the savour of thy good oyntments." *Canticles, 1-3.*

I.

Thus like a lump of the corrupted mass
 I lie secure, long lost before I was ;
 And like a block, beneath whose burthen lies
 That undiscover'd worm that never dies,
 I have no will to rouze, I have no power to rise.

II.

Can stinking Laz'rus compound or strive
 With death's entangling fetters, and revive ?
 Or can the water-buried axe implore
 A hand to raise it, or its self restore,
 And from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot shore.

III.

So hard's the task for sinful flesh and blood
To lend the smallest step to what is good.
My God, I cannot move the least degree !
Ah ! if but only those that active be,
None should Thy glory see, none should Thy glory see.

IV.

But if the Potter please t' inform the clay,
Or some strong hand remove the block away,
Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher :
That proves a vessel which before was mire ;
And this, being hewn, may serve for better use than fire.

V.

And if that life-restoring voice command
Dead Laz'rus forth ; or that great Prophet's hand
Should charm the sullen waters, and begin
To beckon, or to dart a stick but in ;
Dead Laz'rus must revive, and th' axe must float again.

VI.

Lord, as I am, I have no power at all
To hear Thy voice, or echo to Thy call ;
The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me ;
Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets, invite me :
They neither can direct ; nor these at all delight me.

VII.

See how my sin be-mangled body lies,
Not having power to will, nor will to rise !
Shine home upon Thy creature, and inspire
My lifeless will with Thy regenerate fire ;
The first degree to do is only to desire.

VIII.

Give me the power to will, the will to do ;
O raise me up, and I will strive to go :
Draw me, O draw me with Thy treble twist
That have no power but merely to resist ;
O lend me strength to do, and then command Thy list.

IX.

My soul's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use
And winding up, being subject to the abuse

Of eating rust) wants vigour to fulfil
 Her twelve hours' task, and show her Maker's skill,
 But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

X.

Great God, it is Thy work, and therefore good :
 If Thou be pleased to cleanse it with Thy blood,
 And wind it up with Thy soul-moving keys,
 Her busie wheels shall serve Thee all her days,
 Her hand shall point Thy power, her hammer strike Thy praise.

P E N T E L O G I A.

DOLOR INFERNI.

The trump shall blow, the dead (awak'd) shall rise,
 And to the clouds shall turn their wondring eyes ;
 The heavens shall ope, the Bridegroom forth shall come
 To judge the world, and give the world her doom ;
 Joy to the just, to others endless smart :
 To those the voice bids, Come ; to these, Depart :
 Depart from life, yet (dying) live for ever ;
 For ever dying be, and yet die never :
 Depart like dogs, with devils take your lot ;
 Depart like devils, for *I know you not* :
 Like dogs, like devils go, Go howl and bark ;
 Depart in darkness, for your deeds were dark ;
 Let roaring be your musick, and your food
 Be flesh of vipers, and your drink their blood ;
 Let fiends afflict you with reproach and shame ;
 Depart, depart, into eternal flame ;
 To hell the guerdion then of sinners be :
 Lord, give me hell on earth, (Lord) give me heaven with Thee.

AN ALPHABET OF ELEGIES

On the Death of Dr. Ailmer, late Archdeacon of London.

ELEGY ON THE LETTER N.

No, no, he is not dead ; the mouth of Fame,
 Honour's shrill herald, would preserve his name,
 And make it live in spite of death and dust,
 Were there no other heaven, no other trust.

He is not dead: the sacred Nine deny
 The soul that merits fame should ever die.
 He lives ; and when the latest breath of fame
 Shall want her trump to glorifie a name,
 He shall survive, and these self-closed eyes,
 That now lie slumb'ring in the dust, shall rise,
 And, fill'd with endless glory, shall enjoy
 The perfect vision of eternal joy.

MILDREIADOS.

STANZA XVI. *from an ELEGY to the Blessed Memory of that fair
 Manuscript of Virtue and unblemisht honour,
 MILDRED, LADY LUCKYN.*

Quick-finger'd Death's impartial, and lets flie
 Her shafts at all ; but aims with fouler spite
 At fairer marks : she now and then shoots by
 And hits a fool ; but levels at the white.
 She often pricks the Eagle in the eye,
 And spares the carkass of the flagging Kite ;
 Queens drop away, when bleu-leg'd mankin lives ;
 Drones thrive when bees are burnt within their hives ;
 And courtly Mildred dies when country Madge survives.



GEORGE HERBERT.

Born 1593. Died 1632.

"HOLY GEORGE HERBERT" was the fifth brother of the noted Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He was born in Montgomery Castle, Shropshire, April 3rd, 1593, and was the son of Richard Herbert of Blakehall, by his wife Magdalene Newport, daughter of Sir Richard Newport of High Askall, county of Salop. Herbert's mother was a woman of particular mental power and wit, and was distinguished for her cheerful gravity. Under her eye and governance George Herbert spent his childhood. At the age of four he lost his father. When he reached his twelfth year, he was sent to Westminster School, where, as Isaac Walton says in his charming *Life of Herbert*, "the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age." When fifteen he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he enjoyed the special regard of Dr. Nevil, Master of Trinity and Dean of

Canterbury. At the same period his mother had removed to Oxford to educate her eldest son, Edward (the future Lord Herbert). At Oxford she became acquainted with Dr. Donne, and a friendship was formed between the Herberts and Donne, which was lifelong. In 1611 George Herbert took his B.A. degree, and in 1615 was elected Fellow of Trinity. In the same year, aged 21, he took his M.A. degree. As an undergraduate Herbert was shy, reserved, and retreated within himself. His great recreation and chief delight was music. Music was his companion, solace, and friend. In 1619 he was elected Public Orator: and in that capacity had to acknowledge in complimentary Latin the receipt by the University of King James's presentation copy of his Basilicon Doron. Herbert devoted himself to the study of European languages, and seems to have been so flattered by the attentions of the King, that he indulged in ambitious ideas of being appointed Secretary of State. The King conferred on him a pension of 120*l.* per annum; and for the time being we must regard Herbert as a courtier, decked out in the braveries of such a life, following the amusements and gaieties of the court. The death of his friends the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hamilton, and of the King himself, cut short Herbert's town-life, and with the monarch's decease his hopes and ambition died. From that moment his thoughts were turned entirely in the direction toward which his natural disposition at all times tended: for we cannot but smile at the incongruity of such a man as Herbert ever having sunned himself in the smiles of a court, and attempted to perform the rôle of a courtier. Having entered into Holy Orders as a Deacon, he was appointed Prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln, 1626. In 1630 he became Priest, and also married Jane, the daughter of his friend Charles Danvers, of the county of Wilts. Through the influence of the Earl of Pembroke he was appointed to the rectory of Bemerton, a mile from Salisbury. Herbert was then thirty-six years of age. He was destined to enjoy his rectory but for two short years—though they were long enough to establish his fame as one of the saints of God for ever. On the day of his induction he was locked up in his church (according to the ancient custom), and left to toll the bell. Some surprise being created at his prolonged visit to the church, a friend looked in, and saw Herbert prostrate before the altar, imploring the Divine blessing upon his newly undertaken duties. Herbert devoted himself to the task of endeavouring to make his people realize the truths of the Gospel. To this end he carried out, in fulness and strictness, the liturgy of his church. Mr. Herbert's "Saint's Bell" ringing to daily prayer became a familiar and welcome sound to his parishioners! Walking in his rectory garden he composed those songs of "The Temple" which now hold so precious a place in the sacred poetry of England. Thrice a week he regularly attended service at Salisbury Cathedral, to find "a nearer way to the celestial gate." In the midst of his devoted ministry he was struck by the hand of Death, and wasted away with rapid consumption. His death-bed was as eloquent as his life

had been. The odour of his sanctity had spread about. Bishop and clergy joined in prayers for him. He was reduced, as was said, "*to a shadow*;" but despite this on the Sunday before his death he took up his instrument, and sang, and made additions to his lovely hymn "Sunday." It was on his death-bed that he first revealed to a friend the existence of his poems. Giving the book of MSS. he said, "My dear brother Ferrar shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed between God and my soul." At the moment of his death he exclaimed, "I am now ready to die: Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth, but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord, Lord, now receive my soul." So died "holy George Herbert," ætat. 39.

Herbert's poems, written with a quaintness of language which belongs in common to the school of Donne, Quarles, and others, are full of profound thoughts, and exhibit everywhere the purity and loveliness of their author's mind. He had two prevailing thoughts—love and devotion to an ever-present Saviour, and love and devotion to the Church of England. His life may be said to have been a poem. Music and poetry were the dear companions of his existence; and devotion was the natural attitude of his mind. To know him as he was, the youthful student must read Isaac Walton's "Life of Herbert." Therein he will learn to love the memory of one who was and is well called "holy;" and thereby he will learn to appreciate a series of poems which have shed an air of sanctity around Herbert's grave.

LIFE.

I made a posie, while the day ran by :
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
 My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
 And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart ;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
 Time's gentle admonition ;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
 Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers ! sweetly your time ye spent ;
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
 And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
 It be as short as yours.

THE CHURCH WINDOWS.

Lord, how can man preach Thy eternal word?
 He is a brittle, crazy glass :
 Yet in Thy temple thou dost him afford
 This glorious and transcendent place,
 To be a window, through Thy grace.

But when Thou dost anneal in glass Thy story,
 Making Thy life to shine within
 The Holy Preachers, then the light and glory
 More reverend grows, and more doth win ;
 Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
 When they combine and mingle, bring
 A strong regard and awe ; but speech alone
 Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
 And in the ear, not conscience, ring.

 PRAYER.

Prayer, the Church's banquet, Angels' age,
 God's breath in man returning to his birth,
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
 The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth ;

Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's tower,
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
 The six days' world-transposing in an hour,
 A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear ;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
 Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
 Heaven in ordinary, men well drest,
 The Milky Way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
 The land of spices, something understood.

CONTENT.

Peace, muttering thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
 Within the walls of your own breast.
 Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep
 Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at every quest and call
 Of an untrained hope or passion.
 To court each place or fortune that doth fall
 Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
 Content and warm to itself alone :
 But when it would appear to other's eye,
 Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
 Complies and suits with all estates ;
 Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
 Take up within a cloister's gates.

This Soul doth span the world, and hang content
 From either pole unto the centre :
 Where in each room of the well-furnish'd tent
 He lies warm and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days' wonder :
 And after death the fumes that spring
 From private bodies make as big a thunder
 As those which rise from a huge king.

Only thy Chronicle is lost : and yet
 Better by worms be all once spent,
 Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
 Thy name in books, which may not vent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
 Are chaw'd by others' pens and tongue,
 And as their wit is, their digestion,
 Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing, Soul : till thine own ground ;
 Do not thyself or friends importune.
 He that by seeking hath himself once found,
 Hath ever found a happy fortune.

Greville, Lord Brooke (the poet). Davenant first attracted attention in 1629 by his tragedy called "Albovine, King of the Lombards." He then wrote Masques to be enacted at the court of Charles I., and was made governor of the King's Company of Actors at the cockpit in Drury Lane. In 1637 he was appointed Laureate, in succession to Ben Jonson. During the Civil War he laid aside the pen for the sword, and eagerly espousing the royal cause, became a Lieutenant-General of Ordnance, and was the person selected by his Majesty to carry on negotiations with his friends in Paris. In 1641, being accused by the Parliament, Davenant was compelled to withdraw to France, having been twice captured, and having on both occasions escaped. Two years later he was present at the siege of Gloucester, and was knighted by the King for his services on that occasion. In 1646 he was once again living in France, in the service of the Queen Henrietta, having meanwhile become a Roman Catholic. In exile, and living in the Louvre with Lord Jermyn, he commenced writing his most important work, "Gondibert." Having promoted a scheme for carrying a colony from France to Virginia, and having embarked for his distant settlement, the vessel in which he sailed fell into the hands of one of the Parliament ships. Sir William was taken prisoner, and carried to Cowes Castle. It is said that he escaped trial for his life through the friendly intervention of his brother poet, Milton. On gaining his liberation, after being imprisoned for two years, he engaged himself in active endeavours to reopen a theatre, all dramatic entertainments having been put down by the Puritans. He succeeded in his attempt, and established himself, in May 1656, in Rutland House, Charterhouse. At first the entertainments given were of a very mixed character, but by degrees Sir William gained approval and support while he gradually revived the regular drama. At the Restoration he received the patent of a playhouse in Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Afterwards his company performed in the theatre in Dorset Gardens. For eight years he continued to receive the royal and public favour. In 1662 he opened the Duke's theatre with "The Siege of Rhodes." Afterwards he produced "The Rivals," in which was introduced the famous ballad, "My lodging is on the cold ground :"—

My lodging is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare ;
 But that which troubles me most is
 The unkindness of my dear :
 Yet still I cry, O turn, love,
 And I prithee, love, turn to me,
 For thou art the man that I long for,
 And, alack ! what remedy.

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
 And I'll marry thee with a rush ring ;
 My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing :
 O turn to me, my dear love,
 And I prithee, love, turn to me,
 For thou art the man who alone canst
 Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
 Then I must endure the smart still,
 And lie in my straw all alone :
 Yet still I cry, O turn, love,
 And I prithee, love, turn to me,
 For thou art the man that alone art
 The cause of my misery.

Davenant died at his house in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, April 7, 1668, in the 64th year of his age; and two days later he was buried with distinction in Westminster Abbey. On his gravestone was inscribed,

"O rare Sir William Davenant !"

Davenant is described as a very handsome man, and a regular gallant. He possessed a singularly fertile mind, and a very ready wit. During his chequered career he appears in a variety of contradictory characters; by turns poet, soldier, projector, envoy, manager, and wit. By him females were first introduced upon the stage; and to him we are indebted for Betterton's introduction to the public.

As a poet Davenant's reputation depends upon "Gondibert." Very conflicting opinions have been expressed concerning it. It is a very lengthy and very tedious composition, and like his plays, which served their purpose and had their day, is by the world at large entirely forgotten. Campbell speaks of it thus: "Ingenious and witty images and majestic sentiments are thickly scattered over the poem. Gondibert has certainly more of the cold and abstract air of an historical than of a poetical portrait. It wants the charm of free and forcible narration: the life-pulse of interest is incessantly stopped by solemn pauses of reflection; and the story works its way through an intricacy of superfluous fancies."

THE LONG VACATION IN LONDON.

Now Town-Wit says to Witty Friend,
 " Transcribe apace all thou hast penn'd ;
 For I in journey hold it fit
 To cry thee up to Countrey-Wit.
 Our mules are come ! dissolve the club,
 The word, till term, is " Rub, O Rub !"
 Now gamster poor, in cloak of stammel,
 Mounted on steed as slow as cammel,
 Battoone of crab in luckless hand
 (Which serves for bilboe and for wand),
 Early in morne does sneak from town,
 Lest landlord's wife should seize on crown ;
 On crown which he in pouch does keep,
 When day is done, to pay for sleep ;
 For he in journey nought does eat.
 Host spies him come, cries, " Sir, what meat ?"

He calls for room, and down he lies.
 Quoth host, "No supper, Sir?" He cryes,
 "I eate no supper. Fling on rug!
 I'm sick, d'you hear? yet bring a jug!"

Now damsel young that dwells in Cheap
 For very joy begins to leap:
 Her elbow small she oft does rub,
 Tickled with hope of syllabub!
 For mother (who does gold maintain
 On thumbe, and keys in silver chaine),
 In snow-white clout wrapt nook of pye,
 Fat capon's wing, and rabbit's thigh,
 And said to hackney coachman, "Go,
 Take shillings six; say ay, or no."

"Whither?" says he. Quoth she, "Thy teame
 Shall drive to place where groweth creame."

But Husband gray now comes to stall;
 For prentice notch'd he straight does call:
 "Where's dame?" quoth he. Quoth son of shop,
 "She's gone her cake in milk to sop."
 "Ho, ho! to Islington! Enough!
 Fetch Job, my son, and our dog Ruffe;
 For there in pond, through mire and muck,
 We'll cry, 'Hey duck, there Ruffe, hey duck!'"

Now Turnbull-dame by starving paunch
 Bates two stone weight in either haunch;
 On branne and liver she must dine;
 And sits at dore instead of signe.
 She softly says to roaring Swash,
 Who wears long whiskers, "Go, fetch cash!"
 "There's gown," quoth she; "speak broaker fair,
 Till term brings up weak countrey heir;
 Whom kirtle red will much amaze:
 Whilst clown, his man, on signes does gaze,
 In liv'ry short, galloome on cape,
 With cloak-bag mounting high as nape."

Now man that trusts with weary thighs
 Seeks garret where small poet lies:
 He comes to lane, finds garret shut;
 Then, not with knuckle, but with foot,
 He rudely thrusts, would enter dores;
 Though poet sleeps not, yet he snores:
 Cit chafes like beast of Libia; then
 Swears he'll not come or send agen.

From little lump triangular
 Poor poet's sighs are heard afar.
 Quoth he, "Do noble numbers choose
 To walk on feet that have no shoose?"
 Then he does wish with fervent breath,
 And as his last request ere death,
 Each ode a bond, each madrigal
 A lease from Haberdashers' Hall,
 Or that he had protected bin
 At court, in list of Chamberlain;
 For wights near thrones care not an ace
 For Wood Street friend that wieldeth mace.
 Courts pay no scores but when they list,
 And treasurer still has cramp in fist.
 Then forth he steals; to Globe¹ does run;
 And smiles, and vowes four acts are done:
 Finis to bring he does protest,
 Tells ev'ry player his part is best;
 And all to get (as poets use)
 Some coin in pouch to solace muse.

Now wight that acts on stage of Bull
 In sculler's bark does lie at Hull;
 Which he for pennies two does rig,
 All day on Thames to bob for grig:
 Whilst fencer poor does by him stand,
 In old dung-lighter, hook in hand;
 Between knees rod, with canvas crib,
 To girdle tide, close under rib;
 Where worms are put, which must small fish
 Betray at night to earthen dish.

Now London's Chief, on saddle new,
 Rides into fair of Bartholomew;
 He twirls his chain, and looketh big,
 As if to fright the head of pig,
 That gaping lies on greasy stall,
 Till female with great belly call.

Now Alderman in field does stand
 With foot on trig, a quoit in hand;
 "I'm seven," quoth he, "the game is up!
 Nothing I pay, and yet I sup."
 To Alderman quoth neighbour then,
 "I lost but mutton; play for hen."

(1) *Globe*—i.e. to the Globe Theatre.

But wealthy blade cries out, "At rate
Of kings should'st play ; let's go, 'tis late."

Now lean attorney, that his cheese
Ne'er pared, nor verses took for fees ;
And aged proctor, that controules
The feats of punck in Court of Paul's ;
Do each with solemn oath agree
To meet in fields of Finsbury :
With loins in canvas bow case tyde ;
Where arrows stick with meikle pride ;
With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand ;
Like ghosts of Adam, Bell, and Clymme :
Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him.

Now Spynie, Ralph, and Gregory small,
And short-hair'd Stephen, whey-fac'd Paul
(Whose times are out, indentures torn),
Who seven long years did never skorne
To fetch up coals for maid to use,
Wipe mistresses' and children's shoes,
Do jump for joy they are made free ;
Hire meagre steeds, to ride and see
Their parents old, who dwell as near
As place call'd Peak in Derby-shire.
There they alight : old crones are milde ;
Each weeps on cragg of pretty childe :
They portions give, trades up to set,
That babes may live, serve God, and cheat.

Near house of law by Temple Bar,
Now man of mace cares not how far
In stockings blue he marcheth on,
With velvet cape his cloak upon ;
In girdle scrowles, where names of some
Are written down, whom touch of thumb
On shoulder left must safe convoy,
Annoying wights with name of Roy.
Poor pris'ners' friend, that sees the touch,
Cries out aloud, "I thought as much."

Now vaulter good, and dancing lass
On rope, and man that cryes, "Hey pass !"
And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
Lay head to heel to creep through hoope ;
And man in chimney hid to dress
Puppit that acts our old Queen Bess ;

And man that whilst the puppets play
 Through nose expoundeth what they say ;
 And man that does in chest include
 Old Sodom and Gomorrah lewd ;
 And white oat-eater, that does well
 In stable small, at sign of Bell ;
 That lift up hoofe to show the pranks
 Taught by magician, styled Banks ;
 And ape, led captive still in chaine,
 Till he renounce the Pope and Spaine.
 All these on hoof now trudge from town,
 To cheat poor turnep-eating clown.

Now man of war, with visage red,
 Growes cholerick and swears for bread.
 He sendeth note to man of kin ;
 But man leaves word, " I'm not within."
 He meets in street with friend call'd Will,
 And cries, " Old rogue ! what, living still ?"
 But ere that street they quite are past,
 He softly asks, " What money hast ?"
 Quoth friend, " A crown." He cries, " Dear heart !
 O base, no more ? sweet, lend me part !"

But stay, my frightened pen is fled ;
 Myself through fear crept under bed ;
 For just as muse would scribble more,
 Fierce city dunne did rap at door.

SONG.

The lark now leaves his watry nest
 And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings :
 He takes this window for the east,
 And to implore your light he sings :
 " Awake, awake ! the Morn will never rise,
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eies."

The merchant bowes unto the seaman's star ;
 The ploughman from the Sun his season takes ;
 But still the lover wonders what they are,
 Who look for day before his mistriss wakes.
 " Awake, awake ! break thro' your vailes of lawne !
 Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawne."

SONG

THE SOULDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girle !
To purifie the ayre ;
Thy tears to thrid, instead of pearle,
On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the eccho hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum ;
Expençe of grief gains no remorse,
When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy Peace
Will hide her drouzy head ;
And, for the sport of kings, encrease
The number of the dead.

But first I'le chide thy cruel theft :
Can I in war delight,
Who, being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight ?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old
Ordain'd a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
What he had stoln away.

Thy payment shall but double be ;
O then with speed resign
My own seduced heart to me,
Accompani'd with thine !

IN REMEMBRANCE OF MASTER WILLIAM
SHAKESPIRE.

Beware (delighted poets !) when you sing,
To welcome Nature in the early spring,
Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of Avon ; for each flowre
(As it nere knew a sun or showre)
Hangs there the pensive head.

Each tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath made
 Rather a night beneath the boughs than shade,
 (Unwilling now to grow)
 Looks like the plume a captain weares,
 Whose rifled falls are steeped i' th' teares
 Which from his last rage flow.

The piteous river wept itself away
 Long since (alas !) to such a swift decay,
 That, reach the map, and look
 If you a river there can spie ;
 And for a river, your mock'd eye
 Will finde a shallow brooke.



EDMUND WALLER.

Born 1605. Died 1687.

EDMUND WALLER was born March 3, 1605, at Coleshill, Hertfordshire. His father was Robert Waller, Esq. of Amersham, Bucks : his mother, Anne, daughter of Griffith Hampden, Esq. of Hampden, Bucks, and aunt of the celebrated John Hampden, who was both first cousin of Edmund Waller and also of Oliver Cromwell. Waller was educated at Eton, from whence he proceeded to King's College, Cambridge. It is said that he was returned at the age of sixteen for the borough of Amersham. If so, he must have sat as a silent member until he was of age. His father having died during his childhood, Waller, being the eldest son, succeeded to an estate of 3,500*l.* a year. He married, early in life, Ann, the daughter of Edward Banks, a wealthy citizen of London, by which alliance he greatly augmented his property. At the age of five and twenty Waller was left a widower, with a son and a daughter. Within a short period he began to offer his admiration to Lady Dorothea Sydney (eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and cousin to the celebrated Sir Philip Sydney), who is celebrated in his poetry under the name of Sacharissa. Lady Dorothea scornfully rejected his advances, and allied herself with Henry, Lord Spencer, who was created Earl of Sunderland, and was killed at the battle of Newbury, September 1643. An anecdote is told of the scornful Countess in later life meeting Waller, and asking him when he would again write her such complimentary verses as he once did, to which he replied, "When you are as young, Madam, and as handsome, as you were then." The next object of Waller's admiration was the Lady Sophia Murray, whose charms are rehearsed in Waller's verses under

the title of *Amoret*. *Amoret* does not appear to have smiled upon the rich and amorous poet. Before long he married a Miss Mary Breaux (or Bresse), who appears to have been a woman with great domestic virtues and a large family. The poet by this marriage had to encounter the prosaic fact of being the father to thirteen children. Waller occupied a seat in the House of Commons, as the representative of various boroughs, for a considerable portion of his life. He sat in Parliaments of James I., Charles I., the Commonwealth, Charles II., and James II. In 1640, after an interruption of twelve years, when the Parliament was re-assembled, Waller joined the party in opposition to the Court. He was supposed to be greatly influenced by his connexion with the Hampden family. It was not long before he retreated from his political position; and on the King setting up his standard at Nottingham, Waller contributed a thousand broad pieces to the royal chest. In the House of Commons he spoke openly on the King's side. After the battle of Edgehill, in 1643, Waller was one of the Commissioners sent by Parliament to confer with the King at Oxford. In the May of the same year the plot known as "Waller's Plot" was discovered. It is difficult to determine precisely what this plot was. It was asserted by Waller and his friends that they were only engaged in making lists of the inhabitants of London, to determine the numbers of Royalists and of Parliamentarians, and thereby draw together for a common object all those who were well-disposed towards the King. But at the same moment that this plot was discovered, another was revealed which was regarded as connected with it. This was a project of a city merchant, Sir Nicholas Crispe, to raise an armed force to act against the Parliament. Crispe was found to be possessed of a Commission of Array, signed by the King and granted for this purpose. Waller always denied having anything to do with Crispe's plot. His chief confederate in his own scheme was his sister's husband, a Mr. Tomkeyns, Clerk of the Queen's Council. It is remarkable that the Commission of Array granted to Crispe was in the possession of Tomkeyns, and buried for concealment in his garden. The plots were discovered partly by the eavesdropping of a servant concealed behind the hangings of a room in which Waller and Tomkeyns met, and partly by the theft of certain papers carried off by Goode, the chaplain of Waller's sister, who was married to a Mrs. Price, a strong Parliamentarian. Tomkeyns was hung before his own door, in Holborn. Alexander Hampden was imprisoned for life. Others in the plot escaped to the King at Oxford. Waller was arraigned at Guildhall, and (it is said in some lives of him) was condemned to death. After being imprisoned for a year, and after having bribed to such an extent that he very largely decreased his estate, he was liberated on paying a fine of 10,000*l.* and undertaking to leave the country. He retired to France, and lived first at Rohan, then in Paris. During his exile in 1645 he published the first edition of his poems. In 1653, through the interest of his connexions, Cromwell granted him permission to return to England, when he settled himself

at a house he had built near Beaconsfield. He very soon wormed himself into the favour and liking of the Protector, to whom in 1654 he addressed the most famous of his poems, "A Panegyric to my Lord Protector."

At the Restoration Waller, as might be expected, was found at Court, and an enthusiastic supporter of the Royal cause. On two occasions when the provostship of Eton was vacant, Waller sought that office from the King, but on both occasions his petition failed. It was not to be held by a layman. He sat in all the Parliaments of Charles II., and was the delight of the House : even at eighty years of age he was the liveliest and wittiest man within its walls. He took his seat in the Parliament which assembled on the accession of James II., but did not live to witness the Revolution. He died at his residence at Beaconsfield October 21, 1687, aged 82 ; and was buried in the parish church.

Waller is so completely forgotten in the political world that it is unnecessary to say much about his principles—if he had any ! He was one of those who accommodated himself, with suavity, to circumstances ; but on the whole it must be said of him, that he was at heart a Royalist, and the chief acts of his life were in support of the Royal cause ; though when his plot was discovered, the weakness and terror he displayed showed that he had far more thought for his own life and preservation than for the principles he had espoused. His relationship to the Hampdens and connexion with Cromwell's family probably saved his life when Tomkeyns was executed.

When Waller returned from France, a familiar friendship sprang up between him and Cromwell. It is told of the Protector that on Waller overhearing him converse, at an interview with some of his political friends, in the nauseous cant phraseology of the period, Cromwell apologized to Waller for it, and said, "Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own way !"

The general character of Waller's poetry is elegance and gaiety. He was always smooth, but seldom strong. Previous to Pope, he was the most correct of our poets in diction and versification. His language is famous for its lucidity ; and if he never raised the spirit, he certainly did a good work in refining the manner, of English poetry.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR.

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe ;
Make us unite, and make us conquer too :

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shewed his face,
To chide the winds and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious state ;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own : and now all nations greet
With bending sails each vessel of our fleet :
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath placed this island to give law
To balance Europe, and her states to awe,)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader and the greatest isle !

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the Continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court ;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

* * * * *

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea ;
And every coast may trouble, or relieve :
But none can visit us without your leave.

* * * * *

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

* * * * *

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs ;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow ;
We plough the deep and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds ;
 Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds :
 Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
 Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
 France-conquering Henry, flourished, and now you ;
 For whom we stayed, as did the Grecian state
 Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

* * * * *

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
 And now you heal us with the arts of peace ;
 Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
 Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
 Than in restoring such as are undone :
 Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
 But man alone can whom he conquers spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
 You strike with one hand, but you heal with both ;
 Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
 You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or error had our age misled,
 And o'er this nation such confusion spread,
 The only cure which could from Heaven come down
 Was so much power and piety in one !

One ! whose extraction from an ancient line
 Gives hope again that well-born men may shine :
 The meanest in your nature, mild and good ;
 The noblest rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wondered how you hid in peace
 A mind proportioned to such things as these ;
 How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain,
 And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
 How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live ;
 Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
 Like humble David's while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country called you forth,
 Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
 Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
 To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

* * * * *

You ! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
 Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose ;
 To every duty could their minds engage,
 Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
 And angry grows, if he that first took pain
 To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
 He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last
 Itself into Augustus' arms did cast ;
 So England now does, with like toil opprest,
 Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
 Instruct us what belongs unto our peace !
 Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
 And draw the image of our Mars in fight ;

Tell of towns stormed, of armies over-run,
 And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won ;
 How, while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke
 Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
 And every conqueror creates a Muse :
 Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing ;
 But there, my Lord ! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head, while you in triumph ride
 O'er vanquished nations, and the sea beside ;
 While all your neighbour princes unto you,
 Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

AT PENSHURST.

Had Dorothea¹ lived when mortals made
 Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
 Had held an altar to her power, that gave
 The peace and glory which these alleys have ;
 Embroidered so with flowers where she stood,
 That it became a garden of a wood.
 Her presence has such more than human grace
 That it can civilize the rudest place :
 And beauty too, and order, can impart
 Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
 The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
 No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre :
 If she sit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
 They round about her into arbours crowd ;
 Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
 Like some well-marshall'd and obsequious band.
 Amphion so made stones and timber leap
 Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap :
 And in the symmetry of her parts is found
 A power like that of harmony in sound.
 Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame
 That if together ye fed all one flame,
 It could not equalize the hundredth part
 Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart !
 Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
 Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
 Of noble Sidney's birth ; where such benign,
 Such more than mortal making, stars did shine,
 That there they cannot but for ever prove
 The monument and pledge of humble love ;
 His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise higher,
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire !

 TO AMORET.

Fair ! that you may truly know
 What you unto Thyrsis owe,
 I will tell you how I do
 Sacharissa love, and you.

(1) Lady Dorothea Sydney.

Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret :
But with wonder I am strook
While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains :
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret ! is thine.
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain ;
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn :
But 'tis sure some power above
Which controls our wills in love !

If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret ! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love
Which her radiant eyes do move :
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame as to enjoy :
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heaven (as eas'ly scaled) does know !

Amoret ! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's wine
Which to madness doth incline :
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The devotion, which I use

Unto that adorèd dame :
 For 'tis not unlike the same
 Which I thither ought to send ;
 So that if it could take end,
 'Twould to Heaven itself be due .
 To succeed her, and not you,
 Who already have of me
 All that's not idolatry ;
 Which, though not so fierce a flame,
 Is longer like to be the same.
 Then smile on me, and I will prove
 Wonder is shorter-lived than love.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confin'd
 Shall now my joyful temples bind :
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer :
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

O N T E A.¹

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays ;
 Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
 The best of Queens, and best of herbes, we owe
 To that bold nation, which the way did show
 To the fair region where the sun does rise,
 Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
 The Muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,
 Repress those vapours which the head invade,
 And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
 Fit on her birth-day to salute the Queen.

(1) Tea was first introduced into England in the year 1666. This poem is therefore most probably the first song of praise bestowed upon that popular beverage.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

We must resign ! Heav'n his great soul does claim
In storms as loud as his immortal fame :
His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle ;
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile ;¹
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air.—So Romulus was lost !
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,
And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.
On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain rent :
Our dying hero from the Continent
Ravish'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind ;
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil,
Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our isle :
Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage,
And, with wise conduct, to his country shew'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then ! if we no tears allow
To him that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes, that fear'd him, grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That to remotest shores her billows roll'd
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

(1) Alluding to the storm which raged during Cromwell's last moments.

GO, LOVELY ROSE !

Go, lovely rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That had'st thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,—
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Yet, though thou fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,
 And teach the maid
 That goodness Time's rude hand defies ;
 That virtue lives when beauty dies.]¹

(1) This stanza was added by Henry Kirke White ; and it must be allowed that it gives the poem a beautiful completeness, which was previously wanting.



JOHN MILTON.

Born 1608. Died 1674.

JOHN MILTON was born in Spread-Eagle Court, Bread Street, Cheapside, in the house of his father, John Milton, a scrivener. His mother is said to have been related to Bradshaw, President at the trial of Charles I. Milton's father was a man of severe and Puritanic opinions, in which the future poet was carefully trained. The father indulged himself, however, in one of the "frivolities" of life, and was passionately addicted to music. He possessed that "box of whistles," an organ, on which he exercised his talents in composing psalmody, and was author of the familiar tunes called "Norwich" and "York." From early childhood the poet was instructed in music, and trained to practise on the organ. That instrument was the solace and recreation of his latest days. Milton's education was carefully pursued, although his eyes at a very early period began to exhibit weakness. Having received the rudiments of learning from one Young, a Puritan, (during the Protectorate Master of Jesus College, Cambridge,) Milton was sent to St. Paul's School, London, under the charge of Dr. Gill. "My father destined me, while yet a child, to the study of polite literature," says Milton; "which I embraced with such avidity, that from the twelfth year of my age I hardly ever retired to rest from my studies till midnight, which was the first source of injury to my eyes." In 1624 he proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, being entered as a Pensioner. From 1624 to 1632, when he took his degree of M.A., he continued resident at Cambridge, spending his vacations in London. When a freshman at Cambridge, aged seventeen, he composed his first original work, entitled "On the Death of a fair Infant." This poem was called forth by the decease of his sister's child. While an undergraduate he cultivated, with severe study, the art of writing gracefully and idiomatically in Latin. He became the most elegant composer of Latin, in his day, in England. Milton's "Elegiarum Liber"—a correspondence with his friend Iliodati—must be studied, to know his habits of mind when *in statu pupillari*. It contains much curious and interesting detail. Among other things he particularly mentions the "pomp of the winding theatre," where "the fierce avenger of crime recrosses—from the shades, perturbing guilty souls,"—an allusion which leaves little doubt that he had been to witness a performance of *Hamlet*.

In 1627 Milton had graduated, and the following Christmas was spent in Bread Street. On the eve of the festival he composed the famous ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," which Mr. Hallam

FROM "PARADISE LOST."

BOOK I.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
 Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
 That we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since He
 Who now is sovran, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
 Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than He
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
 Here for His envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
 Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

* * * * *

"Princes, potentates,
 Warriors, the flower of Heaven,—once yours; now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease ye find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heaven gates discern
 The advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts

Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake ! arise ! or be for ever fallen !”

* * * * *

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.

The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by His altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim ; yea, often placed
Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations ; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront His light.

* * * * *

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself ; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears ;
Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall,
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds ;
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
 With orient colours waving ; with them rose
 A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable.

* * * * *

He through the armèd files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views—their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of gods ;
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
 Glories.

* * * * *

He, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
 All its original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
 Of glory obscured ; as when the sun new risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
 Above them all the Archangel ; but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
 Sat on his faded check, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
 For his revolt ; yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withered : as when Heaven's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
 With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
 To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend

From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at last,
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way
“ O myriads of immortal spirits ! O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty ; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse ?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat ?
For me be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But He who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on His throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and His regal state
Put forth at full, but still His strength concealed,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth His might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war provoked : our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not ; that He no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds ; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that He ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom His choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven :
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption ; thither or elsewhere ;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired ;

For who can think submission? War, then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake; and, to confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

* * * * *

BOOK V.

Lowly they bowed adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven;
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,

With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise ;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
 Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

I.

It was the winter wild,
 While the Heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies :
 Nature in awe to Him
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :

It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace :
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace¹ through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hookèd chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their Sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds with wonder whist²
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild oceän,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

(1) "Strikes peace," like the stroke of a magician.

(2) Silent, hushed.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook ;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,¹
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling.
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shame-faced Night arrayed ;
 The helmèd Cherubim,
 And swordèd Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive² notes to Heaven's new-born Heir,

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,³
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
 Once bless our human ears
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so),
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time,
 And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow ;
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,

(1) Piercing.

(2) *Unexpressive*—cannot be expressed.

(3) Job xxxviii. 7.

And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and like glories wearing¹
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorify :
Yet first to those ychained in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :
The agèd earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When at the world's last session
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
The Old Dragon underground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

(1) This is the author's own correction. He had originally written—

“The enamelled arras of the rainbow wearing :
And Mercy sit between,” &c.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,¹
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance or breathèd spell
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard² and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars³ and Lemures⁴ moan with midnight plaint :
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice battered god of Palestine ;⁵
 And moonèd Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn ;
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

(1) Alluding to the belief entertained by many of the Fathers, that the oracles ceased at the coming of Christ.

(2) Alluding to an effective story told by Plutarch (*de defectu oraculorum*), that a voice had been heard proclaiming that "The Great Pan was dead."

(3) Household gods.

(4) Night spirits, ghosts.

(5) Dagon. See Judges xvi. and 1 Sam. v.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol, all of blackest hue ;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud ;
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
 The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand ;
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn :
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide ;
 Not Typhon,¹ huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
 Can in His swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

XXVII.

But, see ! the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,

(1) The Egyptian Typhon.

Time is our tedious song should here have ending :
 Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid-lamp attending ;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

FROM "L'ALLEGRO."

Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequered shade ;
 And young and old come forth to play,
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 Till the livelong daylight fail ;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat.

* * * *

Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry ;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
 Warble his native woodnotes wild.

And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

FROM "IL PENSEROSO."

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypres-lawn¹
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hear the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;

(1) *Cypres-lawn*—"cipres" (Fr.), cresse-crape.

But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly ;
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
 I woo to hear thy even-song ;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

SONNETS.

ON SHAKSPEARE, 1630.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones
 The labour of an age in piled stones ?
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

WHO SICKENED IN THE TIME OF HIS VACANCY, BEING FORBID TO GO TO LONDON
BY REASON OF THE PLAGUE.

Here lies old Hobson ; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had, any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed ;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light :
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supped, and 's newly gone to bed.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

Cyriac, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.



SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Born 1609. Died 1641.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING was born at Whitton, Middlesex, February 10, 1608-9; and baptized at Twickenham Church. He was the son of Sir John Suckling, a native of Norwich, whose father, Robert Suckling, had been Alderman and Mayor of that city. Sir John, the poet's father, settled at Whitton, and became one of the Secretaries of State in 1622. He was likewise Comptroller of the Household to James I. and Charles I. He died in 1627, when his son was nineteen years of age. From his childhood the poet exhibited that talent which has made him known not only as an accomplished courtier, but also as a sound scholar. At five years of age he spoke Latin, and could write it elegantly at nine. He was easily taught, and quick in acquiring knowledge; but, together with this, he was at all times volatile, thoughtless, and exhibited great vivacity of disposition. In his father's house he associated with the most distinguished men of his day, and thereby acquired an ease and elegance of address and manner which qualified him for his future career as a courtier. Suckling does not appear to have entered either of the Universities. At an early period of his life he commenced his travels on the Continent, where, it has been said, he acquired "a little too much of the French air." He joined the service of the famous Gustavus Adolphus, and was present at various battles and sieges. The period is fixed by a letter still in existence, dated Leyden, November 18, 1629. When Suckling returned to England, he associated with the wits of the period. Into their circle he was received with marked favour and esteem; for although he exhibited such levity of disposition, it was compounded with great ability in argument and especial conversational power. We are not surprised, therefore, to find among Suckling's intimate friends such a distinguished scholar as "the ever-memorable John Hales" of Eton, and such noted men as Lord Falkland, Ben Jonson, Davenant, Digby, and Carew. Suckling was "sealed of the tribe of Ben," and one of the famous Apollo Club. (See the Life of Jonson.)

In the midst of his gaiety, the dark clouds of rebellion were gathering around the throne of Charles I. Suckling's loyalty constrained him to offer his services to the King. He raised and equipped at his own expense a troop of cavalry, consisting of a hundred men. They were so splendidly mounted and caparisoned, that it is said Sir John expended 12,000*l.* over their equipment. The conduct of this glittering band exposed Suckling to much ridicule. In an engagement (1639) between the Royal army and the Scotch, Sir John's troop was led into the fight and behaved in a cowardly way. There was not the smallest reason for questioning the bravery of Sir John himself: the occasion, however,

was too tempting to the Republican lampooners to be lost, and Suckling had to suffer under the shafts of ridicule fired at him from various directions. The most caustic satire (supposed to have been written by Sir John Mennes, a wit of the day,) runs as follows :

Sir John he got him an ambling nag
 To Scotland for to ride-a,
 With a hundred horse or more, all his own he swore,
 To guard him on every side-a.

No errant knight ever went to fight
 With half so gay a bravado ;
 Had you seen but his look, youde have sworn on a book
 He'd have conquered a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
 So gallant and warlike a sight-a ;
 And as he passed by, they began for to cry,
 "Sir John, why will you go fight-a?"

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on ;
 His heart would not relent-a :
 For till he came there, what had he to fear ?
 Or why should he repent-a ?

The King (God bless him !) had singular hopes
 Of him and all his troop-a,
 The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
 For joy did holloo and whoop-a.

None liked him so well as his own Colonell,
 Who took him for John de Weart-a ;
 But when there were shows of gunning and blows
 My gallant was nothing so peart-a.

* * * *

The Colonell sent for him back agen,
 To quarter him in the van-a ;
 But Sir John did swear he would not come there
 To be killed the very first man-a.

To cure his feare, he was sent to the reare,
 Some ten miles back, and more-a,
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
 And ne'er saw the enemy more-a !

But now there is peace, he's returned to increase
 His money, which lately he spent-a ;
 But his lost honour must lie still in the dust,
 At Barwick away it went-a.

It has been said that the vexation Suckling felt, because of the discomfort of his soldiers shortened his days. Indirectly, though not directly, this seems true. This much is certain : Sir John retreated to France, where he met with a sudden death, through the villainy of the valet who attended him. Dr. Wharton says, "Sir John Suckling was robbed by his valet-de-chambre : the moment he discovered it, he clapped on his boots in a passionate hurry, and perceived not a large rusty nail that was concealed at the bottom, which pierced his heel, and brought on mortification." There are various versions of this story. One says that Sir John was poisoned, and the blade of a pen-knife was stuck in his boot to disable him from pursuing the valet when he discovered that he was robbed of his casket of gold and jewels ; another says the blade of a razor was used for this purpose : but all agree that he was robbed, and that death was caused by a wound inflicted upon the sole of the foot by some instrument put into Sir

John's boot to prevent his pursuing the valet. There is a full-length portrait of Suckling at Knole; on which an inscription appears, attributing the death-wound to a razor. He died May 7, 1641, aged 31.

Suckling was a poet who wrote for his own amusement. He is famous for his songs and ballads, which have the ease and elegance natural to their author. The special object of his poetical admiration was the Countess of Dorset (wife of Richard Sackville, fifth Earl), daughter of Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex. The "Session of Poets," the ballad on Lord Broghill's Wedding, and other pieces composed in the same vein, have always been highly esteemed, and considered of sufficient excellence to entitle him to a place among our poets. Sir John wrote a few plays—"Aglaure," "Brennoralt," "The Goblins," "The Sad One." They were brought out at a great expense, and seem to have been approved at the time, though they are now altogether unknown. There are a few letters and fragments in prose by Suckling still in existence, which show that he possessed great power in argument and purity of expression in composition. His account of Religion by Reason, addressed to the Earl of Dorset, shows that as a prose essayist and controversialist he had the ability to have acquired fame. Unfortunately, the gallantry and laxity of morals which vitiated his life, also taint and blur a great deal of his composition.

A WEDDING.¹

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been ;
Where I the rarest things have seen ;
Oh, things without compare !
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs ;²
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town ;
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walked on before the rest ;
Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;
The king (God bless him !) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

(1) The occasion of this poem is said to have been the marriage of Lord Broghill to Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk.

(2) Suffolk House stood close to the foot of the Haymarket. Suffolk-Street, Pall Mall, takes its name from it.

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' th' town ;
 Though lusty Roger there had been,
 Or little George upon the green,
 Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what ? The youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing ;
 The parson for him stayed :
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
 He did not so much wish all past,
 Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
 For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
 Could ever yet produce ;
 No grape that's kindly ripe could be
 So round, so plump, so soft, as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Would not stay on which they did bring ;
 It was too wide a peck :
 And, to say truth (for out it must),
 It look'd like the great collar (just)
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light :
 But, oh ! she dances such a way,
 No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight.¹

Her cheeks, so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone) ;
 For streaks of red were mingled there
 Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
 Compared with that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly) :

(1) It was prettily supposed that the sun dances on Easter Day.

But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on a sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
 Thou'd'st swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get ;
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent in whit.

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
 There's that that would be thought upon,
 I trow, besides the bride :
 The business of the kitchen's great ;
 For it is fit that men should eat ;
 Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
 And all the waiters in a trice
 His summons did obey ;
 Each serving-man with dish in hand
 March'd boldly up, like our trained-band,
 Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
 What man of knife, or teeth, was able
 To stay to be entreated ?
 And this the very reason was,
 Before the parson could say grace
 The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse ;
 Healths first go round, and then the house ;
 The bride's came thick and thick ;
 And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
 Perhaps he made it hers by stealth.
 (And who could help it, Dick ?)

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance ;
 Then sit again, and sigh, and glance :
 Then dance again, and kiss :
 Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
 Till every woman wished her place,
 And every man wished his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
 To counsel and undress the bride ;
 But that he must not know :
 But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind
 Above an hour or so.

I PR'YTHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I pr'ythee send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine ;
 For if from yours you will not part,
 Why then should'st thou have mine ?
 Yet, now I think on't, let it lie :
 To find it were in vain ;
 For thou'st a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.
 Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
 And yet not lodge together ?
 O Love ! where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our breasts thou sever ?
 But love is such a mystery,
 I cannot find it out ;
 For, when I think I'm best resolved,
 Then I am most in doubt.
 Then farewell care, and farewell woe ;
 I will no longer pine ;
 For I'll believe I have her heart,
 As much as she has mine.

A SONG.

When, dearest, I but think of thee,
 Methinks all things that lovely be
 Are present, and my soul delighted ;
 For beauties that from worth arise
 Are like the grace of deities,
 Still present with us, tho' unsighted.

Thus whilst I sit and sigh the day
 With all his borrowed lights away,
 Till night's black wings do overtake me,
 Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
 As sudden lights do sleepy men,
 So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
 No absence can subsist with loves
 That do partake of fair perfection ;
 Since in the darkest night they may,
 By love's quick motion, find a way
 To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
 Bathe some high promont that has stood
 Far from the main up in the river.
 Oh ! think not then but love can do
 As much, for that's an ocean too
 Which flows not every day, but ever.

A SESSION OF THE POETS.

I

A Session was held the other day,
 And Apollo himself was at it (they say) ;
 The laurel that had been so long reserved
 Was now to be given to him best deserved.

2

And therefore the wits of the town came thither,
 ('Twas strange to see how they flocked together) ;
 Each, strongly confident of his own way,
 Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

3

There was Selden,¹ and he sat close by the chair ;
 Wainman not far off, which was very fair ;
 Sands² with Townsend (for they kept no order) ;
 Digby³ and Chillingworth⁴ a little further.

(1) John Selden—"monarch in letters," as Ben Jonson called him—born 1584, died 1654.

(2) Sands—George Sandys, the poet—born 1577, died 1644.

(3) Sir Kenelm Digby, born 1603, died 1665.

(4) William Chillingworth—whom Tillotson named "the incomparable Chillingworth,"—Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, Chancellor of Salisbury, born 1602, died 1644. This name has been commonly and incorrectly printed "Shillingworth." Mr. Chillingworth did not confine his studies to divinity; he had the reputation of a poet, as appears from these verses of Sir John Suckling. (See "Chillingworth," Biog. Brit.)

4

There was Lucan's translator too,¹ and he
That makes gods speak so big in's poetry ;
Selwin and Waller,² and Bartletts, both the brothers ;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

5

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,³
Prepared with Canary wine ;
And he told them plainly he deserved the bays,
For his were callèd works, where others were but plays :

6

And bid them remember how he had purged the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age ;
And he hoped they did not think the Silent Woman,
'The Fox, and the Alchymist, outdone by no man.

7

Apollo stopt him there, and bid him not go on ;
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry 't : at which Ben turned about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out :

8

But those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit,
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

9

Tom Carew⁴ was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a laureat ;
His Muse was hard bound, and th' issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

10

And all that were present there did agree
A Laureat Muse should be easie and free ;
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
Consider'd 'twas well he'd a cup-bearer's place.

(1) "Lucan's translator."—Thomas May, poet and historian, born 1595, died 1650. He contended for the Laureatship with Davenant on the death of Ben Jonson, and was so irritated on losing it, that he deserted the Royal cause, and went over to the Parliamentarians. He was made Secretary of Parliament, and wrote its History. He translated Lucan's "Pharsalia."

(2) Edmund Waller, the poet. Works quoted.

(3) Ben Jonson. Works quoted.

(4) Thomas Carew, the poet. Works quoted.

11

Will Davenant,¹ asham'd of a foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hoped the handsomeness of 's Muse
Might any deformity about him excuse.

12

And surely the company would have been content,
If they could have found any precedent ;
But in all their records, either in verse or prose,
There was not one Laureat without a nose.

13

To Will Bartlett sure all the wits meant well,
But first they would see how his Snow would sell :
Will smiled, and swore in their judgments they went less,
That concluded of merit upon success.

14

Suddenly taking his place again,
He gave way to Selwin, who straight stept in ;
But, alas ! he had been so lately a wit,
That Apollo himself scarce knew him yet.

15

Toby Mathews (*pox on him*, how came he there ?)
Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear,
When he had the honour to be named in court ;—
But, Sir, you may thank my Lady Carlisle for 't :

16

For had not her care furnisht you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt,
You and your sorry Lady-Muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

17

In haste from the court two or three came in,
And they brought letters (forsooth) from the Queen :
'Twas discreetly done too, for if th' had come
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the room.

18

This made a dispute ; for 'twas plain to be seen
Each man had a mind to gratify th' Queen :
But Apollo himself could not think it fit ;
There was difference, he said, betwixt fooling and wit.

(1) William Davenant, the poet. Works quoted.

19

Suckling¹ next was callèd, but did not appear ;
 But straight one whispered Apollo i' th' ear,
 That of all men living he cared not for 't,
 He loved not the Muses so well as his sport,

20

And prized black eyes or a lucky hit
 At bowles above all the trophies of wit :
 But Apollo was angry, and publicly said,
 'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

21

Wat Montague now stood forth to his trial,
 And did not so much as suspect a denial ;
 But witty Apollo asked him first of all
 If he understood his own Pastoral.

22

For if he cou'd do it, 'twould plainly appear
 He understood more than any man there,
 And did merit the bays above all the rest ;
 But the Mounsieur was modest, and silence confest.

23

During these troubles in the court was hid
 One that Apollo soon miss'd, little Cid ;
 And having spy'd him, called him out of the throng,
 And advised him in his ear, not to write so strong.

24

Murray² was summoned, but 'twas urg'd that he
 Was chief already of another company.³
 Hales,⁴ set by himself, most gravely did smile
 To see them about nothing keep such a coil ;
 Apollo had spy'd him, but, knowing his mind,
 Past by, and called Falkland,⁵ that sate just behind.

(1) Sir John Suckling, the author of the piece. He was famous as a player of bowls, at "Piccadilly Hall," which stood at the top of the present Haymarket, and gave its name to Piccadilly.

(2) Sir Robert Murray, father of the Royal Society and first President, died 1673.

(3) *I.e.* the Royal Society, which had existed previous to the Commonwealth as a debating club.

(4) John Hales—"the ever-memorable John Hales,"—Fellow of Eton and Canon of Windsor ; a great sufferer in the Royal cause ; famous as the lover and defender of Shakspeare ; born 1584, died 1656.

(5) Viscount Falkland (Lucius Carey), friend of Charles I. ; killed at the battle of Newbury, 1643 ; the friend of Chillingworth, and a great student of theological subjects.

25

But he was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry,
Though, to say the truth—and Apollo did know it—
He might have been both his priest and his poet.

26

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which Will Davenant began to swear ;
But wiser Apollo bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

27

He openly declared, that the best sign
Of good store of wits to have good store of coin ;
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the lawrel on the Alderman's head.

28

At this all the wit's were in such amaze,
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze
One upon another ; not a man in the place
But had discontent writ at large in his face.

29

Only the small poets cheer'd up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing ;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown
When he lends to any poet about the town.



RICHARD CRASHAW.

Born (circ. 1610-15). *Died* 1650.

RICHARD CRASHAW was born in London. The exact date is uncertain. He was son of the Rev. William Crashaw, Preacher at the Temple, and a man famous in his day for the animated part he took in the discussion of religious questions controverted between Catholics and Protestants. He seems to have had good friends at the Temple, for the education of his son was undertaken by Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir Randolph Crew, who sent the boy to the Charterhouse, where he

made extraordinary progress. In March 1632 he proceeded to Pembroke College, Cambridge, and took his degree, B.A., in 1635. He was admitted a Fellow of Peter-House in 1637.

Crashaw's mind from his earliest years was of a devotional character. In the same year that he graduated he published a volume of poems in Latin, which were chiefly religious in tone ! They are memorable from the fact that they contain a line which has often been ascribed to far greater men than Crashaw, and which alone would preserve his name in English literature. Speaking of the miracle at Cana of Galilee, he wrote :

" Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit."
(The modest water saw its God, and blushed.)

It is uncertain when Crashaw was admitted into Holy Orders. Most probably it was soon after his election at Peter-House. He became noted in the University as a preacher, and as a man of enthusiasm of character, and great devotion and austerity of life. His poems, entitled "Steps to the Temple," received that name in allusion to St. Mary's at Cambridge, in which church he passed a great portion of his time in religious exercises.¹ In 1644, when the Parliamentary forces expelled those members of the University who would not sign the Covenant, Crashaw was among those who infinitely preferred expulsion and its attendant losses to any such disgrace. He withdrew from Cambridge and the pursuits of a learned life, which had endeared that place to him ; for it is told of him that he was accomplished in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish, and was skilled in poetry, music, drawing, and engraving. He greatly delighted in poetry and engraving as "*recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of life.*"

Crashaw was of a far too sensitive mind to be able to witness with calm endurance the overthrow of the Church of England. The spectacle was intolerable. He therefore left the kingdom, and crossed over to France, where he found himself of no Church at all. His own was in ruins. To the Church in France he was a stranger ; but having taken up his residence there, it was not long before he embraced the faith of that country. In 1646 the poet Cowley found Crashaw in Paris in the utmost need. He represented his case to the exiled Queen, Henrietta Maria, who gave him letters of recommendation to her friends in Italy. Crashaw made his way to Rome, where he became secretary to one of the Cardinals, and was subsequently appointed Canon of the church of Loretto, where he resided the remainder of his days, and died in 1650. The austerity of Crashaw's life at Cambridge, his intense abhorrence of the ruthless innovations and sacrilege of Iconoclasts and Puritans, and the spectacle of a Church to which he had dedicated his whole life, and love, swept away, apparently for ever, were the reasons he assigned for being received into the Roman communion.

(1) "There he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels," says the author of the Preface to his poems ; "there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God ; where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day ; there he penned these poems, "Steps for happy Souls to climb to Heaven by."

Crashaw belongs to the same school which produced George Herbert and Quarles. "I take this poet," says Pope, "to have writ like a gentleman ; that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness than to establish a reputation : so that nothing regular or just can be expected of him. All that regards design, form, fable (which is the soul of poetry), all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts (which is the body), will probably be wanting ; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry), may be found in these verses."

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

SOSPETTO D'HERODE.

When the Erynnis her black pinions spread,
 And came to Bethlem, where the cruel king
 Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed
 His breast a while from Care's unquiet sting,
 Such as at Thebes' dire feast she show'd her head,
 Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,
 Such to the frighted palace now she comes,
 And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

By proud usurping Herod now was borne
 The sceptre which of old great David sway'd,
 Whose right, by David's lineage so long worn,
 Himself a stranger to, his own had made ;
 And from the head of Judah's house quite torn
 The crown, for which upon their necks he laid
 A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vain,
 And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.

Up through the spacious palace passed she,
 To where the king's proudly reposed head
 (If any can be soft to tyranny
 And self-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
 She thinks not fit such he her face should see,
 As it is seen by Hell ; and seen with dread :
 To change her face's style she doth devise,
 And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

Herself a while she lays aside, and makes
 Ready to personate a mortal part :
 Joseph the king's dead brother's shape she takes ;
 What he by nature was, is she by art.

She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand slakes
 His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,
 Life's forge : feign'd is her voice, and false too be
 Her words ; " Sleep'st thou, fond man ? sleep'st thou ? " said she.

" So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is prest
 With many a merciless o'er-mast'ring wave ;
 For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds contest,
 Which of them deep'st shall dig her wat'ry grave.
 Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest
 In death-like slumbers, while thy dangers crave
 A waking eye and hand ? Look up, and see
 The Fates ripe in their great conspiracy.

" Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal stem
 (That old dry stock) a despair'd branch is sprung ?
 A most strange Babe ! who here conceal'd by them
 In a neglected stable lies among
 Beasts and base straw. Already is the stream
 Quite turn'd : th' ingrateful rebels this their young
 Master (with voice free as the trump of Fame)
 Their new King and thy successor proclaim.

" What busy motions, what wild engines, stand
 On tiptoe in their giddy brains ? th' have fire
 Already in their bosoms ; and their hand
 Already reaches at a sword : they hire
 Poisons to speed thee ; yet through all the land
 What one comes to reveal what they conspire ?
 Go now, make much of these ; wage still their wars,
 And bring home on thy breast more thankless scars.

" Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
 That thy firm hand for ever might sustain
 A well-pois'd sceptre ? Does it now seem good
 Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent, in vain ?
 'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood
 In arms, when lesser cause was to complain ;
 And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep,
 Canst thou be careless now ? now canst thou sleep ?

" Where art thou, man ? what cowardly mistake
 Of thy great self hath stol'n king Herod from thee ?
 O call thyself home to thyself ; wake, wake,
 And fence the hanging sword Heaven throws upon thee :

Redeem a worthy wrath ; rouse thee, and shake
 Thyself into a shape that may become thee.
 Be Herod, and thou shalt not miss from me
 Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee."

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
 For a beseeming bracelet she had ty'd,
 (A special worm it was as ever kiss'd
 The foaming lips of Cerberus) she apply'd
 To the king's heart ; the snake no sooner hiss'd,
 But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd ;
 Dire flames diffuse themselves through every vein.
 This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amain.

He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears :
 His sweat-bedewed bed had now betray'd him
 To a vast field of thorns ; ten thousand spears,
 All pointed in his heart, seem'd to invade him :
 So mighty were th' amazing characters
 With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd him.
 He his own fancy-framed foes defies ;
 In rage, " My arms ! give me my arms !" he cries.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire
 The breath of artificial lungs embraves,
 The caldron-prison'd waters straight conspire,
 And beat the hot brass with rebellious waves :
 He murmurs, and rebukes their bold desire :
 Th' impatient liquor frets, and foams, and raves,
 Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame
 Whence all his high spirits and hot courage came.

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swoln brest,
 Not to be slak'd but by a sea of blood.
 His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,
 Which on false tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood.
 The worm of jealous envy and unrest,
 To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
 Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light,
 Hate the sweet peace of all-composing night.

A thousand prophecies, that talk strange things,
 Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast ;
 And now of late came tributary kings,
 Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' East,

More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings,
 With which his fev'rous cares their cold increas'd ;
 And now his dream (Hell's firebrand) still more bright
 Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the sight.

No sooner therefore shall he morning see
 (Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day),
 But all his counsellors must summon'd be
 To meet their troubled lord : without delay
 Heralds and messengers immediately
 Are sent about, who, posting every way,
 To th' head and officers of every band
 Declare who sends, and what is his command.

Why art thou troubled, Herod ? What vain fear
 Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move ?
 Heaven's King, who doffs Himself weak flesh to wear,
 Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love :
 Nor would He this thy fear'd crown from thee tear,
 But give thee a better with Himself above.
 Poor jealousy ! why should He wish to prey
 Upon thy crown, who gives His own away !

Make to thy reason, man ; and mock thy doubts ;
 Look how below thy fears their causes are :
 Thou art a soldier, Herod ; send thy scouts ;
 See how He's furnish'd for so fear'd a war.
 What armour does He wear ? a few thin clouts.
 His trumpets ? tender cries. His men to dare
 So much ? rude shepherds. What his steeds ? alas !
 Poor beasts ! a slow ox, and a simple ass.

Il fine del libro primo.

WISHES.

TO HIS (SUPPOSED) MISTRESS.

Who e'er she be,
 That not impossible she,
 That shall command my heart and me :

Where e'er she lye,
 Lock'd up from mortal eye,
 In shady leaves of destiny ;

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth ;

Till that divine
Idæa take a shrine
Of chrystal flesh, through which to shine

Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glistring shoe-tie.

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest.

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets open

A cheek where youth,
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write, what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose :
Which to no box his being owes.

* * * *

A well-tam'd heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes that bestow
Full quivers on Love's bow ;
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joys that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress.

* * * *

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days that, in spight
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Nights sweet as they
Made short by lover's play,
Yet long by th' absence of the day.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And, when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend."

* * * *

In her whole frame
Have Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and poesy :
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish—no more.

—————

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S BASHFULNESS.

That on her lap she casts her humble eye,
 'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.
 The fair star is well fix'd ; for where, O where,
 Could she have fix'd it on a fairer sphere ?
 'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven she sees ; heaven's God there lies .
 She can see heaven, and ne'er lift up her eyes :
 This new guest to her eyes new laws hath given ;
 'Twas once look up, 'tis now look down, to heaven.

"TWO WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY."

Two went to pray ? O rather say,
 One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close, and treads on high,
 Where th' other dares not bend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
 The other to the altar's God.



SAMUEL BUTLER.

Born 1612. Died 1680.

BUTLER was born in February, 1612, in the parish of Strensham, Worcestershire. His father was a farmer of small means. After being educated at the Cathedral School of Worcester, Butler began the world as clerk to Mr. Jeffreys, Justice of Peace, living at Earls-croom, Worcestershire. An attempt has been made to show that he passed some years at Cambridge : but there is no proof that he was ever a member of that University. In the service of Mr. Jeffreys Butler found time for study, and also for the pursuit of the Fine Arts—painting and music. It was most probably through his connexion with Mr. Jeffreys that Butler became acquainted with the famous Selden.

Selden directed the household of Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, and it was said by Anthony Wood that "he lived with her in a conjugal way." The Countess resided in the Friary-house, Whitefriars the district well known as Alsatia, on account of its privileges of sanctuary (see Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward"). In the house of the Countess Butler enjoyed the advantage of a noble library, and became so much esteemed by Selden that he frequently employed him upon literary work. When, or why, Butler left the service of the Countess is unknown. We next hear of him in the household of Sir Samuel Luke, a Bedfordshire gentleman, who became one of Cromwell's commanders. In this establishment Butler had the opportunity of studying the characters and habits of the Puritans. It is said that he commenced his poem of "Hudibras" at that period; and that Sir Samuel Luke is the original of the ever-memorable knight. At the Restoration Butler was made Secretary to the Earl of Carbery, Lord President of Wales, who conferred on him the Stewardship of Ludlow Castle. About the same time Butler married a Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of good means. Her property before long was entirely lost by being invested in bad securities. In 1663 the first three cantos of "Hudibras" were published, and introduced at Court by the Earl of Dorset.

The Royalist party throughout the country eagerly read and studied the poem. Its popularity became immense; and every one supposed its author would speedily receive some substantial proof of the royal favour. No such result attended it. Butler received unbounded praise; and nothing more. In 1664 the second part appeared; and in 1678 the third, which leaves the poem incomplete.

Butler was then getting into years. Seeing his labour entirely overlooked by the King, it is probable he gave up his work in despair, or disgust. At that period he resided in Rose Street, Covent Garden, where he also died, in 1680, in extreme poverty. His remains were interred in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, at the expense of his attached friend Mr. Longueville. The precise position of the grave is now unknown. Half a century later Mr. Barber, a printer, erected a monument in Westminster Abbey to the poet's memory.

The original idea of "Hudibras" was derived from Don Quixote. Butler laboured under a great difficulty in striving to combine in one person the character of a knight-errant and a Presbyterian magistrate. The confusion created by such dissimilar ideas is obvious; and as the poem was never completed, it is impossible to decide at what conclusion its author designed to arrive. The swaggering pedant, knight and justice, is led forth to battle, and never approaches within sight of the field. There is a great paucity of action and an immensity of talk in "Hudibras," so that the poem becomes fatiguing. Nevertheless, its humour and its absurdities will always give it place and rank in English poetry, although the peculiar cant of the period against which it was aimed has, we will hope, almost expired in the present age. Inexhaustible wit, and a diligent observation of the weak and ludicrous

points of character, made "Hudibras" a text-book, from which many familiar sayings of practical wisdom now commonly on the lips of people have been derived ; while, like enough, those who use them are very frequently ignorant whence, and from whom, they borrow their wise saws.

FROM "HUDIBRAS."

PART I. CANTO I.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk ;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore ;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

* * * *

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic :
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute :
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl ;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination :
All this by syllogism true,
In mood and figure, he would do.

* * * *

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit :
'Twas Presbyterian true-blue ;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks ;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done ;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended :
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right, way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to ;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite :
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for :
Free-will they one day disavow,
Another nothing else allow :
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin :
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,

To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

* * * *

PART I. CANTO III.

Ay me ! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron !
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
 Do dog him still with after-claps !
 For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,
 And leer upon him for a while,
 She'll after show him, in a nick
 Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
 This any man may sing or say
 I' the ditty call'd, What if a Day ?
 For Hudibras, who thought he'd won
 The field, as certain as a gun,
 And having routed the whole troop,
 With victory was cock-a-hoop,
 Thinking he'd done enough to purchase
 Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth
 Might be explain'd by holder forth,
 And register'd by fame eternal
 In deathless pages of diurnal,
 Found in few minutes, to his cost,
 He did but count without his host,
 And that a turnstile is more certain
 Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.

* * * *

Quoth she, I should be loth to run
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none,
 Which must be done, unless some deed
 Of yours aforesaid do precede :
 Give but yourself one gentle swing,
 For trial, and I'll cut the string ;
 Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
 Or two, or three, against a wall,
 To show you are a man of mettle,
 And I'll engage myself to settle.

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,
 As Friar Bacon's noddle was,

Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,
 That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof ;
 As it had need to be, to enter,
 As yet, on any new adventure :
 You see what bangs it has endur'd,
 That would, before new feats, be cur'd :
 But if that's all you stand upon,
 Here, strike me luck, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
 As you suppose ; two words t' a bargain ;
 That may be done, and time enough,
 When you have given downright proof ;
 And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
 I have to love, nor cry dislike ;
 'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
 T' your conversation, mien, or person :
 But a just fear, lest you should prove
 False and perfidious in love :
 For if I thought you could be true,
 I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith as adamantin
 As chain of Destiny ; I'll maintain
 True as Apollo ever spoke,
 Or oracle from heart of oak ;
 And if you'll give my flame but vent,
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
 And shine upon me but benignly
 With that one and that other pigsney,
 The sun and day shall sooner part,
 Than love or you shake off my heart ;
 The sun, that shall no more dispense
 His own, but your bright influence.
 I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
 With true-love knots and flourishes,
 That shall infuse eternal spring,
 And everlasting flourishing :
 Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,
 And make it brisk champaign become.
 Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
 The primrose and the violet ;
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;
 Nature her charter shall renew,
 And take all lives of things from you ;

The world depend upon your eye,
 And, when you frown upon it, die.
 Only our loves shall still survive,
 New worlds and Nature's to survive,
 And like to herald's moons remain,
 All crescents without change or wane.

Hold, hold! quoth she, no more of this :
 Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss :
 For you will find it a hard chapter,
 To catch me with poetic rapture,
 In which your mastery of art
 Doth show itself, and not your heart ;
 Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
 By dint of high heroic fustion.
 She that with poetry is won
 Is but a desk to write upon,
 And what men say of her they mean
 No more than on the thing they lean.
 Some with Arabian spices strive
 T' embalm her cruelly alive ;
 Or season her as French cooks use
 Their *haut-gousts*, *bouillies*, or *ragousts* ;
 Use her so barbarously ill,
 To grind her lips upon a mill,
 Until the *facet doublet* doth
 Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth :
 Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyster's, with
 A row of pearl in't 'stead of teeth.
 Others make posies of her cheeks,
 Where red and whitest colours mix ;
 In which the lily and the rose
 For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
 The sun, the moon, by her bright eyes
 Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies,
 Are but black patches that she wears,
 Cut into suns, and moons, and stars ;
 By which astrologers, as well
 As those in heav'n above, can tell
 What strange events they do foreshow
 Unto her under-world below.
 Her voice the music of the spheres,
 So loud, it deafens mortal's ears,
 As wise philosophers have thought,
 And that's the cause we hear it not.

This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhyme would kill in prose ;
And in those ribands would have hung
Of which melodiously they sung,
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least ;
It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst ;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at : so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep :
For wits that carry low or wide
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should choose
This way t' attack me with your Muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With fulhams of poetic fiction :
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score ;
For hard dry bastings us'd to prove
The readiest remedies of love,
Next a dry diet ; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,
In which ye're hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock ;
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
T' allay your mettle, all a-gog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog :
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That, for a bruis'd or broken pate,
Has free'd you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow :
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage ;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance ;
Level at beauty and at wit ;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

All men's intrigues and projects tend,
 By sev'ral courses, to one end ;
 To compass, by the prop'rest shows,
 Whatever their designs propose ;
 And that which owns the fair'st pretext
 Is often found the indirect'st.
 Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint
 Much fairer than the real saint,
 And knaves appear more just and true
 Than honest men, that make less stew ;
 The dullest idiots in disguise
 Appear more knowing than the wise ;
 Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
 Pass on the rabble for the learn'd ;
 And cowards, that can damn and rant,
 Pass muster for the valiant ;
 For he that has but impudence
 To all things has a just pretence,
 And, put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim.

* * * *

Those that go up hill used to bow
 Their bodies forward and stoop low,
 To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
 When the way is difficult and steep ;
 So those at Court, that do address
 By low ignoble offices,
 Can stoop at anything that's base,
 To wriggle into trust and grace,
 Are like to rise to greatness sooner
 Than those that go by worth and honour.

* * * *

As gold, that's proof against th' essay,
 Upon the touchstone wears away,
 And having stood the greater test,
 Is overmaster'd by the least ;
 So men, having stood the hate
 And spiteful cruelty of Fate,

'Transported with a false caress
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

* * * *

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind ;
For that he has no eyes in's head
Must be by a dog glad to be led ;
And no beasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, Opinion :
'Tis an infectious pestilence
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination ;
And when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match ;
And nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opiniator.

* * * *

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to dispatch by fear.

* * * *

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.



ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Born 1618. Died 1667.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was a posthumous child. His father was a grocer in the city. The mother, in very straitened circumstances, contrived to secure for her son a good education. At a very early age he was sent to Westminster School; but even then his future devotion to poetry was a settled matter. By accident he took up a copy of Spenser's "Faery Queen," in his mother's parlour. The delight which he experienced from its study determined him to be a poet; and from that determination he never swerved.

At Westminster School Cowley could never be induced to learn the rudiments of grammar; and yet in after life he was famous for his Latinity. Milton and Cowley lived at the same period, and by the elegance of their Latin compositions raised the fame of England among Continental nations. The distinction, between their respective styles is this: Milton endeavoured to express his thoughts, not only according to the diction of a Roman, but as if they had been the thoughts of a Roman: Cowley, sacrificing something of purely classical phrase, endeavoured to make the Latin tongue accommodate itself to his thoughts. Manifestly, from the stand-point of scholarship, the idiomatic Latin of Milton will be pronounced the finer.

Cowley was one of the most precocious poets that England has produced. At the age of thirteen he published a volume of poems, containing his tragical history of "Pyramus and Thisbe," composed when he was ten years of age. In 1636 Cowley proceeded to Cambridge, where, while yet a student, he published a great part of his "Davideis," and "Love's Riddle," dedicated to Sir Kenelme Digby.

In 1643 (being then M.A.) he was compelled to retreat from Cambridge to Oxford, to escape from the Parliamentary influence in the former University. He resided at St. John's College, where he published a famous Satire, entitled "The Puritan and Papist," which was republished with his works in the last century, at the special desire of Dr. Johnson. At Oxford the loyalty and the elegance of Cowley's conversation made him many friends. Among others he was particularly noticed by the intrepid and accomplished Lord Falkland. From Oxford Cowley followed the Queen to Paris, where he acted as Secretary to Lord Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Alban's; and was engaged in ciphering and deciphering the correspondence between the Queen and Charles I. In 1656 he ventured to cross to England, but was made prisoner. After a short time he was liberated upon the security

of Dr. Scarborough, for £1,000. Remaining in England, he published a collection of his poems, previous, as he said, to retiring to one of the American plantations and leaving the world for ever. Having changed his mind, and thinking it better to temporize with the Commonwealth, he took his degree at Oxford, in 1657, as Doctor of Medicine, and resided in Kent, for the sake of studying the nature and property of plants and flowers.

When Cromwell died, Cowley crossed to France, and continued in the service of Charles II. until the Restoration, when, like many others who expected their fidelity and self-sacrifices to be rewarded, Cowley only received neglect. Disappointed and querulous, he retired to the Porch House, Chertsey, where he passed the remainder of his discontented days.

By the interest of the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Alban's he succeeded in obtaining a lease of Queen's lands, sufficient to supply him with an ample income.

He did not enjoy his retirement and settled position in life for more than two years. Having taken up his residence at Chertsey in 1665, he was carried off by disease of the lungs, inflamed by a neglected cold, in 1667, aged forty-eight.

Cowley's remains received the honours of a splendid funeral. They were interred in Westminster Abbey, between those of Chaucer and Spenser; and Charles II. was good enough to say, that "Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

Cowley was the last great man of the metaphysical school. That school had been distinguished by men who wrote to show their learning; "but, unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than the ear." Cowley adopted the metaphysical style, because it had been the fashion. Milton disdained it, and rejected it. In his own age Cowley was considered a man of unrivalled excellence; but time has not confirmed any such verdict. The present age refuses to consider the conceits of the metaphysical poets as wit. The fault of Cowley, and of all the writers of his school, is, that they pursue their fancies to their exhaustion. Powerful description is frittered away in petty enumeration: and thus the force of metaphor is lost, when the mind of the reader is perpetually carried away to think upon the minutiae of the objects from which illustrations are borrowed, rather than being left to keep steadily before it the subject to which such illustrations are to be applied. If the student will compare the poetry of Donne, Fletcher, Crashaw, and Cowley with the poetry of Shelley (take, for instance, "Adonais" or "Ginevra"), he will see at a glance what is meant.

THE WISH.

I.

Lest the misjudging world should chance to say,
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,
 To whisper in Jove's ear
How much I wish that funeral,
Or gape at such a great one's fall ;
 This let all ages hear,
And future times in my soul's picture see
What I abhor, what I desire to be.

II.

I would not be a Puritan, tho' he
Can preach two hours, and yet his sermon be
 But half a quarter long ;
Tho' from his old mechanic trade
By vision he's a pastor made,
 His faith was grown so strong ;
Nay, though he think to gain salvation
By calling the Pope the Whore of Babylon.

III.

I would not be a Schoolmaster, though to him
His rods no less than Consul's fasces seem ;
 Tho' he in many a place
Turns Lily oftener than his gowns,
Till at the last he makes the nouns
 Fight with the verbs apace ;
Nay, though he can, in a poetic heat,
Figures, born since, out of poor Virgil beat.

IV.

I would not be a Justice of the Peace, tho' he
Can with equality divide the fee,
 And stakes with his clerk draw ;
Nay, tho' he sits upon the place
Of judgment, with a learned face
 Intricate as the law ;
And whilst he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks Priscian's head with sentences securely.

V.

I would not be a Courtier, tho' he
 Makes his whole life the truest comedy;
 Altho' he be a man
 In whom the tailor's forming art,
 And nimble barber, claim more part,
 Than Nature herself can ;
 Tho', as he uses man, 'tis his intent,
 To put off Death too with a compliment.

VI.

From Lawyers' tongues, tho' they can spin with ease
 The shortest cause into a paraphrase,
 From usurers' conscience
 (For swallowing up young heirs so fast,
 Without all doubt they'll choke at last),
 Make me all innocence,
 Good Heav'n ! and from thy eyes, O Justice ! keep ;
 For tho' they be not blind, they're oft asleep.

VII.

From Singing-men's religion, who are
 Always at church, just like the crows, 'cause there
 They build themselves a nest ;
 From too much poetry, which shines
 With gold in nothing but its lines,
 Free, O you Pow'rs, my breast ;
 And from astronomy, which in the skies
 Finds fish and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

VIII.

From your Court-madam's beauty, which doth carry
 At morning May, at night a January ;
 From the grave City-brow
 (For tho' it want an R, it has
 The letter of Pythagoras)
 Keep me, O Fortune, now !
 And chines of beef innumerable send me,
 Or from the stomach of the guard defend me.

IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
 Some honour I would have,
 Not from great deeds, but good alone :

Th' unknown are better than ill known:

Rumour can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not from the number, but the choice of friends.

X.

Books should, not bus'ness, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, not luxury :

My garden, painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, that pleasure yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race ;

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, and happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them : I have liv'd to-day.

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

I.

Mark that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye !

Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there,
That way it went ; but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.

II.

Fool ! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou
Of all the time thou'st shot away :

I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind ?

III.

Our life is carry'd with too strong a tide ;
 A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
 And is the horse of all our years :
 Each day doth on a wingèd whirlwind ride.
 We and our glass run out, and must
 Both render up our dust.

IV.

But his past life who without grief can see,
 Who never thinks his end too near,
 But says to Fame, Thou art mine heir ;
 That man extends life's nat'ral brevity--
 To outlive Nestor in a day.

 DAVIDEIS.

I.

Awake, awake, my Lyre !
 And tell thy silent master's humble tale
 In sounds that may prevail,
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire.
 Though so exalted she,
 And I so lowly be,
 Tell her such diff'rent notes make all thy harmony.

II.

Hark ! how the strings awake !
 And though the moving hand approach not near,
 Themselves, with awful fear,
 A kind of num'rous trembling make.
 Now all thy forces try,
 Now all thy charms apply,
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

III.

Weak Lyre ! thy virtue, sure,
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound, but not to cure.
 Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
 My passion to remove ;
 Physic to other ills. thou'rt nourishment to love.

IV.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre !
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire.
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie.
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre ! and let thy master die.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

Happy the man whose whole time doth bound
Within th' enclosure of his little ground:
Happy the man whom the same humble place
(The hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wand'rings get ;
He never dangers either saw or fear'd ;
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard ;
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar :
No change of Consuls marks to him the year ;
The change of seasons is his calendar :
The cold and heat winter and summer shows ;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flow'rs, he knows :
He measures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground :
A neighb'ring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees :
He's only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame :
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red Sea and of Benacus' lake :
Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage of life is longest made at home.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Born 1631. Died 1700.

JOHN DRYDEN was born on the 9th of August, 1631, at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire. His father was the third son of Sir Erasmus *Driden*, created a Baronet in 1619. The poet became a King's Scholar at Westminster School, under Dr. Busby.

While at school he wrote several translations, and his *Elegy* on the death of Lord Hastings. In 1650 he proceeded as Westminster Scholar to Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1654, on the death of his father, he succeeded to a moderate property ; but he continued to reside at Cambridge until 1657, after he had taken his M.A. degree. Between that date and the Restoration he held some inferior post under the existing Government. In 1663 he commenced his dramatic career by producing "*The Wild Gallant*:" and in the same year married a daughter of the first Earl of Berkshire. He was appointed Poet Laureat in 1670, with a salary of 200*l.* per annum. Between this time and 1681 he was chiefly engaged in writing plays for the King's Theatre, enjoying an income from that occupation of 300*l.* to 400*l.* a year. The struggle between the parties of the Duke of York and Duke of Monmouth had brought down upon the Court an avalanche of epigram, satire, and scurrility. Dryden, to produce a counteraction, published in 1681 his famous "*Absalom and Achitophel*:" Buckingham being *Zimri*; Shaftesbury *Achitophel*; and Monmouth *Absalom*. When Shaftesbury was released from the Tower, and the Whig party struck a medal to commemorate the event, Dryden published his stinging lampoon on Shaftesbury, entitled "*The Medal*." After the death of Charles II. Dryden embraced the Roman Catholic faith. Lord Macaulay designates him an "illustrious renegade," and broadly insinuates that it was from a sordid motive,—to regain a pension of 100*l.* per annum allowed by Charles II., but which had been stopped since his death,—that Dryden became a Roman Catholic.

His conduct throughout the remainder of his life contradicts this unworthy party insinuation. When William III. became King, Dryden remained unmoved. Nothing would induce him to "take the oaths, or forsake his religion." He educated his children in his adopted faith, and lived and died in it himself. "*The Hind and the Panther*," published in 1687, refers to this passage in his life; and it is always regarded as one of the finest compositions in English poetry. Between 1690 and 1694 Dryden returned to dramatic composition, and produced four plays. At the Revolution he had been deprived of the Laureatship, and necessity compelled

him to resume his pen as a dramatist. He had to contend against poverty and the rapacity of Jacob Tonson, the publisher. At the same period he commenced his translation of Virgil, and wrote his ever-famous "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." The last composition which came from his pen was a Masque, with prologue and epilogue, written about three weeks before his death. His death was caused by inflammation of the foot. On the 1st of May, 1700, he expired, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

Dryden is now scarcely remembered as a dramatic writer. His comedies are as coarse as his tragedies are stilted. The French School was in vogue with the Court and the Cavaliers when he wrote his plays; and his plays are written up to the taste—or, rather, utter want of taste—of the day. As a Poet and as a Satirist Dryden holds a very different position in our esteem. Here he occupies a place in the foremost rank. As a Satirist he is unsurpassed. In versification he is a most agile master of the English language: and in compositions written in the heroic measure he is distinguished for his fluency and vigour. Johnson said of Dryden, in exaggerated terms, but nevertheless in words that contain a great deal of truth, that he found the English language brick and left it marble.

THE ART OF POETRY.

Rash author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme:
If at thy birth the stars that ruled thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence,
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf and Pegasus unsound.

* * * *

Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme:
Falsely they seem each other to oppose;
Rhyme must be made with Reason's laws to close;
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble course;
To Reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine:
But, if neglected, will as easily stray,
And master Reason, which she should obey.
Love Reason then, and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Most writers, mounted on a resty Muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose;

They think they err, if in their verse they fall
 On any thought that's plain or natural :
 Fly this excess, and let Italians be
 Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
 All ought to aim at sense ; but most in vain
 Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain :
 You drown if to the right or left you stray ;
 Reason to go has often but one way.
 Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
 Pursues its objects till 'tis over-wrought ;
 If he describes a house, he shows the face,
 And after walks you round from place to place ;
 Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
 Balconies here are ballustred with gold ;
 Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
 " The festoons, freezes, and the astragals :"
 Tired with his tedious pomp, away I run,
 And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
 Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
 And shun their barren superfluity.
 All that is needless carefully avoid ;
 The mind once satisfied is quickly cloyed :
 He cannot write who knows not to give o'er ;
 To mend one fault he makes a hundred more :
 A verse was weak ; you turn it, much too strong,
 And grow obscure for fear you should be long.
 Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry ;
 Not to be low, another soars too high.
 Would you of every one deserve the praise ?
 In writing vary your discourse and phrase.
 A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
 Instead of pleasing makes us gape and doze ;
 Those tedious authors are esteemed by none
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
 Happy who in his verse can gently steer
 From grave to light, from pleasant to severe :
 His works will be admired wherever found,
 And oft with buyers will be compassed round.
 In all you write be neither low nor vile ;
 The meanest theme may have a proper style.

* * * *

There is a kind of writer pleased with sound,
 Whose fustian head with clouds is compassed round ;

No reason can disperse them with its light :
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
Th' expression follows perfect or impure :
What we conceive with ease we can express ;
Words to the notions flow with readiness.

Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offence ;
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve,
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking ; never work in haste ;
And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labour not afraid ;
A hundred times consider what you've said ;
Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ
That here and there are scattered sparks of wit ;
Each object must be fixed in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace,
Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your subject close in all you say ;
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray ;
The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.

VENI CREATOR.

Creator Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind :
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence,

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

AN ODE

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY
 MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW, EXCELLENT IN THE TWO
 SISTER ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
 Made in the last promotion of the blest,
 Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with immortal green above the rest ;
 Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
 Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
 Or, in procession fixed and regular,
 Movest with the heavens' majestic pace :
 Or, called to more superior bliss,
 Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss :
 Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space ;
 Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
 Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse
 In no ignoble verse,
 But such as thy own voice did practise here,
 When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there,
 While yet a young probationer
 And candidate of Heaven.

* * * *

May we presume to say, that at thy birth
 New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth ?
 For sure the milder planets did combine
 On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
 And even the most malicious were in trine.
 Thy brother-angels at thy birth
 Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high,
 That all the people of the sky

Might know a poetess was born on earth ;
 And then, if ever, mortal ears
 Had heard the music of the spheres :
 And if no clustering swarm of bees
 On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
 'Twas that such vulgar miracles
 Heaven had not leisure to renew ;
 For all thy blest fraternity of love
 Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

O gracious God ! how far have we
 Prophaned Thy heavenly gift of poesy !
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debased to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordained above
 For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love !
 O wretched we ! Why were we hurried down
 This lubrique and adulterate age,
 (Nay, added fat pollutions of our own,)

T' increase the streaming ordures of the stage ?
 What can we say t' excuse our second fall ?
 Let this thy Vestal, Heaven, atone for all :
 Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,
 Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled ;
 Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

* * * *

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
 To raise the nations underground ;
 When in the Valley of Jehoshaphat
 The judging God shall close the book of fate,
 And there the last assizes keep,
 For those who wake, and those who sleep ;
 When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky ;
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead ;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
 For they are covered with the lightest ground ;
 And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
 There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire shall go,
 As harbinger of Heaven, the way to show,
 The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE,
BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn :
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
The next in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

EPITAPH

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN'S WIFE.

Here lies my wife : here let her lie !
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

1

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began ;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
" Arise, ye more than dead ! "

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

2

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound :

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

3

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, hark ! the foes come :
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat !

4

The soft complaining flute,
 In dying notes, discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

5

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fiery, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

6

But, oh ! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise ?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

7

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre :
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher ;
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared,
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above ;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft, in awful state,
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne ;
 His valiant peers were placed around ;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 (So should desert in arms be crowned).
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

2

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above
 (Such is the power of mighty love.
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And while he sought her snowy breast :
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;
 A present deity ! they shout around :
 A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

3

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face :
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

4

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius, great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

5

The mighty master smiled, to see
 That love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

6

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head ;
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge ! Timotheus cries.
 See the Furies arise ;
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

7

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame :
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame :
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

FROM "ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL."

CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.¹

Of these the false Achitophel was first ;
 A name to all succeeding ages curst :
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit ;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place ;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity ;
 Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
 He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please ;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son ;
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try ;
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate ;
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the State :
 To compass this the triple bond he broke ;
 The pillars of the public safety shook ;
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke ;
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

(1) Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, born at Wimborne, 1621, died at Amsterdam, 1683. He was one of the "Cabal" Ministry, and always a great popularity seeker. His political tergiversations were remarkable. He made himself obnoxious to James II. and espoused the cause of Monmouth. Fearing for his safety he fled to the Continent in 1682, and died the following year of gout.

CHARACTER OF BUCKINGHAM.¹

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
 A man so various, that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes ;
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes ;
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laughed himself from Court ; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel.

(1) George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, born in London, 1627, died at Kirkby Moorside, Yorkshire, 1688, buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. He was the favourite of Charles II. and one of the celebrated "Cabal" Ministry.



EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Born (circ.) 1633. Died 1684.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, was the son of James Dillon, third Earl of that title, by Elizabeth Wentworth, sister of the great Earl of Strafford. The third Earl had been converted to the Protestant religion by Archbishop Usher.

When the rebellion broke out in Ireland, the Earl of Strafford, fearing the fury of the people against the Dillon family, sent over for young Wentworth—his godchild. He was removed to the Earl's seat in

Yorkshire, where he was carefully instructed, especially in Latin. When the political storm broke over the head of the magnanimous Strafford, Usher advised that young Wentworth should be sent to Caen to pursue his studies under Bochart.

The condition of England and Ireland continuing agitated, the nephew of the then beheaded Earl felt no particular inducement to return. While at Caen he had succeeded to the title of Roscommon. Aubrey tells a story that he had a presentiment of his father's death, and exclaimed, "My father is dead !" while he was one day engaged with some boys at play, at least a fortnight before the intelligence arrived from Ireland. On finishing his education, he travelled in Italy, where he amused himself with antiquarian pursuits and collecting medals. At the Restoration he came to London, and was made Captain of the Band of Pensioners.

Like too many of the courtiers of Charles II.'s reign, he indulged in gambling, and so crippled his estate that he was compelled to leave the Court and withdraw to Ireland. The Duke of Ormond, then governing in Ireland, made him Captain of the Guard. Returning to his lodgings one night from a gambling-table, he was attacked by three assassins. One he had already killed with his rapier, when a gentleman passing by joined in the combat and disarmed the other. The third fled. Roscommon was so grateful for this timely aid, that he introduced the stranger to the Duke of Ormond, and resigning his office of Captain of the Guard, induced the Duke to prefer his deliverer to that office, which he held until his death, when Roscommon resumed its duties. After he had again returned to the Court of Charles II. he was made Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York (Mary of Modena), and married the Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Burlington. On the accession of James II. Roscommon, foreseeing the troubles about to arise, purposed to leave the country, and was about to retire to Rome. He said "that it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked ;" by which he possibly meant, that it was better for him to be near the person of the Pope if the King were about to bring England back again to the Papacy. Whatever may have been his meaning, the intent was never carried into execution. He had an attack of gout, and being impatient of confinement, put himself into the hands of a French quack-doctor, who drove the disease inward, and Roscommon died of gout in the stomach. Just before he expired, he uttered two lines of his own poem on the "Day of Judgment :

" My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end."

The Earl's remains were interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

The chief merit of Roscommon's poetry is its correctness of versification. He had a special esteem for purity of expression and harmony of measure. He was in this respect a benefactor to our language. Vigour he had not : but smoothness of verse, and an ear sensitively alive to a musical exactness in rhyme, he did possess, to a degree unequalled by

any of his contemporaries. Moreover, Pope writes of him—and the praise is well deserved—

“ Unhappy Dryden ! in all Charles’s days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays.”

The grossness and foulness of language in which the writers of Roscommon’s day indulged was such, that in a work like this the omission of various names familiarly known to men of letters is an absolute necessity. The more honour, therefore, is due to Roscommon, who, living in the midst of such impurity, would not soil his pages with the ribaldry and grossness which was at that time popular.

AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

Happy that author whose correct essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way ;
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo’s sacred standard wait,
And, with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learned to use your arms before you fight.
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage
Conspire to censure and expose our age,
Provok’d too far, we resolutely must
To the few virtues that we have be just.

* * * * *
When France had breath’d after intestine broils,
And peace and conquest crowned her foreign toils,
There (cultivated by a royal hand)
Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the land.

* * * * *
Vain are our neighbour’s hopes, and vain their cares ;
The fault is more their language’s than theirs :
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords ;
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy ?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.
I speak my private but impartial sense,
With freedom and (I hope) without offence ;
For I’ll recant when France can show me wit
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.

* * * * *
With how much ease is a young Muse betray’d !
How nice the reputation of the maid !

Your early, kind, paternal care appears
 By chaste instruction of her tender years.
 The first impression in her infant breast
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
 Let not austerity breed servile fear ;
 No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
 Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
 And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
 Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts ;
 But your neglect must answer for her faults.
 Immodest words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense.
 What moderate fop would rake the Park or stews
 Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose ?
 Variety of such is to be found :
 Take then a subject proper to expound ;
 But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
 For men of sense despise a trivial choice :
 And such applause it must expect to meet
 As would some painter, busy in a street
 To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
 That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
 Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good :
 It must delight us when 'tis understood.
 He that brings fulsome objects to my view
 (As many old have done, and many new,)
 With nauseous images my fancy fills,
 And all goes down like oxymel of squills.

* * * * *

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
 And with attractive majesty surprise,
 Not by affected meretricious arts,
 But strict harmonious symmetry of parts ;
 Which through the whole insensibly must pass
 With vital heat to animate the mass—
 A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
 And bright as Heaven, from whence the blessing came.

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
 The men who labour and digest things most
 Will be much apter to despond than boast :
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

How many ages since has Virgil writ !
 How few are they who understand him yet !
 Approach his altars with religious fear,
 No vulgar deity inhabits there :
 Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
 Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
 Hail, mighty Maro ! may that sacred name
 Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
 Sublime ideas and apt words infuse,
 The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the Muse !
 What I have instanced only in the best
 Is in proportion true of all the rest.
 Take pains the genuine meaning to explore ;
 There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar :
 Search every comment that your care can find ;
 Some here, some there, may suit the poet's mind :
 Yet be not blindly guided by the throng,
 The multitude is always in the wrong.

* * * * *

Words in one language elegantly us'd
 Will hardly in another be excus'd ;
 And some that Rome admired in Cæsar's time
 May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
 The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
 Shows a translator both discreet and bold.
 Excursions are inexpiably bad ;
 And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
 Abstruse and mystic thought you must express
 With painful care, but feeling easiness ;
 For Truth shines brightest through the plainest dress.

* * * * *

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men
 Compelled by want to prostitute their pen ;
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead !
 But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pampered heirs,
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
 For rich ill poets are without excuse.
 'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse,
 The profit's small, and you have much to lose ;
 For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
 Degenerate lines degrade the attainted race.

No poet any passion can excite,
 But what they feel in transport when they write.
 Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
 And heard the impatient maid divinely rave?
 I hear her now ; I see her rolling eyes :
 And panting, " Lo ! the God, the God," she cries ;
 With words not hers, and more than human sound,
 She makes the obedient ghosts peep trembling through the ground.
 But, though we must obey when Heaven commands,
 And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
 Beware what spirit rages in your breast ;
 For ten inspired, ten thousand are possest.
 Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
 And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
 As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
 Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
 Through every swelling vein a loud retreat :
 So when a Muse propitiously invites,
 Improve her favours, and indulge her flights ;
 But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
 Leave off, and for another summons wait.

ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
 As David and the Sybils say.

2

What horror will invade the mind,
 When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
 Shall have few venial faults to find !

3

The last trumpet's wondrous sound
 Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
 And wake the nations under ground.

4

Nature and Death shall with surprise
 Behold the pale offender rise,
 And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

5

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

6

The Judge ascends His awful throne ;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

7

Oh ! then what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake ?

8

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,
Some comfortable pity bring !

9

Forget not what Thy ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

10

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

11

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.

12

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep : accept my tears.

13

Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

14

Reject not my unworthy prayer ;
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

15

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The Sons of GOD, and Heirs of grace.

16

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to Thy seat of bliss !

17

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend :
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

18

Well may they curse their second breath
Who rise to a reviving death.
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty men compassion find !



CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET.

Born 1637. Died 1716.

CHARLES SACKVILLE was the great-great-grandson of the celebrated Lord Treasurer and poet, Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset.

Charles was the sixth Earl of that title. He was born in 1637, during the lifetime of Edward, the fourth Earl, Chamberlain, friend, and staunch supporter of Charles I., who, when "the king was murdered, took it so much to heart, that he never after stirred out of his house, but dyed at Dorset House." (Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, now occupies the spot on which this famous town-house of the Dorsets stood.)

Charles Sackville's father, Richard, fifth Earl, was as devoted to the Royal cause as his predecessor. He was one of the fifty-nine who had courage enough in 1640, in the House of Commons, to vote against the attainder of the Earl of Strafford. His son, born in the midst of the troubles which overwhelmed the Court, was privately educated at home by a tutor, and during the Commonwealth sent out of England to travel in Italy. At the Restoration Earl Richard was at the head of all measures taken for the King's return. His son Charles was received at Court with marked favour. In the first Parliament of Charles II. he was returned for East Grinstead, a borough with which the Dorset

family has always been intimately connected. In his early life Charles Sackville was associated with the riotous youths of high rank who have given such ill-fame to the period which their licentious conduct disgraced. He, Sir Charles Sedley, Sir Thomas Ogle, and others, committed one excess in Bow Street, Covent Garden, which cost them each a fine of 500*l*.

In 1665, when twenty-eight years of age, Charles Sackville (who had been known as Lord Buckhurst since his grandfather's death in 1652) accompanied the Duke of York in the Dutch war, and was present at the naval engagement off Harwich, when the Duke defeated the Dutch fleet, and Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up with all his crew in his flag-ship, while fourteen others were destroyed and eighteen were taken. It was upon the eve of this engagement that Buckhurst wrote the celebrated song which retains its favour to the present hour in all collections of naval poetry. Very frequently the composition of this song, under such stirring circumstances, is quoted as evidence of the calmness, self-possession, and courage of Buckhurst. Though he wrote several other pieces, this song, "To all ye Ladies now on Land," is the only one which popularly survives to recall the name of Charles Sackville. He became Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King, and was frequently employed by him on embassies to the King of France : for Sackville was esteemed "one of the best bred" and most accomplished men at the English Court. His father, Earl Richard, had married Frances, daughter of Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex. At the death of her brother without children, in 1675, Charles Sackville inherited the large Cranfield estates and the earldom of Middlesex. In 1677 his father died, when he succeeded to his family title as Earl of Dorset, with the Buckhurst property, and the Manor of Knole, at Sevenoaks. As Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, he became one of the most wealthy nobles at Court, and was able to indulge his favourite tastes, and to "patronize" those whom he thought deserving of his favour. Among these, according to Prior, Dryden may be numbered. Certain it is, that Dorset had a great love for literature, and that he cultivated the friendship of the poets and learned men of his time. Prior was entirely indebted to the Earl for his introduction to public life. He returned him to Parliament as member for East Grinstead, and always remained his staunch friend. There still exist several letters written to the Earl by Prior, when he was resident at Paris as Minister-Plenipotentiary to the Court of France.

At Knole there is one room, the walls of which are covered with portraits of the poets and celebrated men in letters or art, collected by this Earl of Dorset : among these are likenesses of Ben Jonson, Dryden, Betterton, Garth, Congreve, Waller, Milton, Gay, Sir Philip Sydney, Otway, Rochester, Tom D'Urfey, Sir Charles Sedley, Butler, and, as a matter of course, Matthew Prior. It would be hard to conceive any life more enjoyable, and apparently thoroughly enjoyed, than was Charles Sackville's, until the accession of James II.

Lord Rochester said of him : " I know not how it is, but Lord Buckhurst may do what he will, yet is never in the wrong." The reason was perhaps as well known to Rochester as to any one. Dorset was a man of elegance, of taste, and sound judgment ; a judgment too sound to betray him into valuing himself for what he was not. Added to this, he was the patron and friend of the learned and the witty. He thoroughly appreciated and loved the poetry, learning, or wit in others, to which he could make no pretension himself. The reign of James II. disagreeably interfered with his comfort and enjoyment. He felt himself constrained to oppose the action of the King. At the trial of the seven bishops, in 1688, he openly appeared in Westminster Hall among their friends. James II. put him out of his commission as Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Sussex. Dorset espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange, and actively aided in bringing about the Revolution. He was made Privy Councillor and Lord Chamberlain to William and Mary ; and in 1691 was created K.G. During the King's absence in Holland he was four times appointed one of the Lords Regent of the Kingdom. It is said that the cause of his death arose from his being tossed about for sixteen hours in an open boat upon a tempestuous sea, upon the coast of Holland, where he on one occasion accompanied the King. He retired to Bath when his health declined ; and on January 29, 1716, died there, ætat. 79. He was buried at Withiam, Sussex, in the same vault with the five previous earls.

Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset, scarcely merits to be mentioned as a poet. A song of eleven stanzas is the only piece he ever wrote that deserves quotation ; but that it has merit is evidenced by the fact that it continues popular to the present day.

During his lifetime the Earl was flattered and courted as few men have been. It is narrated of Dryden, that on undertaking to produce authors of the day equal in wit, satire, and dramatic power to the classical writers, he observed, " I would instance your lordship in satire, and Shakspeare in tragedy." If the story be true—which for Dryden's sake we will hope it is not—we can only regard such fulsome flattery with the derision it deserves ; while we feel an increased esteem for Dorset, whose good sense was never misled by any such praise. Occupying an elevated position, and held in the highest consideration at the courts of Charles II. and of William and Mary, Charles Sackville remained, throughout his life, the true, warm friend of the poets, the men of genius and of wit, that he came in contact with ; and to his honour be it told, that where he discovered merit, his open hand was ever ready to cherish and foster it. Such a true noble—a rare exception to the general run of his order in the profligate age in which he flourished,—deserves to be remembered admiringly by all literary men. Prior wrote an elaborate sketch of the Earl's character in the Dedication of his poems to the Earl's son, Lionel, Earl of Dorset. The sketch is historically interesting, and well worth the student's attention.

TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD,
ON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM, CALLED
"THE BRITISH PRINCES."

Come on, ye critics, find one fault who dares ;
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,
'Twill do as well : throw not away your jests
On solid nonsense, that abides all tests.
Wit, like tierce-claret, when 't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
Thou hast a brain, such as it is indeed :
On what else should thy worm of fancy feed ?
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots survive when all the kernel's gone.
This simile shall stand in thy defence
'Gainst those dull rogues who now and then write sense.
Thy style's the same, whatever be thy theme,
As some digestions turn all meat to phlegm.
They lie, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion.
Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly :
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud
Than all the swift-finn'd racers of the flood.
As skilful divers to the bottom fall,
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all :
So, in this way of writing without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.
Thou writ'st below even thy own natural parts,
And with acquir'd dulness and new arts
Of study'd nonsense tak'st kind readers' hearts.
Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear
Such loud complaints 'gainst critics to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller ;
Thou sett'st thy name to what thyself dost write !
Did ever libel yet so sharply bite ?

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

In grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd arms¹
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, " If I have any charms,
My dearest, let's away !

" For you, my love, is all my fear !
Hark, how the drums do rattle !
Alas, sir ! what should you do here
In dreadful day of battle ?

" Let little Orange stay and fight,
For danger's his diversion ;
The wise will think you in the right
Not to expose your person :

" Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory ;
You ought to leave so mean a care
To those who pen your story.

" Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing ?
They know how heroes may be made
Without the help of fighting.

" When foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly :
Put six good horses to your coach,
And carry me to Marly.

" Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
Go take some town or buy it ;
Whilst you, great sir, at Notre Dame,
Te Deum sing in quiet."

(1) The allusion is to Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, and to the war between France and Holland combined with England, which ended with the treaty of Ryswick in 1697, when Louis recognised William III. as King of England. In the poetry of the period Louis XIV. is constantly made an object of jest.

SONG,

WRITTEN AT SEA IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1665, THE
NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGEMENT.

To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite ;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write :
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen, or by wind :
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold ;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they us'd of old :
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree ;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind ?
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;

For Dutchmen, vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main ;
Or else at serious ombre play :
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play ;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note ;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote ;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears,
Let's hear of no inconstancy ;
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.



SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Born 1649. Died 1720.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, son of Edmund, Earl of Mulgrave, was born in 1649. When nine years old his father died, and Sheffield's education was confided to a private tutor. At twelve years of age, the youth being greatly dissatisfied with his master, procured his discharge, and resolved to educate himself. The resolution was not only taken, but sedulously and successfully carried out.

At the age of seventeen, war being declared against the Dutch, he sailed in the same ship with Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle. When eighteen, he was returned to Parliament, but was not allowed to sit. In 1672 he was again a volunteer in the war with the Dutch, and served on board the ship commanded by Lord Ossory. At his lordship's recommendation he was advanced to the command of the *Catharine*. Subsequently he raised a regiment of foot, of which he was the Colonel. When twenty-five he was made K.G. and Gentleman of the Bedchamber. After this he entered the French service, and served for a short time under Turenne. Sheffield was strongly opposed to the Duke of Monmouth, and was instrumental in raising the suspicions of the Duke of York against him. It is said that he did this because Monmouth had opposed Sheffield in his desire to command the first troop of Horse Guards.

On the fall of Monmouth Sheffield was made Lieutenant of Yorkshire and Governor of Hull. Throughout the whole of the time that Sheffield was so busily engaged about the Court and in military adventure he also pursued his studies, and applied himself to the cultivation of poetry. At the age of twenty his recommendation procured the Laureatship for Dryden. In 1680, at the head of 2,000 men, he was sent against the Moors to the relief of Tangier. On the accession of James the Second he was made Lord Chamberlain and a Privy Councillor. When the Revolution occurred he submitted, but did nothing to aid it. Lord Shrewsbury opposed his being invited to join in the plot to invite the landing of William of Orange. William afterwards told Sheffield of the fact, and asked him what he would have done, had he been invited. "Sir," replied Sheffield, "I would have discovered it to the King I then served." William replied, "I cannot blame you." Sheffield was long, or perhaps always, an object of distrust to William III., and William was equally an object of the strongest dislike to Sheffield. Nevertheless he was created Marquis of Normanby in 1684, and afterwards admitted to the Cabinet Council, with a large pension.

When Queen Anne ascended the throne, Normanby was in great favour. It is said that in earlier years he had made youthful love to the

Queen. Walpole writes: "This Duke was immediately rewarded on her accession, for having made love to her before her marriage." She created him Privy Seal Commissioner to treat with the Scots regarding the Union, and raised him from the marquissate to a dukedom, giving him first the title of Duke of Normanby, and then Duke of the County of Buckingham (March 9, 1703).

Jealousy of the Duke of Marlborough induced Sheffield to resign his office of Privy Seal, and to join the Tory party. Having retired from official occupation, he commenced building Buckingham House, which stood on the spot now occupied by Buckingham Palace. [Sheffield's mansion was purchased by George III. and settled on his wife. It was called "The Queen's House." In it most of the children of George III. were born. The house was a very fine red-brick structure of the Queen Anne period, and existed until 1825, when "the first gentleman in Europe" pulled it down, and commenced erecting the unsightly and unworthy pile which now cumbers the ground where Sheffield lived.]

In 1710, when there was a change of ministry, and Sheffield's friends came into office, he was made Lord Chamberlain, and continued about the Court until 1714, when the Queen died and George I. succeeded. From that time Sheffield retired, and lived in opposition to the King. He had known the Court of Charles II. with all its gallantry, gambling, and sin; but at least that King and his favourites cultivated the manners and polish of gentlemen. George I. and his Court were in all respects as depraved and debauched; but the proud and accomplished Sheffield, who maintained "a dignity of honour," could not stoop to the gross habits and boorish manners of the "baggage" which George imported from Hanover. He retired to his books and his "parlour" painted by Ricci, with its niche, or closet for his folios, under the windows of which was his greenhouse, a "little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales." There he died, February 24, 1720, and was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where a costly monument marks his vault and records his memory.

Sheffield married three times. He had no children by his two first wives. His third was Catharine, a natural daughter of James II. by the notorious Catharine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley. By her he had three sons and a daughter, who all died in infancy, except Edmund, his heir. He only survived until 1735, when he died at Rome of consumption, and the ducal house of Sheffield became extinct.

It is extremely amusing to compare criticisms regarding such a man as Sheffield, and to observe the opinions regarding him expressed by critics who were guided by party prejudices. Dryden says, "His thoughts are always just, his numbers harmonious, his words chosen, his expressions strong and manly, and his turns as happy as they are easy." Walpole, on the reverse, says, "It is certain that his Grace's compositions in prose have nothing extraordinary in them; his poetry is most indifferent; and the greatest part of both is already fallen into neglect. It is said that he

wrote in hopes of being confounded with his predecessor in the title ; but he would more easily have been mistaken with the other Buckingham if he had never written at all."

Johnson says he is "a writer that sometimes glimmers, but rarely shines, feebly laborious, and at best but pretty."

The student will be able to judge for himself by the following extracts, and will perhaps decide that whilst Walpole and Johnson are right in the main, the "Essay on Poetry" contains lines which deserve the opinion expressed by Dryden.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
 Nature's chief master-piece is writing well :
 No writing lifts exalted man so high
 As sacred and soul-moving Poesy :
 No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
 And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
 But Heaven forbid we should be so profane
 To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
 'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
 Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes ;
 Bright as a blaze, and in a moment done.
 True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
 Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
 Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
 Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
 Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts ;
 And all in vain these superficial parts
 Contribute to the structure of the whole,
 Without a genius too,—for that's the soul :
 A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
 As that of Nature moves the world about ;
 A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit ;
 Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit ;
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown ;
 Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
 Where dost thou dwell ? what caverns of the brain
 Can such a vast and mighty thing contain ?
 When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
 Oh ! where dost thou retire ? and why dost thou return
 Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away
 From pleasures of the night and business of the day ?

Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
 To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
 As all is dulness when the fancy's bad,
 So, without judgment, fancy is but mad ;
 And judgment has a boundless influence
 Not only in the choice of words or sense,
 But on the world, on manners, and on men.
 Fancy is but the feather of the pen ;
 Reason is that substantial useful part
 Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.

* * * * *

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine
 (Art's needless varnish to make Nature shine),
 All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
 And in descriptions only claim a place :
 But to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
 From lovers in despair fine things to force,
 Must needs succeed ; for who can choose but pity
 A dying hero miserably witty ?
 But, oh ! the dialogues, where jest and mock
 Is held up like a rest at shittle-cock ;
 Or else, like bells, eternally they chime :
 They sigh in simile, and die in rhyme.
 What things are these who would be poets thought,
 By Nature not inspired, nor learning taught ?
 Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
 A better course than this by which they starve :
 But to write plays ! why, 'tis a bold pretence
 To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence :
 Nay, more ; for they must look within to find
 Those secret turns of nature in the mind :
 Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
 And but a body all, without a soul.

ON THE TIMES.¹

Since in vain our parsons teach,
 Hear, for once, a poet preach.
 Vice has lost its very name,
 Skill and cozenage thought the same—
 Only playing well the game.

(1) This piece is worthy of careful study, as being a picture of life in London and about the Court in Sheffield's time.

Foul contrivances we see
 Call'd but ingenuity :
 Ample fortunes often made
 Out of frauds in every trade,
 Which an awkward child afford
 Enough to wed the greatest lord.
 The miser starves to raise a son ;
 But if once the fool is gone,
 Years of thrift scarce serve a day,—
 Rake-hell squanders all away.
 Husbands seeking for a place,
 Or toiling for their pay ;
 While their wives undo their race
 By petticoats and play ;
 Breeding boys to drink and dice,
 Carrying girls to comedies,
 Where mamma's intrigues are shown,
 Which ere long will be their own.
 Having first at sermon slept,
 Tedious day is weekly kept
 By worse hypocrites than men,
 Till Monday comes to cheat again
 Ev'n among the noblest born
 Moral virtue is a scorn,
 Gratitude but rare at best,
 And fidelity a jest ;
 All our wit but party mocks ;
 All our wisdom raising stocks ;
 Counted folly to defend
 Sinking side or falling friend.
 Long an officer may serve ;
 Prais'd and wounded, he may starve :
 No receipt to make him rise
 Like inventing loyal lies.
 We, whose ancestors have shin'd
 In arts of peace and fields of fame,
 To ill and idleness inclin'd,
 Now are grown a public shame.
 Fatal that intestine jar
 Which produc'd our civil war !
 Ever since how sad a race !
 Senseless, violent, and base !

THE RECONCILEMENT.

Come, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet :
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove
Who free from quarrels live ;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest ;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas ! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate ;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late !

ON THE DEITY.

Wretched mankind ! void of both strength and skill !
Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill !
In merit humble, in pretensions high !
Among them none, alas ! more weak than I,
And none more blind : though still I worthless thought
The best I ever spoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind ;
Within my soul such strong impulse I find
The heavenly tribute of due praise to pay :
Perhaps 'tis sacred, and I must obey.

Yet such the subjects, various, and so high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity !
Miraculous effects of boundless power !
And that as boundless goodness shining more !
All these so numberless my thoughts attend,
Or where shall I begin, or ever end ?

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse,
Abruptly to break off wants no excuse.

While others vainly strive to know Thee more,
Let me in silent reverence adore ;
Wishing that human power were higher rais'd
Only that Thine might be more nobly prais'd !
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling Thee !



THOMAS OTWAY.

Born 1651. Died 1685.

THOMAS OTWAY was born at Trotten, in Sussex, March 3, 1651. His father, Humphrey Otway, was rector of Woolbeding, in the same county. Otway was educated at Winchester School, and in 1669 entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a Commoner. He never took his degree, but leaving the University proceeded to London, and at once associated himself with the theatres. He made his appearance in 1672 as an actor, but failed. This failure led him to devote his time to the writing of plays, the first of which appeared in 1675, entitled "Alcibiades." It was followed by "Don Carlos, Prince of Spain," and in 1677 by the "Cheats of Scapin," translated from Molière.

His conversation and wit had attracted the friendship of the Earl of Plymouth, a son of Charles II., who obtained for Otway a cornetcy in the army serving in Flanders. Military life not suiting Otway, he retired from the service, and reappeared in London in wretched poverty. Once more he applied himself to writing for the stage. Between 1680 and 1682 he produced a variety of pieces, the last being the only one which has kept its place upon the stage to the present day. This play is entitled "Venice Preserved." Jaffier and Pierre, the two principal characters, have been performed by all the most celebrated tragedians from Otway's time to the present.

Otway died in 1685, when he was in his thirty-fourth year. There are various strange stories regarding his death, one of which represents him to have been reduced so nearly to starvation, that on begging a little money wherewith to buy food, and having obtained a roll of bread, he choked himself with the first mouthful. The story is most

likely untrue, and to be regarded only as a figure of speech, to indicate that Otway's end was one of extreme want.

"Child of the Graces, nursling of the Loves,
In houseless beggary poor Otway roves."

Otway is distinguished for his power in moving the passions. His greatness belongs exclusively to his dramatic writings. His other poetry is altogether nerveless and poor; but in dramatic composition he possessed peculiar skill in drawing characters from nature, and in being able to move the hearts of the audience with the tragic lives and sorrows of his heroes. The part of Belvidera, in "Venice Preserved," has always been regarded as one of the most important in the rôle of a tragic actress, and is associated with the triumphs of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill.

WINDSOR CASTLE. ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Within a gate of strength, whose ancient frame
Has outworn Time and the records of Fame,
A reverend dome there stands, where twice each day
Assembling prophets their devotions pay,
In prayers and hymns to Heaven's eternal King,
The cornet, flute, and shawme, assisting as they sing.
Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount
From the first tables of the holy mount,
To the blest Gospel of that glorious LORD
Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.
Here speak, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Within this dome a shining chapel's rais'd,
Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,
When one approach'd, who bore much sober grace,
Order and ceremony in his face.
A threatening rod did his dread right hand poise,
A badge of rule and terrour o'er the boys;
His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,
Ready to open all to all that pay.
This courteous squire observing how amaz'd
My eyes betrayed me as they wildly gaz'd,
Thus gently spoke: "These banners raised on high
Betoken noble vows of chivalry,

Which here their heroes with religion make
When they the ensigns of this order take."
Then in due method made me understand
What honour famed St. George had done our land ;
What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters strove
Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and love,
Hang here their trophies, while their generous arms
Keep wrong supprest, and innocence from harms.
At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
For I'd been told all virtue was but show ;
That oft bold villainy had best success,
As if its use were more, nor merit less.
But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd.
Tell on, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find,
Worthy thy song, and Charles's mighty mind.

I turned around my eyes, and, lo ! a cell,
Where melancholy ruin seemed to dwell !
The door unhinged, without or bolt or ward,
Seemed as what lodged within found small regard ;
Like some old den scarce visited by day,
Where dark oblivion lurked and watched for prey.
Here, in a heap of confus'd waste, I found
Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground—
The spoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
Which equally on all mankind does wait :
The hero, levell'd in his humble grave,
With other men was now nor great nor brave ;
While here his trophies like their master lay,
To darkness, worms, and rottenness, a prey.
Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,
Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet,
Fell in his prince's and his country's cause !
But what his recompense ? A short applause,
Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,
Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.

And happy that man's chance, who falls in time,
Ere yet his virtue be become his crime ;
Ere his abus'd desert be called his pride,
Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.
But truly blest is he whose soul can bear
The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his care ;
Whose mind no disappointment here can shake,
Who a true estimate of life does make ;

Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
So to that prospect still his thoughts does bend ;
Who, though his right a stronger power invade,
Though fate oppress, and no man give him aid,
Cheered with the assurance that he there shall find
Rest from all toils and no remorse of mind,
Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave,
For who's a prince or beggar in the grave ?

THE COMPLAINT.

I love, I doat, I rave with pain,
No quiet's in my mind,
Though ne'er could be a happier swain
Were Sylvia less unkind.
For when, as long her chains I've worn,
I ask relief from smart,
She only gives me looks of scorn.
Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
May offer heaps of gold,
But surely I a heaven adore
Too precious to be sold.
Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize
For wealth, and not desert ;
And my poor sighs and tears despise ?
Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

When, like some panting, hovering dove,
I for my bliss contend,
And plead the cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me friend.
Ah ! Sylvia ! thus in vain you strive
To act a healer's part ;
'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
Alas ! and break my heart.

When on my lonely, pensive bed
I lay me down to rest,
In hope to calm my raging head,
And cool my burning breast,

Her cruelty all ease denies :
 With some sad dream I start ;
 All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
 And breaking feel my heart.

Then rising, through the path I rove
 That leads me where she dwells,
 Where to the senseless waves my love
 Its mournful story tells :
 With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
 Till morning bids depart,
 'Then vent ten thousand sighs and more.
 Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
 And I am dead and cold,
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told ;
 For every lovely, generous maid
 Will take my injur'd part,
 And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor heart !

FROM "VENICE PRESERVED."

ACT I. *Part of* SCENE I.

Enter PIERRE.

Pierre. My friend, good morrow !
 How fares the honest partner of my heart ?
 What, melancholy ! not a word to spare me ?

Jaffier. I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd starving quality
 Call'd honesty got footing in the world.

Pierre. Why, powerful villainy first set it up,
 For its own ease and safety : honest men
 Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
 Repose and fatten : were all mankind villains,
 They'd starve each other ; lawyers would want practice,
 Cut-throats reward : each man would kill his brother
 Himself ; none would be paid or hang'd for murder.
 Honesty ! 'twas a cheat, invented first
 To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
 That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
 And lord it uncontroll'd above their betters.

Jaffier. Then honesty's but a notion ?

Pierre. Nothing else ;

Like wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd :
He that pretends to most, too, has least share in't.
'Tis a ragged virtue. Honesty ! No more on't.

Jaffier. Sure thou art honest ?

Pierre. So, indeed, men think me ;

But they are mistaken, Jaffier : I am a rogue
As well as they :
A fine, gay, bold-fac'd villain, as thou seest me.
'Tis true I pay my debts when they're contracted ;
I steal from no man ; would not cut a throat
To gain admission to a great man's purse
Or wanton's bed ; I'd not betray my friend
To get his place or fortune ; I scorn to flatter
A blown-up fool above, or crush the wretch
Beneath me ;
Yet, Jaffier, for all this I am a villain.

Jaffier. A villain !

Pierre. Yes, a most notorious villain,

To see the sufferings of my fellow-creatures,
And own myself a man ; to see our senators
Cheat the deluded people with a show
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters ;
Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds ;
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow ;
Drive us, like wrecks, down the rough tide of power,
Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction.
All that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us 'tis our charter.

Jaffier. I think no safety can be here for virtue,
And grieve, my friend, as much as thou, to live
In such a wretched State as this of Venice,
Where all agree to spoil the public good,
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.

Pierre. We've neither safety, unity, nor peace,
For the foundation's lost of common good ;
Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us ;
The laws (corrupted to their ends that make 'em)
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny
That ev'ry day starts up, t' enslave us deeper.

Now, could this glorious cause but find out friends
 To do it right, oh, Jaffier ! then might'st thou
 Not wear those seals of woe upon thy face ;
 The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
 And learn to value such a son as thou art.
 I dare not speak ! but my heart bleeds this moment.

Jaffier. Curs'd be the cause, though I, thy friend, be part
 on't :

Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
 For I am used to misery, and perhaps
 May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit.

Pierre. Too soon 'twill reach thy knowledge.

Jaffier. Then from thee
 Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship
 Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
 Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.

Pierre. Then thou art ruined !

Jaffier. That I long since knew ;
 I and ill-fortune have been long acquainted.

Pierre. I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
 And found them guarded by a troop of villains ;
 The sons of public rapine were destroying.
 They told me by the sentence of the law
 They had commission to seize all thy fortune :
 Nay, more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.
 Here stood a ruffian, with a horrid face,
 Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
 Tumbled into a heap for public sale.
 There was another making villanous jests
 At thy undoing : he had ta'en possession
 Of all thy ancient, most domestic ornaments ;
 Rich hangings, intermix'd and wrought with gold :
 The very bed which, on thy wedding night,
 Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,
 The scene of all thy joys, was violated
 By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon-villains,
 And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Jaffier. Now, thank Heaven !

Pierre. Thank Heaven ! for what ?

Jaffier. That I'm not worth a ducat.

Pierre. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of Venice,
 Where brothers, friends, and fathers, all are false ;
 Where there's no truth, no trust ; where innocence
 Stoops under vile oppression, and vice lords it ;

Where ev'ry slave that heaps up wealth enough
 To do much wrong, becomes a lord of right.
 Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how, at last,
 Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
 That's doom'd to banishment, came weeping forth,
 Shining thro' tears, like April suns in showers,
 That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em,
 Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she lean'd,
 Kindly look'd up, and at her grief grew sad,
 As if they catch'd the sorrows that fell from her :
 E'en the lewd rabble, that were gather'd round
 To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her ;
 Govern'd their roaring throats, and grumbled pity ;
 I could have hugg'd the greasy rogues—they pleas'd
 me.

Jaffier. I thank thee for this story, from my soul ;
 Since now I know the worst that can befall me.
 Ah, Pierre ! I have a heart that could have borne
 The roughest wrong my fortune could have done me ;
 But when I think what Belvidera feels,
 The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
 I own myself a coward. Bear my weakness,
 If throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
 I play the boy and blubber in thy bosom.
 Oh, I shall drown thee with my sorrows.

Pierre. Burn,
 First burn, and level Venice to thy ruin.
 What ! starve like beggars' brats in frosty weather,
 Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death !
 Thou, or thy cause, shall never want assistance
 Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee :
 Command my heart ; thou'rt every way its master.

Jaffier. No ; there's a secret pride in bravely dying.

Pierre. Rats die in holes and corners ; dogs run mad ;
 Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow—
 Revenge, the attribute of gods : they stamp'd it,
 With their great image, on our natures. Die !
 Consider well the cause that calls upon thee ;
 And, if thou'rt base enough, die then. Remember
 Thy Belvidera suffers ; Belvidera !
 Die !—damn first !—What ! be decently interr'd
 In a church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
 With stinking rogues that rot in winding-sheets,
 Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung o' th' soil !

Jaffier. Oh !

Pierre. Well said !—out with 't—swear a little.

Jaffier.

Swear ?

By sea and air ; by earth, by heav'n and hell,

I will revenge my Belvidera's tears !

Hark thee, my friend—Priuli—is—a senator !

Pierre. A dog !

Jaffier.

Agreed.

Pierre.

Shoot him !

Jaffier (*shaking his hand*).

With all my heart !

No more. Where shall we meet at night ?

Pierre.

I'll tell thee :

On the Rialto, every night at twelve,

I take my evening's walk of meditation :

There we two will meet, and talk of precious mischief.

Jaffier. Farewell !

(*they shake hands*)

Pierre.

At twelve.

Jaffier.

At any hour ;—my plagues

Will keep me waking.

[*Exit PIERRE.*

Tell me why, good heaven,

Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,

Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,

That fill the happiest man ? Ah, rather why,

Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,

Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens ?

Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me ?

Is this just dealing, nature ? Belvidera !

Poor Belvidera !

BELVIDERA (*without*). Lead me, lead me, my virgins,
To that kind voice.

Enter BELVIDERA.

BELVI.

My lord, my love, my refuge !

Happy my eyes when they behold thy face !

My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating

At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.

Oh, smile ! as when our loves were in their spring,

And cheer my fainting soul !

Jaffier.

As when our loves

Were in their spring ! Has, then, my fortune chang'd thee ?

Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same—

Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee ?

If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour ?

Where ease my loaded heart ? Oh, where complain ?

Belvi. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more into thee (*embracing him*)
Than did thy mother, when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the gods for all her travail past.

Jaffier. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heav'n;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!

Belvi. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
I have so much, my heart will surely break with 't.
Oh! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where, I may tell aloud
To the high heavens and ev'ry list'ning planet
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught.

Jaffier. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar;
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want! worldly want! that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be), to seek out
(In some far climate where our names are strangers)
For charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Belvi. Oh! I will love thee! ev'n in madness love thee!
Tho' my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Tho' the bare earth shall be our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And as thou sighing liest, and swell'd with sorrow,

Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
 Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest ;
 Then breathe a prayer, and watch thee till the morning.

Jaffier. Hear this, you heav'ns, and wonder how you made her !
 Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world !
 Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
 Tranquillity and happiness like mine.
 Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
 And rise again, to lift you in your pride ;
 They wait but for a storm, and then devour you.
 I, in my private bark, already wreck'd,
 Like a poor merchant driven to unknown land,
 That had, by chance, pack'd up his choicest treasure
 In one dear casket, and saved only that ;
 Since I must wander farther on the shore,
 Thus hug my little but my precious store,
 Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my fate no more.



CHARLES MONTAGUE, EARL OF HALIFAX.

Born 1661. Died 1715.

MONTAGUE was born at Hooton, Northamptonshire, on the 16th of April, 1661. He was the son of George Montague, Esq., fifth son of Henry, first Earl of Manchester. Educated privately in the first instance, he was sent, while yet young, to Westminster School, and committed to the care of the celebrated Busby. In 1677 he was elected King's Scholar, and in 1682 proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. As a youth, Montague attracted the attention of Dr. Busby by his talent for extemporaneous epigrams. At the death of Charles II. in 1685 he produced a poem which was greatly applauded at the time, and won the special admiration of Charles, Earl of Dorset. The poem is remarkable as a specimen of the preposterous laudation which in that day was considered an appropriate offering to a King. We laugh when we read such lines dedicated to Charles II. as the following :—

“ Farewell, great Charles, monarch of blest renown,
 The best good man that ever filled a throne.

* * * *

The god-like image on our clay imprest,
 The darling attribute which Heaven loves best :
 In Charles, so great a man and king, we see
 A double image of the Deity.”

And yet this was composed in earnest ! The ode is quoted among the selections ; and will be found, despite its fulsome and outrageous flattery, to have its merits. The simile drawn from the Thames flowing towards the ocean is poetic and striking. It has a promise which unfortunately Montague never fulfilled. The Earl of Dorset was so delighted with this ode, that he immediately sought the acquaintance of Charles Montague. At Cambridge Montague had formed an intimacy with Sir Isaac Newton, which ripened into friendship, and continued throughout his life. When he arrived in London (at the pressing invitation of the Earl of Dorset), his lordship at once introduced him to all the wits and poets of the day, who habitually frequented Dorset House. Among others, Montague was made known to Prior. In 1687 they formed a sort of literary partnership, and conjointly composed "The City Mouse and the Country Mouse," a burlesque upon Dryden's "Hind and Panther." Montague must have turned his attention to politics very speedily after his arrival in London, for within two years we find him of sufficient political importance to be one of those who signed the invitation to William of Orange.

About the time of the Revolution he married his connexion, the Countess Dowager of Manchester, widow of the third Earl, and daughter of Sir Christopher Yelverton. When William III. was established in power, Montague purchased the office of Clerk of the Council, for which he paid 1500*l*. After the battle of the Boyne, Montague composed his most important poetical production, entitled "An Epistle to Charles, Earl of Dorset, occasioned by his Majesty's victory in Ireland, 1690."

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Montague's muse became as rhapsodical over the phlegmatic William as it had done over "the best good man that ever filled a throne." We need not have double specimens of the same material, and therefore the following lines will serve to show the quality of this famous ode, which enabled Dorset to present Montague to the King, and opened the way to royal favour and political power.

" Oh, Dorset ! I am raised ! I'm all on fire !
And if my strength could answer my desire,
In *speaking paint* this figure should be seen,
Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mien ;
And Gods descending should adorn the scene."

* * * *

" Oh ! if in France this hero had been born,
What glittering tinsel would his acts adorn !
If courage could, like courts, be kept in pay,
What sums would Lewis give that France might say
That victory follow'd where he led the way ?
He all his conquests would for this refund
And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
Then, what advice, to spread his real fame,
Would pass between Versailles and Notre-dame !
Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other sound ;
Boyne would for ages be the painter's theme,
The Gobelin's labour, and the poet's dream !"

And so forth ! " Oh, Dorset ! I am raised ! " &c. is only to be paralleled by " O Bottom, thou art translated." Hereafter, among the quotations from Swift's poems, will be found a biting satire upon this style of composition, entitled " Directions for making a Birth-day Song."

Montague's ode procured the royal favour, and fully answered its purpose. From that period he troubled himself little about poetry. His life became entirely political. Next to Lord Somers, Montague was the most consistent, and perhaps the most influential, member of the Whig party, which brought about the Revolution, secured the Hanoverian succession, and effected the union between England and Scotland. Montague rose, in 1691, to the office of Lord of the Treasury.

In 1695 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. As Chancellor he was the founder and master of the modern system of finance. The "National Debt," as it is now called, was created by him. Bolingbroke and the Tory party of the day considered it would lead to national ruin; instead of which that debt is now regarded as the safest security for the investment of property. Montague also invented what are called "Exchequer Bills"—a circulating medium which has continued in use to the present day. He likewise carried into effect a very difficult task, the recoinage of the money of the realm. King William made him, in 1698, First Lord of the Treasury, and one of the Lords Justices during his Majesty's absence. At that date he had attained the highest position he was destined to occupy. On the accession of the Tories, under Harley (Lord Oxford), Montague's presence in the Commons being objectionable, he was created Baron Halifax, and sent to the Upper House. The accession of Queen Anne completed the downfall of his influence. He was dismissed from the Council, and twice impeached by the House of Commons. In both instances the impeachments came to nothing, by their rejection in the House of Lords. During the Queen's reign Lord Halifax kept up constant communications with the Elector of Hanover, and when her Majesty died, Halifax was found to be one of those named in George I.'s private instructions to conduct the Government until his arrival in England. He was created Earl of Halifax, Knight of the Garter, and First Commissioner of the Treasury, by the King. Having attained to these, the highest honours he could reach, Halifax only lived one year in their enjoyment. He was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and died May 19, 1715. He was buried in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, in the Albemarle vault. An elaborate mass of marble, with inscription to match, records his memory. It stands above the vault.

Montague, at best, can only be named among the minor poets of England. Had he not been an eminent politician and statesman, it may be questioned whether such verses as he produced would have been remembered in poetry. "From a poet he became a patron of poets," says Johnson. He desired to be esteemed the Mæcenas of his day. Pope says he was "fed with dedications." But although Pope and Swift, from political bias, satirized or censured him, it is no small matter to say that he was the intimate friend of Newton and of Addison. Moreover, this country is indebted to Montague for being the first to propose the purchase of the Cotton MSS. and the formation of a national library, out of which has been developed the British Museum.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY
KING CHARLES II.

Farewell, great Charles, monarch of blest renown,
The best good man that ever fill'd a throne ;
From Nature as her highest pattern wrought,
And mix'd both sexes' virtues in a draught :
Wisdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair ;
The woman's sweetness temper'd manly wit,
And loving pow'r did crown'd with meekness sit ;
His awful person reverence engag'd,
With mild address and tenderness assuag'd :
Thus the almighty gracious King above
Does both command our fear and win our love.

* * * *

Such is thy glory, Charles, thy lasting name,
Brighter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame ;
More noble than the spoils that battles yield,
Or all the empty triumphs of the field.
'Tis less to conquer than to make war cease,
And, without fighting, awe the world to peace ;
For proudest triumphs from contempt arise ;
The vanquish'd first the conqueror's arms despise :
Won ensigns are the gaudy marks of scorn ;
They brave the victor first and then adorn.
But peaceful monarchs reign like gods : while none
Dispute, all love, bless, reverence their throne.
Tigers and bears, with all the savage host,
May boldness, strength, and daring conquest boast ;
But the sweet passions of a generous mind
Are the prerogative of human kind ;
The god-like image on our clay imprest,
The darling attribute which Heaven loves best :
In Charles, so great a man and king, we see
A double image of the Deity.
Oh ! had he more resembled it ! Oh, why
Was he not still more like, and could not die ?
Now do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
And faint ideas of our blessing frame !
In Thames, the Ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleasing emblem of his reign does glide ;

Thames, the support and glory of our isle,
 Richer than Tagus or Ægyptian Nile :
 Though no rich sand in him, no pearls are found,
 Yet fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around ;
 Less wealth his bosom holds, less guilty stores,
 For he exhausts himself t' enrich the shores.
 Mild and serene the peaceful current flows,
 In angry foam no raging surges knows ;
 No dreadful wrecks upon his banks appear,
 His crystal stream unstain'd by widows' tear,
 His channel strong and easy, deep and clear.
 No arbitrary inundations sweep
 The ploughman's hopes and life into the deep ;
 His even waters the old limits keep.
 But, oh ! he ebbs, the smiling waves decay.
 For ever, lovely stream, for ever stay !
 To the black sea his silent course does bend,
 Where the best streams, the longest rivers, end.
 His spotless waves there undistinguish'd pass ;
 None see how clear, how beauteous, sweet, he was.
 No difference now, though late so much is seen,
 'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.
 But, lo ! the joyful tide our hopes restores,
 And dancing waves extend the wid'ning shores.
 James is our Charles in all things but in name ;
 Thus Thames is daily lost, yet still the same.

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

Of honour men at first, like women, nice,
 Praise maiden scruples at unpractis'd vice ;
 Their modest nature curbs one struggling flame,
 And stifles what they wish to act with shame :
 But once this fence thrown down, when they perceive
 That they may taste forbidden fruit and live,
 They stop not here their course, but, safely in,
 Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in sin ;
 True to no principles, press forward still,
 And only bound by appetite their will :

Now fawn and flatter, whilst this tide prevails,
 But shift with every veering blast their sails.
 Mark those that meanly truckle to your power ;
 They once deserted, and chang'd sides before,
 And would to-morrow Mahomet adore.
 On higher springs true men of honour move :
 Free is their service, and unbought their love ;
 When danger calls and honour leads the way,
 With joy they follow, and with pride obey.
 When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
 And shook with gathering multitudes the throne,
 Where were the minions then ? What arm, what force,
 Could they oppose to stop the current's course ?

" Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly stood,
 Free of their lives, and lavish of their blood ;
 But when your orders to mean ends decline,
 With the same constancy they all resign."

Thus spake the youth, who open'd first the way,
 And was the Phosph'rus to the dawning day ;
 Follow'd by a more glorious splendid host
 Than any age or any realm can boast :
 So great their fame, so numerous their train,
 To name were endless, and to praise in vain :
 But Herbert and great Oxford merit more ;
 Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar ;
 So high their virtue, as yet wants a name,
 Exceeding wonder, and surpassing fame.
 Rise, glorious Church ; erect thy radiant head ;
 The storm is past, th' impending tempest fled ;
 Had fate decreed thy ruin or disgrace,
 It had not given such sons so brave a race ;
 When for destruction Heaven a realm designs,
 The symptoms first appear in slavish minds.
 These men will prop a sinking nation's weight ;
 Stop falling vengeance, and reverse ev'n fate.
 Let other nations boast their fruitful soil,
 Their fragrant spices, their rich wine and oil ;
 In breathing colours, and in living paint,
 Let them excel ; their mastery we grant.
 But to instruct the mind, to arm the soul
 With virtue which no dangers can control
 Exalt the thought, a speedy courage lend,
 That morrow cannot shake, or pleasure end ;

These are the English arts, these we profess ;
 To be the same in misery and success,
 To teach oppressors law, assist the good,
 Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.

* * * * *

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF

Courage, dear Moll, and drive away despair :
 Mopsa, who in her youth was scarce thought fair,
 In spite of age, experience, and decays,
 Sets up for charming in her fading days ;
 Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow,—
 Have at the heart of every ogling beau !
 This goodly goose, all feather'd like a jay,
 So gravely vain, and so demurely gay,
 Last night, t' adorn the court, did overload
 Her bald buff forehead with a high commode :
 Her steps were manag'd with such tender art,
 As if each board had been a lover's heart.
 In all her air, in every glance, was seen
 A mixture strange, 'twixt fifty and fifteen.
 Admiring fops about her crowding press ;
 Hambden himself delivers their address ;
 While she, accepting with a nice disdain,
 Owns them her subjects, and begins to reign :
 Fair Queen of Fopland is her royal style ;
 Fopland ! the greatest part of this great isle !
 Nature did ne'er so equally divide
 A female heart 'twixt piety and pride ;
 Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
 And, all in order, on her toilet lay
 Prayer-books, patch-boxes, sermon notes, and paint,
 At once t' improve the sinner and the saint.
 Farewell, friend Moll ; expect no more from me :
 But if you would a full description see,
 You'll find her somewhere in the Litany,
 With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocrisy



MATTHEW PRIOR.

Born 1664. Died 1721.

MATTHEW PRIOR was born at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, July 21, 1664. There is some obscurity regarding his birth and place of birth, possibly arising from the fact that in after-life he did not wish to be known as the son of a joiner. Owing to the death of his father whilst he was yet a little boy, Prior was given over to the care of his uncle, Samuel Prior, landlord of the "Rummer" Tavern, near Charing Cross. He was sent by his uncle to Westminster School, and became one of the pupils of Dr. Busby. The "Rummer" was a favourite resort of the nobility and gentry in the reign of Charles II. Among other frequenters of the house was Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset—friend of all the poets and wits of the period. Dorset observed the Westminster boy reading his "Horace," and was so much attracted by him, and pleased with his proficiency, that he undertook the expenses of his education, and became from that moment, and throughout life, the fast friend as well as generous patron of Matthew Prior. In 1682, when eighteen years of age, Prior entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was distinguished as a scholar, and graduated in 1686. (His Master's degree was conferred by mandate in 1700.) After taking his degree, he stood for and was elected to a Fellowship in his college. The following year he wrote his poem on "The Deity," which stands first in collections of his works. In 1686 Dryden had published "The Hind and the Panther" (*see* Life of Dryden). Prior, in conjunction with Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, wrote the "City Mouse and Country Mouse," in ridicule of Dryden. It was published in 1687. The publication of this poem was irritating to Dryden, but after the Revolution, and the accession of William and Mary, it proved beneficial both to Montague and Prior. In 1690 King William sent Prior as Secretary to the Congress at the Hague, at which was formed the grand alliance against Louis XIV. Prior gave the King so much satisfaction that he was nominated a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Holding this appointment, he passed three or four years in the cultivation of literature and poetry. On the death of Queen Mary, in 1695, Prior wrote an Ode, which was presented to the King. In 1697, at the Treaty of Ryswick, Prior was Secretary to the Embassy, and brought over the Treaty to England, for which he received a present of two hundred guineas from the Lords Justices. The following year he was appointed to the same office in the Embassy at the Court of France, and a year later became Under Secretary of State

for a short period to the Earl of Jersey. In 1700 he published his "*Carmen Seculare*," a poem in which he exhausts all his powers to celebrate the praises of William III. The same year, on Lord Jersey leaving office, Prior was appointed a Commissioner of Trade.

In 1701 he was returned by the Earl of Dorset as member for the Sackvilles' borough of East Grinstead. Soon after this Prior allied himself to the Tory party. In the wars of Queen Anne's reign he exercised his pen in celebrating the battles of Ramillies and Blenheim. When the Tory government was formed in 1710, Queen Anne and the people being heartily sick of prolonged war, Prior was recalled to his former employments, and sent in 1711 to Paris to negotiate peace. He returned to London shortly, bringing with him the Abbé Gaultier and M. Mesnager, to arrange affairs in London. The negotiations were opened secretly in Prior's house, where the Queen's Ministers met the French Envoys. A conference at Utrecht ensued. Bolingbroke was sent to Paris to expedite the peace, and Prior accompanied him. The Duke of Shrewsbury succeeded Bolingbroke; and on the Duke's retirement Prior was appointed, August, 1713, Ambassador to the Court of France.

He had then reached the highest point of his career, the dignity and splendour of which he enjoyed for one year only. In August, 1714, the Tory government fell. The Whigs returned to office. Prior was recalled, and charged with high treason for his part in the transactions with the Abbé Gaultier. He remained in custody for two years, during which he wrote his poem entitled "*Alma*." On his release from captivity, which had been aggravated by the vindictiveness of his political enemies, Prior was without fortune or means of any sort, except such as arose from his Fellowship, which throughout his brilliant career he had always retained. His friends came to his aid. Four thousand pounds were raised by the sale of a subscribed edition of his poems, and much more was given by Harley, son of the Earl of Oxford, to purchase Down Hall, Essex, which was settled upon Prior for his life. He retired altogether from public life, and spent the short remainder of his days amidst his books and his friends. While visiting his friend the Earl of Oxford, at Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, he was suddenly taken ill, and died there September 18, 1721, ætat. 57.

On 25th September he was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, at the feet of Spenser; having had the vanity to leave 500*l.* towards the expense of his own monument. The bust upon it was a gift from Louis XIV., who had shown great appreciation of Prior when Ambassador at his Court.

Prior as a poet is only to be regarded on account of his correctness and application. His versification is not made brilliant by any poetic fire, but he was one of the first who diligently studied to be correct. His lines are never careless; and his language is always aptly selected; but his lengthy compositions are unrelieved by the smallest rising above commonplace thought, and his lighter productions are for the most part little better than conceits that cannot even boast of originality. Prior

was far more valued as a man than as a poet. He understood thoroughly the art of pleasing and the value of address. For these qualities he was appreciated by his royal masters and mistresses, and for these he was esteemed at the French Court.

In his writings he never soared too high, nor sunk too low. He was neither vulgar nor coarse ; nor did he approach the sublime. What he wrote was done laboriously ; occasionally it became vigorous, without either offending the ear or delighting it

THE GARLAND.

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath ;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day :
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
" My love, my life," said I, " explain
This change of humour : pr'ythee tell :
That falling tear—what does it mean ?"

She sigh'd ; she smil'd ; and, to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said :
" See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made !

"Ah, me ! the blooming pride of May
 And that of Beauty are but one :
 At morn both flourish bright and gay ;
 Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung ;
 The amorous youth around her bow'd :
 At night the fatal knell was rung ;
 I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud.

"Such as she is who died to-day,
 Such I, alas ! may be to morrow : ¹
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow."

THE CAMELEON.

As the cameleon, who is known
 To have no colours of his own,
 But borrows from his neighbour's hue
 His white or black, his green or blue,
 And struts as much in ready light,
 Which credit gives him upon sight,
 As if the rainbow were in tail
 Settled on him and his heirs male :
 So's the young squire, when first he comes
 From country school to Will's or Tom's,
 And equally in truth is fit
 To be a statesman or a wit ;
 Without one notion of his own,
 He saunters wildly up and down,
 Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
 Takes notice of a staring lad,
 Admits him in among the gang ;
 They jest, reply, dispute, harangue :
 He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
 Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.

(1) In Tanfield Church, Yorkshire, which is enriched with the monuments of the Marmions, there is a gravestone to the memory of John Beckwith, bearing date 1688 (about the time when this poem was written), inscribed as follows :—

Vide quod sum—fui quod es—
 Eris quod sum—Vale.

Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
If haply he the sect pursues
That read and comment upon news,
He takes up their mysterious face ;
He drinks his coffee without lace ;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before ;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit,
He loves cheap port and double bub,
And settles in the Hum-drum club :
He learns how stocks will fall or rise,
Holds poverty the greatest vice,
Thinks wit the bane of conversation,
And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if at first he minds his hits,
And drinks champaign among the wits,
Five-deep he toasts the towering lasses,
Repeats yon verses wrote on glasses ;
Is in the chair ; prescribes the law ;
And lies with those he never saw.

HER RIGHT NAME.

As Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this and blaming that,
"Tell me," she said, "but tell me true,
Thé nymph who could your heart subdue,
What sort of charms does she possess ?"
"Absolve me, fair one ; I'll confess
With pleasure," I reply'd. "Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory bosom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half-round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd ;
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private state, by friends is seen.

Her eyes are neither black nor gray,
 Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray ;
 Their dubious lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor Yes nor No.
 Her lips no living bard, I weet,
 May say how red, how round, how sweet ;
 Old Homer only could indite
 Their vagrant grace and soft delight :
 They stand recorded in his book,
 When Helen smil'd and Hebe spoke."
 The gipsy, turning to her glass,
 Too plainly show'd she knew the face ;
 " And which am I most like," she said,
 " Your Cloe, or your nut-brown maid ?"

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

When poets wrote, and painters drew,
 As Nature pointed out the view ;
 Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece
 To spoil the well-proportion'd piece ;
 And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
 Had jangled their fantastic chimes ;
 Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight ;
 Protogenes, historians note,
 Liv'd there, a burgess, scot and lot ;
 And, as old Pliny's writings show,
 Apelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.

Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
 From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
 To see a rival and a friend,
 Prepar'd to censure or commend ;
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with candour might direct.
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings ;
 His servants follow with the things ;

Appears the governante of th' house,
For such in Greece were much in use :
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.

"Does squire Protogenes live here?"—

"Yes, sir," says she, with gracious air
And court'sey low, "but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to morrow,
To grace the church ; 'tis Venus' day :
I hope, sir, you intend to stay
To see our Venus ; 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece :
So like th' original, they say ;
But I have no great skill that way.
But, sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea :
At six, sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, sir, at home."

"Tea," says a critic, big with laughter,
"Was found some twenty ages after ;
Authors before they write should read."
'Tis very true ; but we'll proceed.

"And, sir, at present, would you please
To leave your name?"—"Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board." No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true :

"And will you please, sweetheart," said he,
"To show your master this from me ?
By it he presently will know
How painters write their names at Co."

He gave the panel to the maid.
Smiling and court'sying, "Sir," she said,
"I shall not fail to tell my master.
And, sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my own self ; safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, sir,—at six o'clock."

Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.

“ Sir, that my master has been here
 Will by the board itself appear.
 If from the perfect line he found
 He has presum’d to swell the round,
 Or colours on the draught to lay,
 ’Tis thus (he order’d me to say),
 Thus write the painters of this isle:
 Let those of Co remark the style.”

She said, and to his hand restor’d
 The rival pledge, the missive board.
 Upon the happy line were laid
 That obvious light and easy shade,
 That Paris’ apple stood confest,
 Or Leda’s egg, or Cloe’s breast.

Apelles view’d the finish’d piece:
 “ And live,” said he, “ the arts of Greece!
 Howe’er Protogenes and I
 May in our rival talents vie;
 Howe’er our works may have express’d
 Who truest drew or colour’d best;
 When he beheld my flowing line,
 He found at least I could design,
 And from his artful round I grant
 That he with perfect skill can paint.”

The dullest genius cannot fail
 To find the moral of my tale;
 That the distinguish’d part of men,
 With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
 Should in life’s visit leave their name
 In characters which may proclaim
 That they with ardour strove to raise
 At once their arts and country’s praise,
 And in their working took great care
 That all was full, and round, and fair.

EPITAPHS.

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

To me ’twas given to die: to thee ’tis given
 To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
 Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care ;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid ;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye ;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are ;
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree ;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he !

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust ;
And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merits to view ;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway ;
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found :
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea ;
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same ;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.



GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

Born (circ.) 1663. Died 1735.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, was the son of Bernard Granville, a gentleman held in great trust by General Monk when negotiating the restoration of Charles II. His father, Sir Bevil Granville, had been killed in the cause of Charles I.

Granville's education was superintended by Sir William Ellis. At the age of twelve he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Master's degree in 1679. He was a great enthusiast in favour of James II. and a warm admirer of his Queen, the ill-fated Mary of Modena.

Granville impatiently petitioned his father to be permitted to fight on behalf of James, when the advent of the Prince of Orange was impending.

When William III. was proclaimed, Granville retired, and throughout the whole of that reign devoted himself to literary occupations. The object of his particular admiration was the Countess of Newburgh, to whom the greater portion of his verses are dedicated. Her praises are sung under the name of Myra.

Between the years 1696 and 1706 the chief productions of his pen were composed, more especially his dramatic pieces, "Once a Lover and Always a Lover," "The She-Gallants," "The Jew of Venice," "The British Enchantress," and one or two mythological productions and masques. They were worthless in themselves, and are now utterly forgotten.

When William was dead, and Queen Anne ascended the throne—a veritable Stuart—Granville emerged from his self-imposed retirement. About the same time he inherited considerable property from his uncle, the Earl of Bath, and his eldest brother, Sir Bevil Granville. He entered Parliament, and represented Cornwall. In 1710, on the overthrow of the Whig government, Granville was made Secretary of War in the place of Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Walpole.

The following year, when, from political motives, the Queen created a batch of twelve peers, Granville entered the Upper House as Baron Lansdowne of Bideford. In 1712 the Queen made him Comptroller of the Household and a Privy Councillor; and shortly afterwards he became Treasurer of the Household. The Queen's death put an end to all his favour at Court. He had been a Tory, and a friend of Ormond and Bolingbroke. George I. removed him from office, and gave his place to Lord Cholmondeley. When Ormond and Bolingbroke were attainted,

Granville was bold and honest enough, from his place in Parliament, to protest against the attainder. He became at once a suspected man, and the King sent him for two years to the Tower. In 1732 he published a splendid edition of his works. By that date he had so far improved in royal esteem as to be received at Court by the Queen.

Granville had married the Lady Anne Villiers, widow of Mr. Thynne, by whom he had four daughters, but no heir. Lady Anne died in the beginning of the year 1735, and within a few days Lord Lansdowne followed her to the grave. He died, at his house in Hanover Square, January 30, 1735.

As a writer, it was the height of Granville's ambition to be an imitator of Waller; and, as it commonly happens with imitators that they copy the faults or the peculiarities of their original, rather than their graces or excellences, so it was with Granville. He wrote in order to be esteemed a poet, and as a poet he was recognised. His slender pretensions to any such distinction will be apparent in the following extracts; but it must be remembered he was Lord Lansdowne, and had been in great favour with Queen Anne. In his day his name and repute gave an importance to his verses far greater than any merit they possessed.

Time, which tries all, has decided that Lansdowne's poetry had scarcely any merit at all.

ODE

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

INSCRIBED TO THE LORD FALKLAND.

O Falkland ! offspring of a generous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts, in war and peace,
My kinsman and my friend ! from whence this curse
Entail'd on man, still to grow worse and worse ?

Each age, industrious to invent new crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times ;
But now we're so improv'd in all that's bad,
We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

That idol, Gold, possesses every heart ;
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art
Virtue is folly ; conscience is a jest ;
Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treacherous end ;
Your greatest foe is your professing friend ;
The soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
The wound is deepest, and the stroke most sure

Justice is bought and sold ; the bench, the bar,
Plead and decide ; but Gold's th' interpreter.
Pernicious metal ! thrice accurst be he
Who found thee first ; all evils spring from thee.

Sires sell their sons, and sons their sires betray :
And senates vote, as armies fight, for pay : ¹
The wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,
But has the husband's leave to play the game.

Diseas'd, decrepit, from the mint embrace
Succeeds, of spurious mold, a puny race.
From such defenders what can Britain hope ?
And where, O Liberty ! is now thy prop ?

Not such the men who bent the stubborn bow,
And learnt in rugged sports to dare a foe :
Not such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain
Fam'd Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.

Haughty Britannia, then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her isle ;
True to herself, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.

Not much unlike when thou in arms wert seen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of Spain,
To die in purple Almanara's plain.

The rescu'd empire and the Gaul subdu'd
In Anna's reign our ancient fame renew'd :
What Britons could, when justly roused to war,
Let Blenheim speak, and witness Gibraltar !

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

Love is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Destroy'd by Knowledge, and, at best,
Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

(1) This poem is intended to picture the state of affairs, political and social, in the reign of George I., when Sir Robert Walpole was Minister, and considered that every man had his price.

THE WILD BOAR'S DEFENCE.

A boar, who had enjoy'd a happy reign
For many a year, and fed on many a man,
Call'd to account, softening his savage eyes,
Thus suppliant pleads his cause before he dies :

“ For what am I condemned ? My crime's no more
To eat a man than yours to eat a boar.
We seek not you, but take what chance provides,
Nature and mere necessity our guides :
You murder us in sport, then dish us up
For drunken feasts, a relish for the cup.
We lengthen not our meals : but you much feast ;
Gorge till your bellies burst—pray who's the beast ?
With your humanity you keep a fuss,
But are in truth worse brutes than all of us.
We prey not on our kind ; but you, dear brother,
Most beastly of all beasts, devour each other :
Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour strives,
Fathers and sons, friends, brothers, husbands, wives,
By fraud or force, by poison, sword, or gun,
Destroy each other, every mother's son ! ”

TO MYRA.

When wilt thou break, my stubborn heart ?
O Death ! how slow to take my part !
Whatever I pursue, denies :
Death, Death itself, like Myra, flies.

Love and Despair, like twins, possess
At the same fatal birth my breast ;
No hope could be, her scorn was all
That to my destin'd lot could fall.

I thought, alas ! that Love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no snow fell
Like plants that kindly heat require,
To be maintained by constant fire :

That without hope 'twou'd die as soon ;
 A little hope—but I have none :
 On air the poor cameleons thrive ;
 Deny'd e'en that, my love can live.

As toughest trees in storms are bred,
 And grow in spite of winds, and spread,
 The more the tempest tears and shakes
 My love, the deeper root it takes.

Despair, that aconite does prove,
 And certain death, to others' love ;
 That poison, never yet withstood,
 Does nourish mine, and turns to food.

Oh ! for what crime is my torn heart
 Condemn'd to suffer deathless smart ?
 Like sad Prometheus thus to lie
 In endless pain, and never die.



JONATHAN SWIFT.

Born 1667. Died 1745.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Hoey's Court, Dublin, November 30, 1667. His father's family were of English descent. Thomas Swift, the grandfather, married Elizabeth Dryden (sister to the father of Dryden the poet), and settled at Goodrich (near Ross, in Herefordshire), of which place he was also Vicar. He acquired some landed property at Goodrich, which has descended from generation to generation in the Swift family, and still continues in their possession. The Vicar was a staunch Royalist, and upholder of the cause of Charles I., in which cause he suffered great losses. The Vicar died in 1628, and was buried in the chancel of Goodrich Church. The pocket-chalice which he had used during the Civil War was presented to the Church of Goodrich by his grandson, the Dean. It bore this inscription : " Thomas Swift, hujus ecclesiæ Vicarius, notus in historiis ob ea quæ fecit et passus est pro Carolo primo, ex hoc calice ægrotis propinavit. Eundem calicem Jonathan Swift, S.T.D., Decanus Ecclesiæ Sancti Patricii Dublin: Thomæ ex filio nepos, huic ecclesiæ in perpetuam dedicat. 1726." His son, Godwin Swift, who had married a relative of

the Duchess of Ormond, was made Attorney-General of the Palatinate of Tipperary when the Duke of Ormond was Viceroy in Ireland. This appointment led Godwin's brother Jonathan to seek his fortune in Ireland. In 1665 we find him Under-Treasurer to the Society of the King's Inn, in Dublin. Within two years of that date he died. His son Jonathan was a posthumous child. The widow and her child were befriended and supported by the child's uncle, Godwin. During his earlier years Swift was taken care of in England by his nurse; but returning to Ireland at the age of six, his uncle sent him to the Foundation School of Kilkenny. When fourteen (April 24, 1682,) he entered Trinity College, Dublin.

As an undergraduate, he received some timely aid from his second cousin, Dryden, the poet. His collegiate life was unmarked either by study or by wildness. He never applied himself to his books; neither did he apply himself to dissipation. In February, 1685, he went up for his degree, which was granted him *speciali gratia*. This fact proves that, although he deserved to be "plucked" for want of scholarship, his conduct and character in college must have recommended him to the particular favour of the Provost and Fellows, previous to his taking his degree. Afterwards he became a "frequenter of the town," a neglecter of chapel, and a breaker of college rules, which brought him into disgrace. He left college at the time when William of Orange and James II. were preparing to contend for the crown of England and Ireland at the battle of the Boyne. Swift crossed to England and joined his mother in Leicestershire—her native county. (Mrs. Swift's maiden name was Abigail Erick. Her family were poor, but boasted of a long line of ancestors settled in Leicestershire since the Conquest.)

Mrs. Swift was successful in obtaining the patronage and protection of Sir William Temple for her child; Sir William being distantly related to the Erick family. Swift was received into his house at Sheen Park, Richmond, as an amanuensis, on a salary of 20*l.* per annum. It was at Sheen that Swift was made known to William III., when visiting Sir William Temple; and it was in the garden of Sheen that the King taught Swift how to cut asparagus. The advantages which Swift enjoyed at Sheen, in the library of Sir William Temple, were properly valued by him. He applied himself to diligent study, and acquired there the learning which distinguished him in after life. But in those hours of arduous study he first experienced the symptoms of brain affection (that have been called "cerebral congestion") which, returning *at fixed periods, gradually increased the number and acuteness of their attacks, until at last they terminated in insanity.* Swift himself noted the fact at the time; and frequently afterwards his writings and his conversation betrayed the dread he felt of those latent symptoms, the real nature of which, from the first, he had clearly understood. Let this fact be remembered, with reference to the observations upon Swift and Stella at the conclusion of this article.

Sir William Temple moved from Sheen to Moor Park, near Farnham,

Surrey. Swift accompanied him, having declined a troop of horse, to which William III. had offered to appoint him. In 1692 he took his degree of M.A. at Oxford. About this period his first attempts in versification were made—translations of some of the Odes of Horace. A composition dedicated to "The Athenian Society" (a literary club to which Swift belonged) drew forth from Dryden the remark, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." Swift resented the affront, and afterwards avenged himself in a rancorous criticism of Dryden. Dryden was right. Swift, in the true sense of the term, cannot be called a poet. He was a satirical versifier, and nothing more; that versification was pungent, vigorous, telling. It made its mark in his time, and still commands our study and consideration.

Sir William Temple offered to procure an appointment worth 120*l.* a year in the office of the Master of the Rolls, in Dublin, which Swift declined. He and Sir William parted angrily. Swift went to Ireland, determined to enter the Church, and was ordained Deacon in October, 1694. In January, 1695, he was ordained Priest, and appointed Prebend of Kilroot, with a stipend of 100*l.* per annum.

Swift soon wearied of his isolation and obscure life. Sir William Temple also learnt to feel the value of his Secretary when he had lost him. In a few months a reconciliation was effected, and Swift once more became the inmate of Moor Park, where he continued to reside until Sir William's death in 1699. It was during this last residence at Moor Park that Swift became acquainted with Esther Johnson—the "Stella" of his life. Esther's mother had been introduced at Moor Park as house-keeper. She was the widow of a merchant, who had died in poor circumstances. Esther was the youngest of her three children. Her birth was in 1681. The mother brought her with her when she entered on her duties at Moor Park; and the gossips of the day were not slow to assert that Sir William was the young girl's father. The probability is, that the gossips were right. Delicate in her youth, Esther grew up into a beautiful woman, with raven-black hair and regular features. From her childhood she exhibited great quickness and intelligence. Swift took a delight in instructing her. From being her teacher, he became her lover; and years afterwards was undoubtedly her husband. After Sir William Temple's death, and after Swift had published his works—dedicated to William III.—he returned once more to Ireland as Chaplain and Secretary to the Viceroy, Lord Berkeley. By him Swift was appointed Rector of Augher, and Vicar of Laracor, as well as Prebend of Dunlavin (A.D. 1700). As Chaplain to the Earl, he was received on terms of intimacy by his family. With the Earl's daughter, Lady Betty Berkeley, (afterwards so well known as Lady Betty Germaine) Swift cultivated a friendship which continued warm and sincere unto her death. The Vicar of Laracor was obliged to enter into residence on his living. As soon as settled there, he invited Esther Johnson, accompanied by a friend and protectress,—Mrs. Dingley,—to come and reside at Trim, two miles distant from Laracor. Then

commenced the closer intimacy between Swift and Esther, the nature and character of which has been so sore a puzzle to all the critics of Swift's life and conduct, from the days of Pope down to the appearance of Thackeray's "Humourists." Swift never saw Esther except in the presence of a third person. Whatever his love or friendship for her may have been, he studiously guarded her reputation against the possibility of a breath of scandal.

At Laracor he employed his leisure time in preparing himself for the production of those political works which subsequently made him greatly distinguished, and for a time gave him amazing political influence. In 1701 he published his "Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and the Commons in Greece and Rome." The pamphlet was designed to show that the political contests and quarrels of the day would ruin the country, as they had done the ancient states of Rome and Greece. In 1704 appeared the "Tale of a Tub," the object of which was to uphold the Church of England against the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians. No more witty or satirical work has ever appeared. It was written in support of what were then called "High Church" principles, which Swift always upheld; but unfortunately the Tale is so soiled with coarseness and with levity, that it made a multitude of enemies for its author, and proved a lasting obstacle to his preferment in the Church. At this period he visited London, and frequented Boulter's Coffee-house, where he became known to Addison Steele, Arbuthnot, and their friends.

In 1709 he produced his "Project for the Advancement of Religion," which attracted such universal attention that it led to the erection of fifty new churches in London. Returning to Laracor, and enjoying there the society of Stella, Swift heard of the celebrated Sermon of Dr. Sacheverell, and of the indications of the downfall of the Whig Government. Swift found himself once again in London in September, 1710. He was courted by Harley, the Tory leader, and introduced to Henry St. John, afterwards created Lord Bolingbroke. In a very short time he was induced to embrace the cause of the Tory Government, and lend his pen and his brains to support the Ministry. He conducted "The Examiner." A variety of treatises also appeared composed by him, which had immense circulation and influence throughout the country. In one week four editions of his pamphlet, "The Conduct of the Allies," were exhausted. For the time being there was no more influential man in England than Swift. He was courted and sought by the greatest and most dignified persons in the State. Place-hunters besieged him, and humbly entreated his interest in support of their petitions. Harley and Bolingbroke were both anxious to reward so invaluable a prop to their administration. The Bishopric of Hereford became vacant. Swift was recommended for it, but the Archbishop of York and the Duchess of Somerset so efficaciously worked upon Queen Anne's mind, and quoted the coarse portions of the "Tale of a Tub" to such good purpose, that the Queen refused to promote Swift. For

three years he continued in London, until, disappointed, and convinced that he could hope for no promotion in England, he announced his determination to return to Ireland. Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's, was promoted to a Bishopric, and Harley succeeded in appointing Swift, February 23, 1713, to the vacant Deanery.

He took possession of his stall in St. Patrick's, but was hardly gone from London before the Ministers felt that his presence was an absolute necessity. The growing differences between Harley (then Lord Oxford) and Lord Bolingbroke made them urge Swift to return. He did so, and shortly afterwards, in reply to Steele's "Crisis," published "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

The Scotch and the Scottish Lords were so exasperated by the offensive terms in which they were spoken of, that a reward of 300*l.* was offered for the discovery of the author of this pamphlet.

About this period Swift, in company with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, established the "*Scriblerus Club*," and thus were produced those brilliant and scholarly papers which have ever been the delight of literary men.

The differences between Oxford and Bolingbroke increased, and Swift, finding it impossible to heal the breach, was obliged to witness the downfall and disgrace of Harley and the triumph of Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke used every means in his power to attach Swift to him, but without effect. Neither the hope of being admitted to the Queen's favour, nor promises of the friendship of his old enemy the Duchess of Somerset, could move him. Swift followed his friend into Herefordshire, and steadily clung to him in his disgrace. The sudden death of Queen Anne (1714) extinguished his party, and practically ended Swift's political career. Lord Bolingbroke fled; Lord Oxford was imprisoned; the Tories were routed. High Church principles and Tory politics were enough to stamp any man as an enemy to the Court and Government, for the Hanoverian George was King.

Swift returned once more to Ireland, and there, as Dean of St. Patrick's, established himself permanently. Stella came to reside on Ormond Quay, and (as it has always been received and believed in Swift's family) she was married to him privately at the deanery, in 1716, by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. As dean of the cathedral, Swift entered upon his duties with the spirit of an earnest man. Whatever exceptions might be taken to some of his writings, none could be to his sentiments and conduct regarding the practical discharge of the duties of his office. He restored the weekly celebration of the Holy Communion in St. Patrick's; he regularly attended at prayers; and he took the most lively interest in the choral services of his cathedral. In 1720 he published "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures, utterly rejecting every thing that comes from England." This pamphlet was called forth by the fatal operation of the laws which were ruining the Irish woollen trade. The printer was prosecuted for the publication of a seditious libel, but the jury could not be cajoled into giving a

verdict against him, and the Government was compelled to abandon its proceedings.

In 1724 Swift published the most influential political work of his life. This was the "Drapier Letters."

The Duchess of Kendal—a German importation of George I. (by name Meturine de Schulemberg)—had, by corrupt means, obtained from the King, for one William Wood, a patent to coin farthings and half-pence for circulation in Ireland, to the value of 108,000*l*. The patent was granted without the sanction of the Irish Parliament or knowledge of the Viceroy. The Irish Parliament remonstrated! Then appeared a letter signed "M.B. (Drapier), Dublin." Others followed. These letters attacked the coin as debased, attacked the King and English Government, and created such a universal uproar in Ireland, that the coinage was repudiated. Swift became the most popular man in Ireland. Every one knew he was the author of the Letters; but despite the Government offering a reward of 300*l*. to discover their author, no clue to his identification could be obtained. Ultimately the patent was withdrawn. Swift had obtained a signal and complete triumph over George I., and Wood had to look for, and receive, compensation in England for his losses. Swift was the idol of his country; he was its liberator and its patron. Medals with the Drapier's head were struck; portraits of the Dean were exhibited in the shops; clubs toasted him, the people blessed him, and the streets resounded with ballads in honour of Ireland's patriot.

Overwhelmed with public applause, the Dean retired to Quilca—the residence of his intimate friend Dr. Delaney—where he completed the work upon which he had long been engaged, and by which he is most familiarly known to the present generation—the "Travels into several Remote Nations of the World, by Lemuel Gulliver." It is a satirical, political romance, upon which his reputation as a prose writer now depends. The "Voyage to Lilliput" is a satire on George I., his Court and associates. The "Voyage to Brobdignag" is a satire on the European political world of the period. The "Flying Island," pointed at the speculations of philosophers and mathematicians, is the weakest part of the book, because Swift was not competent to deal with the subject. "The Fourth Voyage to the Honyhnhums and Yahoos" is a satire upon the general vices and failings of society, as Swift observed them. The first part appeared in 1726. The circulation of "Gulliver's Travels" was immense, for all who could read, read it. High and low, the duke and his valet, my lady and my lady's maid, studied Gulliver. The same year Swift visited London once more. He stayed chiefly with Pope at his Twickenham villa, and made visits to Bolingbroke, then returned from exile. Swift was frequently received at Leicester House by the Prince and Princess of Wales (afterwards George II. and Queen Caroline). While in London he received the news of Stella's declining health, and hastened back to Dublin to watch over her. He returned to London once again, and for the last time, in 1727. When George I. died, Swift was visiting his friends at Twickenham.

The alarming condition of Stella recalled him to Ireland in October. On January the 28th, 1728, Stella died at the deanery. Previous to her death, in a conversation with the Dean, the following expressions were overheard by Mrs. Whitaway, the Dean's cousin, who was in attendance: "Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned," said Swift. "It is too late!" was the dying wife's reply.

Between 1728 and 1740 Swift continued engaged with political subjects, advocating the cause of Ireland, and bitterly satirizing the Prime Minister Walpole, the King, Queen, and Court. About 1740 his memory began to fail, and his mind to give evidences of being impaired. In 1742, after a few days of intense suffering, he sank into idiotcy. "I shall be like that tree; *I shall die at the top*," had long before been his gloomy forecast of his own fate.

For three years, with rare and brief intervals of returning reason, he lingered on, until October 19, 1745, when mercifully, without any pain, he quietly slept out of life, in the 78th year of his age.

When Stella died, she had been buried at the foot of the north-western pillar of the nave in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Dean's remains were laid to rest at her side.

The history of Swift is a romance. No man occupying such a station in life as he did has ever exercised such marvellous political influence. At one time or another Swift, by the mere exercise of his pen, upheld or baffled and triumphed over the Government both in England and Ireland. Never perhaps has any man more purely, and solely by force of genius, made his masterly power felt, from the king on his throne to the poorest peasant in the realm. His death was regarded in Ireland as a national loss. The people crowded around the deanery in thousands, and many begged "a hair of him for memory."

In a brief sketch of his life, such as this, it is impossible to enter into details of the greatest interest, belonging to more extended biographies—such as the story of his friendship and intimacy with Miss Vanhomrigh, Venessa, commonly represented as the rival of Stella in his affections. Such was not the fact. Miss Vanhomrigh pursued Swift, and when the time he had long striven to avoid, arrived,—when Venessa thrust herself upon Stella, determined to know who was really mistress of his heart—the Dean's passionate repulse of Venessa, which hastened her death, left no room for doubt upon that point. His conduct with regard to Miss Vanhomrigh is indefensible. He played with her affection, and his vanity made him allow her to cherish feelings which, whenever discovered, ought to have been at once and for ever repulsed by him.

Concerning her, Swift's conduct, and the conflicting motives that influenced him, can be understood; but there is one part of his life regarding which biographers and moralists and essayists are, to the present hour, perplexed. What was the meaning of his strange behaviour towards Stella? Was she his wife? If she were, why was not the marriage openly avowed? If she was not, why was she not *that* which her position and reputation required that she should be?

All manner of theories upon this subject have been propounded. Mr. Thackeray, in his Lecture on Swift, had his ideas. Others have delicately insinuated a defective virility—*virium inopia*. Frequently it has been conjectured that there was some mystery regarding Swift's parentage and Stella's. The names of Swift's mother and of Sir William Temple have been freely handled in this wild search after the truth.¹ But no one yet seems to have appreciated, as it deserves, a great and awful fact which pursues us in studying Swift's life, and which completely accounts for his, apparently, unkind conduct. Swift seemed cruel, only to be kind. The fear of madness cast a gloom over his existence. He knew, from the days of his earliest manhood, that the seeds of insanity were in him, and that every returning attack of giddiness and wandering was bringing nearer to him the terrible visitation which he felt to be inevitable. His physical knowledge of himself was correct. He had foreseen the end from the beginning. And yet people wonder why Swift so long shrank from matrimony ; why he avoided, with a noble self-restraint, the risk of propagating offspring to inherit such a disease as his own ! Why, when his position in Ireland demanded that, if occasion of question arose, he should be enabled to protect Stella's name from reproach, and his own from base insinuations, he entered into the married state, but resolutely continued to the last Stella's lover, and nothing more !

As one nearly related to the family of Swift, and to her who now inherits the property at Goodrich, (which has descended from Swift's grandfather in direct line to its present possessor,) the editor of this work seizes a welcome opportunity of suggesting to the world an explanation of Swift's conduct, gathered from family tradition and from the conversation of relatives years ago dead and gone. A fitter and broader field for discussing the subject may, perhaps, at a future time present itself. Suffice it, if in this place it is stated, that some, who have a jealous concern for the Dean's memory, and who value the inscription of his name among the collateral branches of their pedigree, consider that the true explanation of his conduct is not to be found in any of the theories and speculations which have hitherto amused the lovers of curiosities in literature ; but may be easily discovered, by those who will study his life as a whole, and carefully note the consciousness, repeatedly expressed by him, that he was doomed to madness. Swift's conduct to Stella only admits of one of two reasonable methods of explanation. Either he lived a life haunted by a conviction, *or a delusion*, that he was impotent ; or he was pursued by the still more terrible dread of impending insanity. It is enough to say of the former, that there is not a *scintilla* of evidence in Swift's life, writings, conversations, or letters to support it ; while the latter is more than strengthened, it is confirmed, by his conduct, his observations, and by the event which proved that his repeatedly expressed fears were correct.

(1) The absurdity of this will be evident to any one who consults dates. Temple was at Brussels, the Hague, or at Aix, as Minister, from 1665 to September 1670, negotiating the famous Triple Alliance. Swift was born in 1667, and his mother's life was spent entirely in Leicestershire and Dublin.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION.

'Tis strange what different thoughts inspire
 In men Possession and Desire :
 Think what they wish so great a blessing ;
 So disappointed when possessing !

A moralist profoundly sage
 (I know not in what book or page,
 Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
 Related thus the following tale :

Possession and Desire his brother,
 But still at variance with each other,
 Were seen contending in a race,
 And kept at first an equal pace :
 'Tis said their course continued long ;
 For this was active, that was strong :
 Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt
 Misled them many a league about.
 Seduced by some deceiving light,
 They take the wrong way for the right ;
 Through slippery by-roads, dark and deep,
 They often climb, and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
 Along the plain like lightning flew ;
 Till, entering on a broad highway,
 Where *power* and *titles* scattered lay,
 He strove to pick up all he found,
 And by excursions lost his ground :
 No sooner got than with disdain
 He threw them on the ground again,
 And hasted forward to pursue
 Fresh objects fairer to his view,
 In hope to spring some nobler game ;
 But all he took was just the same :
 Too scornful now to stop his pace,
 He spurned them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road,
 And gathered all his brother strowed ;
 But overcharged and out of wind,
 Though strong in limbs, he lagged behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight :
 It was a tower of monstrous height,
 Where on the summit Fortune stands,
 A crown and sceptre in her hands ;
 Beneath, a chasm as deep as hell,
 Where many a bold adventurer fell.
 Desire, in rapture, gazed a while,
 And saw the treacherous goddess smile ;
 But, as he climbed to grasp the crown,
 She knocked him with the sceptre down.
 He tumbled in the gulph profound,
 There doomed to whirl an endless round.

Possession's load was grown so great,
 He sank beneath the cumbrous weight:
 And, as he now expiring lay,
 Flocks every ominous bird of prey ;
 The raven, vulture, owl, and kite
 At once upon his carcase light,
 And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
 Regardless of his dying groans.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE
 GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT,

VICAR OF LARACOR ;

UPON LENDING HIS HOUSE TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH TILL
 HIS PALACE WAS REBUILT.

An oaken, broken, elbow-chair ;
 A cawdle-cup, without an ear ;
 A batter'd, shatter'd, ash bedstead ;
 A box of deal, without a lid ;
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint ;
 A back-sword poker, without point ;
 A pot that's crack'd across, around
 With an old knotted garter bound ;
 An iron lock, without a key ;
 A wig, with hanging quite grown grey ;
 A curtain, worn to half a stripe ;
 A pair of bellows, without pipe ;
 A dish which might good meat afford once ;
 An Ovid and an old Concordance ;

A bottle-bottom, wooden platter ;
 One is for meal, and one for water:
 There likewise is a copper skillet,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it ;
 A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all :
 And thus his household-goods you have all.
 These to your lordship as a friend,
 Till you have built, I freely lend :
 They'll serve your lordship for a shift ;
 Why not as well as Doctor Swift ?

VERSES BY STELLA.

If it be true, celestial powers,
 That you have form'd me fair,
 And yet, in all my vainest hours,
 My mind has been my care ;
 Then in return I beg this grace,
 As you were ever kind,
 What envious Time takes from my face
 Bestow upon my mind !

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTHDAY SONG.

1729.

To form a just and finished piece
 Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
 Whose godships are in chief request,
 And fit your present subject best :
 And should it be your hero's case
 To have both male and female race,
 Your business must be to provide
 A score of goddesses beside.

* * * *

Sweet poet, hir'd for birthday rhymes,
 To sing of wars choose peaceful times.
 What though, for fifteen years and more,
 Janus had lock'd his temple-door ;
 Though not a coffee-house we read in
 Hath mentioned arms on this side Sweden,

Nor London journals, nor the postmen,
 Though fond of warlike lies as most men ;
 Thou still with battles stuff thy head full :
 For must thy hero not be dreadful ?
 Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
 Your conqueror is become Apollo :
 That he's Apollo is as plain as
 That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas ;¹
 But that he struts, and that he squints,
 You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
 Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
 For yours can shine both day and night.
 The first, perhaps, may once an age
 Inspire you with poetic rage ;
 Your Phœbus royal every day
 Not only can inspire, but pay.
 Then make this new Apollo sit
 Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.

“ How from his attitude he stoops
 To raise up Virtue when she droops ;
 On learning how his bounty flows,
 And with what justice he bestows :
 Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam !
 Be witness if I tell a flam.
 What prodigies in arts we drain,
 From both your streams, in Georgie's reign.
 As from the flowery bed of Nile ”—

But here's enough to show your style.
 Broad innuendos, such as this,
 If well applied, can hardly miss :
 For, when you bring your song in print,
 He'll get it read, and take the hint
 (It must be read before 'tis warbled,
 The paper gilt, and cover marbled),
 And will be so much more your debtor,
 Because he never knew a letter ;
 And, as he hears his wit and sense
 (To which he never made pretence)
 Set out in hyperbolic strains,
 A guinea shall reward your pains :

(1) Sir Robert Walpole was born 1676, and died 1745. He was born at Houghton, and buried in the parish church there. Walpole was the great Whig opponent of Bolingbroke during the reign of Queen Anne, and the favoured Minister of George I. He was also Minister to George II., who, upon his resignation in 1742, created him Earl of Orford.

For patrons never pay so well
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.

* * * *

Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays :
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclined ?
Extol him for his generous mind :
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes ;
For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not ;
I freely grant the thought is old :
Why, then, your hero must be told
In him such virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent,
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false and partly true ;
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.

* * * *

Now sing his little Highness Freddy,¹
Who struts like any king already :
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede !
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain,² and quell the Turk ;
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days ;

(1) Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, son of George II., was born in 1707, and died 1751, during the lifetime of the King his father. George III. was his son.

(2) War with Spain was extremely popular both with the King and country in George the Second's reign. Walpole opposed it, and his opposition was one great cause of his downfall.

And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.
But now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind ;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker :
Find him a kingdom out to conquer ;
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his Commodore ;
Into his pocket valiant Willy put
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.
A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough :
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelph the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony :
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail ! queen of Britain, queen of rhymes !
Be sung ten hundred thousand times !
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happiness they knew :
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet ;
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove e'en Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand ;
In concord here for ever fixt,
No jarring consonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long
For ever fair and young !—in song.
What though the royal carcase must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust ?
Those elements her name compose.
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.

* * * *

To Walpole you might lend a line,
 But much I fear he's in decline ;
 And if you chance to come too late,
 When he goes out, you share his fate,
 And bear the new successor's frown ;
 Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.
 Reject with scorn that stupid notion
 To praise your hero for devotion ;
 Nor entertain a thought so odd
 That Princes should believe in God ;
 But follow the securest rule,
 And turn it all to ridicule.
 'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
 And gives the Maids of Honour sport.

* * * *

Supposing now your song is done,
 To Mynheer Handel next you run,¹
 Who artfully will pare and prune
 Your words to some Italian tune :
 Then print it in the largest letter,
 With capitals,—the more the better.
 Present it boldly on your knee,
 And take a guinea for your fee.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

That you, friend Marcus, like a stoic,
 Can wish to die in strains heroic,
 No real fortitude implies :
 Yet all must own thy wish is wise.
 Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
 Thy busy drudging scene of life,
 Thy insolent, illiterate Vicar,
 Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
 Thy thread-bare gown, thy cassock rent,
 Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
 Thy week made up of fasting days,
 Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,

(1) Handel was then resident in London. He came to England in 1710, and died in 1759. He was buried in Poet's Corner. Swift met him at Pope's, with whom Handel was on intimate terms of friendship.

And, to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave :
And, oh, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less !
But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curateship a dean ;
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride ;
With labour small, and income great ;
With chariot less for use than state ;
With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
And licence to reside in town,
To shine where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffee-house, or court,
And weekly persecute his Grace
With visits, or to beg a place ;
With underlings thy flock to teach ;
With no desire to pray or preach ;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine ;
With plenteous meats and generous wine ;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days ?

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When I foresee my special friends
Will try to find their private ends ;
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
“ See how the Dean begins to break !
Poor gentleman, he droops apace !
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays :
He recollects not what he says ;

He cannot call his friends to mind ;
 Forgets the place where last he dined ;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
 He told them fifty times before.
 How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 Faith ! he must make his stories shorter,
 Or change his comrades once a quarter ;
 In half the time he talks them round
 There must another set be found.
 For poetry, he's past his prime :
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme ;
 His fire is out, his wit decayed,
 His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
 I'd have him throw away his pen ;—
 But there's no talking to some men !”

And then their tenderness appears
 By adding largely to my years :

“ He's older than he would be reckoned,
 And well remembers Charles the Second.
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 His stomach too begins to fail :
 Last year we thought him strong and hale,
 But now he's quite another thing ;
 I wish he may hold out till spring !”

They hug themselves, and reason thus :
 “ It is not yet so bad with us.”

* * * *

Behold the fatal day arrive !
 “ How is the Dean ? ”—“ He's just alive.”
 Now the departing prayer is read ;
 He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead.
 Before the passing bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run.

“ Oh may we all for death prepare !
 What has he left ? and who's his heir ? ”
 “ I know no more than what the news is ;
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.”

“To public uses ! there’s a whim !
 What had the public done for him ?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
 He gave it all—but first he died.
 And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 No worthy friend, no poor relation ?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood !”

Now Grub-Street wits are all employ’d ;
 With elegies the town is cloy’d ;
 Some paragraph in every paper,
 To *curse* the Dean, or *bless* the Drapier.
 The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame.
 “We must confess his case was nice,
 But he would never take advice.
 Had he been rul’d, for aught appears,
 He might have liv’d these twenty years :
 For when we open’d him, we found
 That all his vital parts were sound.”

From Dublin soon to London spread,
 ’Tis told at court, “The Dean is dead ;”
 And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
 Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
 The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, “Is he gone ! ’tis time he should.”

* * * *

Here shift the scene, to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
 St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 “I’m sorry—but we all must die !”

* * * *

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn’d to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps :

“The Dean is dead : (Pray what is trumps ?)
 Then Lord have mercy on his soul !
 (Ladies, I’ll venture for the vole.)

Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall.
 (I wish I knew what king to call.)
 Madam, your husband will attend
 The funeral of so good a friend."
 "No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight ;
 And he's engaged to-morrow night :
 My Lady Club will take it ill
 If he should fail her at quadrille.
 He loved the Dean——(I lead a heart.)
 But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 His time was come ; he ran his race ;
 We hope he's in a better place."

* * * *

Some country squire to Lintot goes,¹
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says Lintot, "I have heard the name ;
 He dy'd a year ago."——"The same."
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 "Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane :
 I sent them, with a load of books,
 Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
 To fancy they could live a year !
 I find you're but a stranger here.
 The Dean was famous in his time,
 And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 His way of writing now is past :
 The town has got a better taste."

* * * *

Suppose me dead, and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose ;
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without,
 One, quite indifferent in the cause,
 My character impartial draws :
 "The Dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill receiv'd at court ;
 Although ironically grave,
 He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave ;
 To steal a hint was never known,
 But what he writ was all his own."

(1) Lintot was one of the chief publishers of the time.

“ Sir, I have heard another story ;
 He was a most confounded Tory,
 And grew, or he is much bely'd,
 Extremely dull before he dy'd.”

“ Can we the Drapier then forget ?
 Is not our nation in his debt ?
 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters !”—

“ He should have left them for his betters :
 We had a hundred abler men,
 Nor need depend upon his pen.—
 Say what you will about his reading,
 You never can defend his breeding,
 Who in his satires running riot,
 Could never leave the world in quiet ;
 Attacking, when he took the whim,
 Court, City, Camp,—all one to him.
 But why would he, except he slobber'd,
 Offend our patriot great Sir Robert,
 Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
 To save the nation every hour ?
 What scenes of evils he unravels,
 In satires, libels, lying travels,
 Not sparing his own clergy cloth,
 But eats into it, like a moth !

* * * *

He never thought an honour done him,
 Because a peer was proud to own him,
 Would rather slip aside, and choose
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 So often seen caressing Chartres.
 He never courted men in station,
 Nor persons held in admiration ;
 Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 Because he sought for no man's aid.
 Tho' trusted long in great affairs,
 He gave himself no haughty airs :
 Without regarding private ends,
 Spent all his credit for his friends ;
 And only chose the wise and good—
 No flatterers, no allies in blood ;
 But succour'd virtue in distress,
 And seldom fail'd of good success ;

As numbers in their hearts must own,
 Who, but for him, had been unknown.
 He kept with princes due decorum ;
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 He follow'd David's lesson just—
 In princes never put his trust :
 And would you make him really sour,
 Provoke him with a slave in power ;
 The Irish senate if you nam'd,
 With what impatience he declaim'd !
 Fair Liberty was all his cry :
 For her he stood prepar'd to die ;
 For her he boldly stood alone ;
 For her he oft expos'd his own.
 Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 Had set a price upon his head ;
 But not a traitor could be found
 To sell him for six hundred pound.

Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
 He might have rose like other men ;
 But power was never in his thought,
 And wealth he valued not a groat :
 Ingratitude he often found,
 And pity'd those who meant the wound ;
 But kept the tenor of his mind
 To merit well of human kind ;
 Nor made a sacrifice of those
 Who still were true, to please his foes.
 He labour'd, many a fruitless hour,
 To reconcile his friends in power ;
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursued each other's ruin.
 But, finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair ;
 In exile, with a steady heart,
 He spent his life's declining part ;
 Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.

* * * *

As for his works, in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those.
 Nor can I tell what critics thought them ;
 But this I know, all people bought them,

As with a moral new design'd,
 To please and to reform mankind :
 And if he often miss'd his aim,
 The world must own it to their shame—
 The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
 He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad,¹
 To show by one satiric touch
 No nation wanted it so much.
 That kingdom he hath left his debtor :
 I wish it soon may have a better.
 And since you dread no further lashes,
 Methinks you may forgive his ashes. v

 ON POETRY.

A RHAPSODY. 1733.

All human race would fain be wits,
 And millions miss for one that hits.
 Young's universal passion, pride,
 Was never known to spread so wide.
 Say, Britain, could you ever boast
 Three poets in an age at most ?
 Our chilling climate hardly bears
 A sprig of bays in fifty years ;
 While every fool his claim alleges,
 As if it grew in common hedges.

* * * * *

Not empire to the rising sun,
 By valour, conduct, fortune won ;
 Not highest wisdom in debates
 For framing laws to govern states ;
 Not skill in sciences profound,
 So large to grasp the circle round ;
 Such heavenly influence require,
 As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
 Not beggar's brat on bulk begot ;
 Not bastard of a pedlar Scot ;
 Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
 The spawn of Bridewell or the stews ;

(1) It is a well known fact that Dean Swift left a large part of his property for the foundation of a Lunatic Asylum in Dublin.

Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
 Of gipsies littering under hedges ;
 Are so disqualify'd by fate
 To rise in Church, or Law, or State,
 As he whom Phœbus in his ire
 Hath blasted with poetic fire.

* * * *

Poor starvling bard, how small thy gains !
 How unproportion'd to thy pains !
 And here a simile comes pat in :
 Though chickens take a month to fatten,
 The guests in less than half an hour
 Will more than half a score devour.
 So, after toiling twenty days
 To earn a stock of pence and praise,
 Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea ;
 Gone to be never heard of more,
 Gone where chickens went before.
 How shall a new attempter learn
 Of different spirits to discern,
 And how distinguish which is which,
 The poet's vein or scribbling itch ?
 Then hear an old experienc'd sinner
 Instructing thus a young beginner:
 Consult yourself ; and if you find
 A powerful impulse urge your mind,
 Impartial judge within your breast
 What subject you can manage best ;
 Whether your genius most inclines
 To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
 To elegies in mournful tone,
 Or prologues sent from hand unknown.
 Then, rising with Aurora's light,
 The Muse invok'd, sit down to write ;
 Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
 Enlarge, diminish, interline ;
 Be mindful, when invention fails,
 To scratch your head and bite your nails.
 Your poem finish'd, next your care
 Is needful to transcribe it fair.
 In modern wit all printed trash is
 Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.

To statesmen would you give a wipe,
 You print it in Italic type.
 When letters are in vulgar shapes,
 'Tis ten to one the wit escapes ;
 But when in capitals exprest,
 The dullest reader smokes the jest ;
 Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the poet meant,
 As learned commentators view
 In Homer more than Homer knew.

* * * *

A Prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits every virtue round,
 As emblems of the sovereign power,
 Like other baubles in the Tower ;
 Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
 And so continues till he dies :
 His humble senate this professes
 In all their speeches, notes, addresses.
 But once you fix him in a tomb,
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom ;
 And each perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.
 The loads of poems in his praise,
 Ascending, make one funeral blaze :
 As soon as you can hear his knell,
 This god on earth turns devil in hell :
 And lo ! his ministers of state,
 Transform'd to imps, his levee wait ;
 Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
 They ply their former arts below ;
 And as they sail in Charon's boat,
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote ;
 To Cerebus they give a sop,
 His triple-barking mouth to stop ;
 Or in the ivory gate of dreams
 Project Excise and South Sea schemes ;
 Or hire their party pamphleteers
 To set Elysium by the ears.
 Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your muse on kings alive ;
 With prudence gathering up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster,

Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
 Lay humbly at your monarch's feet :
 Who, as the odours reach his throne,
 Will smile, and think them all his own ;
 For law and gospel both determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine
 (I mean the oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon oath).
 Your garland in the following reign,
 Change but the names, will do again.

* * * *

Two bordering wits contend for glory ;
 And one is Whig and one is Tory ;
 And this for epics claims the bays,
 And that for elegiac lays.
 Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
 By lovers spoke in Punch's booth ;
 And some as justly fame extols
 For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
 Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
 And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town.
 Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car !
 From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar.
 Harmonious Cibber entertains
 The court with annual birthday strains ;
 Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
 Where Pope will never show his face,
 Where Young must torture his invention
 To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

* * * *

Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
 Lives in a state of war by nature.
 The greater for the smallest watch,
 But meddle seldom with their match.
 A whale of moderate size will draw
 A shoal of herrings down his maw ;
 A fox with geese his belly crams ;
 A wolf destroys a thousand lambs :
 But search among the rhyming race,
 The brave are worry'd by the base.
 If on Parnassus' top you sit,
 You rarely bite, are always bit.

Each poet of inferior size
 On you shall rail and criticise,
 And strive to tear you limb from limb,
 While others do as much for him.
 The vermin only tease and pinch
 Their foes superior by an inch.
 So, naturalists observe, a flea
 Hath smaller fleas that on him prey ;
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
 Thus every poet in his kind
 Is bit by him that comes behind ;
 Who, though too little to be seen,
 Will tease, and gall, and give the spleen.

* * * *

Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
 How genius is no more rewarded ;
 How wrong a taste prevails among us ;
 How much our ancestors outsung us ;
 Can personate an awkward scorn
 For those who are not poets born ;
 And all their brother-dunces lash,
 Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

* * * *

Oh, what indignity and shame,
 To prostitute the Muse's name
 By flattering kings whom Heaven design'd
 The plagues and scourges of mankind,
 Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
 And every vice that nurses both !
 Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
 Whose virtues bear the strictest test ;
 Whom never faction could bespatter,
 Nor Minister nor poet flatter ;
 What justice in rewarding merit !
 What magnanimity of spirit !
 What lineaments divine we trace
 Through all his figure, mien, and face !
 Though peace with olive bind his hands,
 Confess'd the conquering hero stands.

* * * *

Say, poet, in what other nation
 Shone ever such a constellation !
 Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
 And tune your harps, and strow your bays ;
 Your panegyrics here provide ;
 You cannot err on flattery's side.
 Above the stars exalt your style,
 You still are low ten thousand mile.
 On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
 Of incense many a thousand load ;
 But Europe mortify'd his pride,
 And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
 Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
 Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
 Exactly true ! Invidious poet !
 'Tis fifty thousand times below it.



WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Born 1672. Died 1729.

WILLIAM CONGREVE was descended from a very ancient Staffordshire family, which boasted of tracing its descent direct from Saxon forefathers. The date of Congreve's birth is supposed to have been about 1672, though it is not certain. He is said to have been born in the neighbourhood of Leeds. Such was his own statement. Others assert he was born in Ireland. It is certain he received his early education in Ireland, at Kilkenny, and at a later period in Dublin. About the period of the Revolution his father sent him to study law in the Middle Temple. His taste for literature exhibited itself early in his life. The first production of his pen was a novel, called "Incognita." He then wrote a comedy, "The Old Bachelor," which was acted in 1693, when he was twenty-one years of age, and was highly commended by Dryden, who said he had never seen such a first play from a young author's pen.

The "Old Bachelor" procured for Congreve the favour and patronage of Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, who gave him a situation in the Pipe Office, and then an appointment in the Customs worth 600*l.* a year. Next year he produced "The Double Dealers," and in 1695 "Love for Love." The *New Theatre*, under the management of Betterton, was opened with one of his plays. In 1697 "The Mourning Bride" was brought out. Congreve showed himself a prolific writer, a man of fertile

imagination, and a composer of brilliant, witty dialogue. The last play he produced was called "The Way of the World." It was not well received, and Congreve, in disgust, retired into private life.

He wrote one paper in the "Tatler," and contented himself after that with literary indolence, and the composition occasionally of miscellaneous poetry. In his day he was held in so much esteem that Pope dedicated the *Iliad* to him, and Steele his *Miscellany*. Congreve, however, was much more desirous to be thought a gentleman than a poet ; and in later life devoted himself entirely to this idea. On recovering from an attack of gout he resorted to Bath for the benefit of the waters, but was unfortunately upset in his coach on the journey. He suffered some internal injury, and, returning to London, died at his residence in Surrey Street, Strand, January 29, 1729. Congreve was buried with great pomp. Like Addison's, his body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. It was not interred in Poet's Corner, but in the nave ; where a monument was erected to his memory by Henrietta Godolphin, second Duchess of Marlborough, to whom he bequeathed the savings of his life—about 10,000*l*.

Congreve as a dramatic writer possessed ability of the highest order. His dialogue bristles with wit. But as soon as he leaves the stage his powers seem to desert him. Dramatic vigour dwindles down into impotent versification. It was as a dramatic writer that all the fine speeches of the time were made concerning him ; that Dryden placed him next to Shakespere ; that Steele called him "great author ;" that Pope dedicated the *Iliad* to him, and named him "ultimus Romanorum ;" that Voltaire, when he visited England, sought him out, to pay his respects to him, as the most distinguished English writer of the day.

As Addison was the purifier of the style and language of the age, so Congreve was the polluter. His plays are witty, and to spare ; but they are coarse and sensual. He delights in introducing both subjects and language which to the taste of these times are simply intolerable. The "great Mr. Congreve" could write or say anything he pleased, and the world applauded the extremely gentlemanly, captivating, lady-killing Mr. Congreve. His plays are written in prose, with the exception of "The Mourning Bride," which is in blank verse, and dedicated to the Princess of Wales. *Mirabile dictu!* It is "constituted on a moral whose end is to recommend and to encourage virtue." A short extract from it is given.

AMORET.

Fair Amoret has gone astray ;
Pursue and seek her, every lover :
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air :
 Both study'd, though both seem neglected.
 Careless she is, with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them ;
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes ;
 And, while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

TO A CANDLE.

ELEGY.

Thou watchful taper ! by whose silent light
 I lonely pass the melancholy night ;
 Thou faithful witness of my secret pain !
 To whom alone I venture to complain ;
 O learn with me my hopeless love to moan ;
 Commiserate a life so like thine own.
 Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
 Wasting that heart by which supplied they burn :
 Like thine, my joy and suffering they display ;
 At once are signs of life and symptoms of decay :
 And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
 And only during night presume to shine,
 Their humble rays not daring to aspire
 Before the sun, the fountain of their fire ;
 So mine, with conscious shame and equal awe,
 To shades obscure and solitude withdraw,
 Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
 From whose bright beams their being first arose.

OF PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'Tis strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass,
 That no one man is pleased with what he has !
 So Horace sings.—And sure as strange is this,
 That no one man's displeased with what he is.
 The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
 Are with their persons and their parts content.
 Nor is that all : so odd a thing is man,
 He most would be what least he should or can.
 Hence homely faces still are foremost seen,
 And cross-shaped fops affect the nicest mien ;
 Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
 And fools are still most forward to advise ;
 Th' untrusted wretch to secrecy pretends,
 Whispering his nothing round to all as friends ;
 Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
 And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug, with art ;
 Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails,
 And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
 Thus man perverse against plain nature strives,
 And to be artfully absurd contrives.

* * * *

Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or ease,
 Men most affect in general to please :
 Of this affection vanity's the source,
 And vanity alone obstructs its course ;
 That telescope of fools, through which they spy
 Merit remote, and think the object nigh :
 The glass removed, would each himself survey,
 And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh ;
 Pursue the path for which he was designed,
 And to his proper force adapt his mind ;
 Scarce one but to some merit might pretend,
 Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
 Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh
 Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaff.
 If Garth or Blackmore friendly potions give,
 We bid the dying patient drink and live :

When Murus comes, we cry, "Beware the pill!"
 And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
 If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,
 We study them with profit and delight:
 But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
 We grieve we've learnt to read; ay, curse the time.
 All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
 "Affect not anything in nature's spite."
 Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
 For what? For ill-resembling human kind.
 "None are, for being what they are, in fault,
 But for not being what they would be thought."

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

ALMERIA in mourning; LEONORA waiting, in mourning. After the music, ALMERIA rises from her chair and comes forward.

Alm. Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
 To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
 I've read that things inanimate have moved,
 And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
 By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
 What then am I? am I more senseless grown
 Than trees or flint? O force of constant woe!
 'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
 Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace: last night
 The silent tomb received the good old king:
 He and his sorrows now are safely lodged
 Within its cold but hospitable bosom.
 Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear madam, cease,
 Or moderate your griefs; there is no cause——

Alm. No cause! Peace, peace! There is eternal cause,
 And misery eternal will succeed.
 Thou canst not tell: thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
 And always did compassionate his fortune;
 Have often wept to see how cruelly

Your father kept in chains his fellow-king ;
 And oft at night, when all have been retired,
 Have stolen from bed, and to his prison crept,
 Where, while his jailor slept, I through the grate
 Have softly whispered and inquired his health ;
 Sent in my sighs and prayers for his deliverance,
 For sighs and prayers were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature,
 That thou couldst melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
 O Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,
 How would thy heart have bled to see his sufferings !
 Thou hadst no cause but general compassion.

Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause ;
 My love of you begat my grief for him :
 For I had heard that when the chance of war
 Had bless'd Anselmo's arms with victory,
 And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
 The glory of the whole, were made the prey
 Of his success ; that then, in spite of hate,
 Revenge, and that hereditary feud
 Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,
 He did endear himself to your affection,
 By all the worthy and indulgent ways
 His most industrious goodness could invent ;
 Proposing by a match between Alphonso
 His son, the brave Valentia prince, and you,
 To end the long dissension, and unite
 The jarring crowns.

Alm. Alphonso ! O Alphonso !
 Thou too art quiet—long hast been at peace :
 Both, both—father and son are now no more.
 Then why am I ? O when shall I have rest ?
 Why do I live to say you are no more ?
 Why are all these things thus ?—Is it of force ?
 Is there necessity I must be miserable ?
 Is it of moment to the peace of heaven
 That I should be afflicted thus ?—If not,
 Why is it thus contrived ? Why are things laid
 By some unseen hand so as of sure consequence
 They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
 The last distress of life, and sure despair ?

Leon. Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carried to Anselmo's court ?
 Or, there, why was I used so tenderly ?

Why not ill treated, like an enemy?
For so my father would have used his child.

O Alphonso ! Alphonso !

Devouring seas have washed thee from my sight ;
No time shall rase thee from my memory :
No, I will live to be thy monument.
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb ;
But in my heart thou art interr'd : there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd ;
My love, my lord, my husband still, though lost.

Leon. Husband ! O heavens !

Alm.

Alas ! what have I said ?

My grief has hurried me beyond all thought :
I would have kept that secret ; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.
But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn
And, glutton-like, alone devour.

Leon. Indeed I knew not this.

Alm.

Oh no ! thou know'st not half,

Know'st nothing of my sorrows. If thou didst—
If I should tell thee, wouldst thou pity me ?
Tell me : I know thou wouldst, thou art compassionate.

Leon. Witness these tears !

Alm. I thank thee, Leonora,—

Indeed I do,—for pitying thy sad mistress ;
For 'tis, alas ! the poor prerogative
Of greatness to be wretched and unpitied.
But I did promise I would tell thee—what ?
My miseries ? Thou dost already know 'em :
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know Alphonso ;
For to have known my loss, thou must have known
His worth, his truth, and tenderness of love.

Leon. The memory of that brave prince stands fair in all
report,

And I have heard imperfectly his loss ;
But fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story.

Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in Valentia,
Even on the day when Manuel, my father,

Led on his conquering troops, high as the gates
 Of King Anselmo's palace ; which in rage,
 And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fired
 The good king, flying to avoid the flames,
 Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
 His fatal refuge. Would that I had fallen
 Amid those flames !—but 'twas not so decreed.
 Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
 Had borne the queen and me on board a ship
 Ready to sail : and when this news was brought
 We put to sea ; but being betray'd by some
 Who knew our flight, we closely were pursued,
 And almost taken ; when a sudden storm
 Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the coast
 Of Afric ; there our vessel struck the shore,
 And bulging 'gainst a rock was dash'd in pieces.
 But Heaven spared me for yet much more affliction ;
 Conducting them who followed us to shun
 The shoal, and save me floating on the waves,
 While the good queen and my Alphonso perished.

Leon. Alas ! were you then wedded to Alphonso ?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were joined.
 For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
 And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
 He came to me, and begged me by my love
 I would consent the priest should make us one ;
 That, whether death or victory ensued,
 I might be his beyond the power of fate.
 The queen too did assist his suit. I granted ;
 And, in one day, was wedded and a widow.

ACT III. SCENE V.

ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
 The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
 Yet fresh and unconsumed by lime or worms !

What do I see ? O Heaven ! either my eyes
 Are false, or still the marble door remains
 Unclosed ; the iron gates that lead to death
 Beneath are still wide-stretched upon their hinge,
 And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me,
 And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
 Invites me to the bed where I alone
 Shall rest ; shows me the grave, where nature, weary
 And long oppress'd with woes and bending cares,
 May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
 Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
 Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
 To his cold clayey breast : my father then
 Will cease his tyranny ; and Garcia too
 Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
 My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
 And range the starry orbs and milky ways
 Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
 In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
 To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great !
 O ecstasy of thought ! Help me, Anselmo !
 Help me, Alphonso ! take me ; reach thy hand ;
 To thee, to thee I call ; to thee, Alphonso ! O Alphonso !

Osmyn (*ascending from the tomb*).¹ Who calls that wretched
 thing that was Alphonso ?

Alm. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me !

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the grave,
 And growing to his father's shroud, roots up Alphonso ?

Alm. Mercy ! Providence ! O speak !
 Speak to it quickly, quickly ! speak to me,
 Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
 Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
 And from my eyes !

Osm. Amazement and illusion !
 Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers ; [*coming forward*.
 That motionless I may be still deceived.
 Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
 That tender, lovely form of painted air,
 So like Almeria. Ha ! it sinks, it falls ;
 I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
 'Tis life ! 'tis warm ! 'tis she ! 'tis she herself !
 Nor dead nor shade, but breathing, and alive !
 It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife !

(1) Alphonso had been disguised ; and passed under the name of Osmyn.



JOSEPH ADDISON.

Born 1672. Died 1719.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born on May Day, 1672, at Milston, near Ambrosebury, Wilts, of which village his father, the Rev. Lancelot Addison, was Rector. Addison received his earlier education from his father; afterwards he was at school in Salisbury. In 1683 Lancelot Addison was promoted to the Deanery of Lichfield. His son was then sent to the Grammar School of that city. Thence he proceeded to Charterhouse, and formed the acquaintance at that place of his future literary friend, Sir Richard Steele. In 1687 Addison entered at Queen's College, Oxford. Some Latin verses of his composition pleased Dr. Lancaster, the Provost of Queen's, so highly, that on his recommendation Addison was elected a Demy of Magdalen. His talent for Latin composition made him distinguished in his college, and first opened the way to his future eminence. At the age of twenty-two his first effort in English poetry was made. It was a copy of verses addressed to Dryden. Having formed the acquaintance of Congreve, he was by him introduced to Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and at that period Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Montague dissuaded him from going into Holy Orders, and directed his mind to the Civil Service, and to the business of a courtier. Addison composed a poem to King William (1695), and in 1697 celebrated the Peace of Ryswick in Latin verses, which are famous for their vigour and elegance. In 1699 he obtained a pension of 300*l.* per annum, which enabled him to travel on the Continent. He studied in France and Italy. In Italy he wrote the earlier portions of his tragedy, "Cato." Not receiving his pension regularly, he was compelled to return home in 1702. The victory of Blenheim, 1704, led to the Treasurer, Lord Godolphin, consulting Lord Halifax as to a proper person to celebrate the great victory in verse. Halifax recommended Addison, who was commissioned to write. While yet in an incomplete state the poem was submitted to the Treasurer for perusal. It had progressed so far as to introduce the celebrated simile regarding the angel, who,

"—pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

Godolphin was so much delighted, that he at once appointed Addison Commissioner of Appeals.

In 1705 he accompanied Lord Halifax on his mission to Hanover. The following year he was made Under-Secretary of State. On the Marquis of Wharton being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,

Addison accompanied him as Secretary. In Dublin he cultivated the acquaintance of Swift. While in Ireland, Steele commenced the publication of the "Tatler" (April 22, 1709). The following month Addison contributed his first paper. To the "Tatler" succeeded the "Spectator." The influence which the "Spectator" exercised, and the fame which Addison's papers upon Sir Roger de Coverley gained, are known wherever the English language is known.

In 1713 the play of "Cato" was produced. That year may be considered the climacteric of Addison's literary fame. "Cato" drew the town, and, in fact, the country. No play had ever before created such a sensation. It continued to be performed night after night, and had a longer run than any play had been known to enjoy.

On the first night of its performance the Tory faction occupied one side of the house; the Whigs the other. The Secretary, Lord Bolingbroke, was present, and blunted the edge of the Whig triumph by being himself most demonstrative in his applause. When the curtain fell, he sent for Booth, the tragedian, who had enacted the part of Cato, and in sight of the audience presented him with a purse of fifty guineas, for (as Bolingbroke said) "so well defending the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator." (The remark was aimed at the Duke of Marlborough.) But to understand the excitement which "Cato" produced, the reader must study the history of the reign of Queen Anne, when the peace with France was negotiated by Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Marlborough was dismissed from all his offices. (See "Macnight's Life of Bolingbroke.") The Prologue to "Cato" was written by Pope. The play was translated into Italian, and performed at Florence. It was also translated into Latin by the Jesuits at St. Omer, and performed by the pupils of the College. The "Guardian" was produced by Steele, to which Addison also contributed. The "Spectator" also was revived, and twenty-three of the papers were written by Addison. On the accession of the House of Hanover, Addison was Secretary to the Regency, and it was his business to communicate to George I. that he was King. He could not satisfy himself with his composition on so important an occasion, and the duty was performed in a commonplace and businesslike manner by the Clerk of the House.

In 1716 Addison married the Countess Dowager of Warwick—mistress of "Holland House." She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirk Castle, Denbigh, and widow of Edward, sixth Earl of Warwick and third Earl of Holland.

It has very commonly been represented that Addison won the Countess through his being tutor to her only son, Edward Henry, the fourth Earl of Holland (who died in 1721). There is no foundation for this story, beyond the fact that Addison corresponded with the youth and endeavoured to direct his tastes. As far back as the year 1708 Addison's letters to the young Earl had commenced. These refer to looking after birds'-nests, and to a concert to which the Earl is invited, beginning precisely at six in the evening, consisting of a blackbird, a

robin redbreast, and a bullfinch. A lark sings the overture, and "the whole is conducted by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of Italian manners in her divisions."

It would seem that Addison had sought the Countess in marriage for many years; but when at length gained, the union did not contribute either to his or her happiness. Addison took up his residence at Holland House, where various traditions regarding him still linger about the rooms he occupied, and especially the long gallery, now the library. (For a description of the Countess see Rowe's poems.) In 1717 Addison attained his highest social elevation. He was made Secretary of State. In this office he found the same difficulty which had embarrassed him at the accession of the King. He could not satisfy his taste in the composition of his despatches; and in the House of Commons he found himself so timid a speaker, that he was totally unfitted to defend the measures of the Government. In May, 1718, he resigned his office, and retired on a pension of 1,500*l.* a year. Added to this, Addison's health was beginning to give way, and the congenial pursuits and associations of his life were far more attractive to him than the cares of office. He lived only one year and three months. Having been long affected with asthma, dropsy supervened, and terminated his life. When on his death-bed, he sent for the young Earl of Warwick, who, it has been said, had fallen into very irregular habits as he grew up.

This story, like Addison's tutorship, is altogether devoid of truth. It so happens that the young Earl was an extremely intellectual and studious youth, and deservedly respected by his family and associates, from whom he was so shortly to be removed. Most probably the story of irregular habits was got up by those who love to "adorn a tale," in order that the picture of Addison's death-bed might exhibit strong contrasts—light and shade—and thus "point a moral."

"I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die," said the dying man to the youthful Earl. Tickell in his elegy writes:

"He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
The price for knowledge, taught us how to die."

The room in which Addison expired at Holland House has a large bay-window overlooking the Park, in the direction of Notting Hill. There he expired, June 17, 1719, leaving an only child, a daughter, by the Countess.

The body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, and was buried in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, in the same vault with his friend Charles Montague, Lord Halifax. The spot remained unmarked until a few years back, when Lord Francis Egerton (Earl of Ellesmere) placed a marble lozenge in the pavement, inscribed with his name, and two lines from Tickell's elegy:

"Oh! gone for ever: take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague."

Addison was at best "an indifferent poet;" although it was a poem from his pen which first gave him fame, and led to his promotion. It

was also a tragedy from his pen that created the greatest popular interest which a play on the English stage has ever excited. But as a prose writer Addison occupies a first position in English literature. He commonly dictated his compositions. They were *uttered*, and when committed to paper, corrected with scrupulous, even tedious, care. Polished and pure in diction, they are equally pure in moral and motive. Addison's writing was always on the side of virtue and religion. Some of the miserable attacks which have been made upon his memory would probably never have been written but for this fact.

He was a great frequenter of the coffee-houses of the day ; especially of Button's, in Russell Street—(Button had been an old servant of Lady Warwick's). There he used to meet his best friends—Steele, Carey, Davenant, Gay, and the whole circle of wits, who congregated at Button's chiefly to enjoy the charm of Addison's society.

He was a man of gentle nature ; and that disposition was exhibited in his literary work. He disliked harshness or severity of language, abruptness or roughness of style. It has always been held that any one who desires to attain polish, fluency, and elegance in composition, must make a study of Addison's works.

FROM "THE CAMPAIGN."

A POEM TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
 Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,
 And make the hero and the man complete.
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
 By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain ;
 Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
 In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand.
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
 A thousand villages to ashes turns,
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
 And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat ;
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
 And cries of infants sound in every brake :
 The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
 Loth to obey his leader's just commands ;
 The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war ;
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat :
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind ;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain :
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd ;
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
Its care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way !
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts ;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control :
Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul
O'erlook the foe advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host ;
Though fens and floods possess the middle space,
That, unprovok'd, they would have fear'd to pass,
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd !
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was prov'd
That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd.

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war :
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So, when an angel by divine command
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see, the haughty household troops advance,
 The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
 And with a general's love of conquest glows ;
 Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
 Laughs at the shaking of the British spear.
 Vain insolence ! with native freedom brave,
 The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave :
 Contempt and fury fire their soul by turns ;
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns ;
 Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
 And all the fate of his great monarch lay :
 A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
 Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
 Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
 O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate !
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
 Fall in the cloud of war and lie unsung !
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
 And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
 Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun .
 Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
 Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
 'Midst heaps of spears, and standards driven around,
 Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd :
 Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
 Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,

Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
 Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides,
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
 And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
 From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
 Beholds the various havoc of the fight ;
 Its waving banners, that so oft had stood
 Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

* * * * *

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse,
 That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
 May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
 When actions, unadorned, are faint and weak,
 Cities and countries must be taught to speak,
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise,
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
 And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze :
 Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
 And proudly shine in their own native light ;
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
 And those who paint them truest, praise them most.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES, LORD HALIFAX
 (IN THE YEAR MDCCI.).

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
 An Amphitheatre's amazing height
 Here fills my eyes with terrour and delight,
 That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
 And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb :

Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old Romans' deathless deeds display'd
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wondering at their height, through airy channels flow.
 Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires,
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone :
 In solemn silence a majestic band,
 Heroes, and Gods, and Roman consuls stand ;
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in Parian marble frown ;
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
 Where, from the mingled strength of shade and light,
 A new creation rises to my sight ;
 Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And opening palaces invite my Muse.

AN HYMN.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare
 That glows within my ravished heart !
 But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For, oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

Where gentle Thames through stately channels glides,
 And England's proud metropolis divides,
 A lofty fabric does the sight invade,
 And stretches o'er the waves a pompous shade ;
 Whence sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprise,
 And thundering claps and dreadful hissings rise.
 Here thrifty R—— hires monarchs by the day,
 And keeps his mercenary kings in pay ;

* * * *

And hungry monarchs with a numerous train
 Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.

But enter in, my Muse ; the stage survey,
 And all its pomp and pageantry display.
 Trap doors and pitfalls form th' unfaithful ground,
 And magic walls encompass it around :
 On either side maim'd temples fill our eyes,
 And intermixt with brothel-houses rise ;
 Disjointed palaces in order stand,
 And groves obedient to the mover's hand
 O'ershade the stage and flourish at command.
 A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire :
 So when Amphion struck the vocal lyre,
 He saw the spacious circuit all around
 With crowded woods and rising cities crown'd.

But next the tiring-room survey, and see
 False titles and promiscuous quality
 Confus'dly swarm, from heroes and from queens,
 To those that swing in clouds and fill machines.
 Their various characters they chuse with art :
 The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part ;
 Swoln cheeks and swaggering belly make an host ;
 Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghost ;
 From careful brows and heavy downcast eyes
 Dull cits and thick-skull'd aldermen arise ;

The comic tone, inspired by Congreve, draws
At every word loud laughter and applause.

* * * *

Above the rest, the Prince, with haughty stalks,
Magnificent in purple buckskins walks :
The royal robes his awful shoulders grace,
Profuse of spangles and of copper-lace :
Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltless of blood, th' unpointed weapon tie ;
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
Ponderous with brass, and starr'd with Bristol stone.
His royal consort next consults her glass,
And out of twenty boxes culls a face.
The whitening first her ghastly looks besmears :
All pale and wan th' unfinish'd form appears ;
Till on her cheek the blushing purple glows,
And a false virgin modesty bestows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes ;
Length to her brows the pencil's art supplies,
And with black bending arches shades her eyes.
Well pleased at length the picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial molds :
Her countenance complete, the beaux she warms
With looks not hers ; and, spite of nature, charms.

Thus artfully their persons they disguise,
Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise.
The Prince then enters on the stage in state ;
Behind, a guard of candle-snuffers wait :
There swoln with empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verse.
His subjects tremble ; the submissive pit,
Wrapt up in silence and attention, sit ;
Till, freed at length, he lays aside the weight
Of public business and affairs of state ;
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,
And to some peaceful brandy-shop retires ;
Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.

The Princess next her painted charms displays ;
Where every look the pencil's art betrays :
The callow squire at distance feeds his eyes,
And silently for paint and washes dies :
But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,
He sees the blended colours melt with heat,

And all the trickling beauty run in sweat.
 The borrow'd visage he admires no more,
 And nauseates every charm he lov'd before :
 So the fam'd spear, for double force renown'd,
 Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.

In tedious lists 'twere endless to engage,
 And draw at length the rabble of the stage,
 Where one for twenty years has given alarms,
 And call'd contending monarchs to their arms :
 Another fills a more important post,
 And rises every other night a ghost ;
 Through the cleft stage his mealy face he rears,
 Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears :
 Others, with swords and shields, the soldier's pride,
 More than a thousand times have changed their side,
 And in a thousand fatal battles dy'd.

Thus several persons several parts perform ;
 Soft lovers whine, and blustering heroes storm.
 The stern exasperated tyrants rage
 Till the kind bowl of poison clears the stage.
 Then honours vanish, and distinctions cease ;
 Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undress.
 Heroes no more their fading laurels boast,
 And mighty kings in private men are lost.
 He whom such titles swell'd, such power made proud,
 To whom whole realms and vanquished nations bowed,
 Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
 And in his own vile tatters stinks again.

AN ODE.

I

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

2

Soon as the evening shades prevail
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though no real voice nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found :
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

 ROSAMOND. SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

SIR TRUSTY, *Knight of the Bower (solus).*

How unhappy is he
 That is ty'd to a she,
 And famed for his wit and his beauty ;
 For of us pretty fellows
 Our wives are so jealous,
 They ne'er have enough of our duty.
 But hah ! my limbs begin to quiver,
 I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver :
 Whence rises this convulsive strife ?
 I smell a shrew ;
 My fears are true,
 I see my wife.

CATO. ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO (*solus*), *sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand PLATO'S book on the immortality of the soul. A drawn sword on the table beside him.*

It must be so ; Plato, thou reason'st well !—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror.
 Of falling into nought ? why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass ?
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), He must delight in virtue,
 And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when ? or where ?—This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd : my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me :
 This in a moment brings me to an end,
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?
 This lethargy that creeps through all my senses ?
 Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
 That my awakened soul may take her flight

Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest ; Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter PORTIUS.

But ha ! how's this, my son ? why this intrusion ?
Were not my orders that I would be private ?
Why am I disobeyed ?

Portius. Alas ! my father !
What means this sword ? this instrument of death ?
Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rash youth, forbear !

Portius. O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

Cato. Wouldst thou betray me ? wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands ?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man !—

Portius. Look not thus sternly on me ;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well ! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue ; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port :
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes.

Portius. O, Sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. O my father !
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so ? Be not displeas'd,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul.

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful. [*Embracing him.*]
Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Portius. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends : see them embark'd ;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.

My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [Exit.

Portius. My thoughts are more at ease my heart revives.

Enter MARCIA.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope !
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has despatched me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [Exit.

Marcia. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose ;
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams ; remember all his virtues ;
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter LUCIA.

Lucia. Where is your father, Marcia ? Where is Cato ?

Marcia. Lucia, speak low ; he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Lucia. Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato.
In every view, in every thought, I tremble.
Cato is stern, and awful as a god ;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Marcia. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Filled with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father ! I have ever found him
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Lucia. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blessed.
Marcia, we both are equally involved
In the same intricate, perplexed distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Marcia. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth !

Lucia. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thought ?

Who knows but yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determined of thyself?

Marcia. Let him but live ! commit the rest to Heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man !
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father :
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him :
I saw him stretched at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams ; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me !

Marcia. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

Lucius. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow ?
Dry up thy tears, my child ; we all are safe
While Cato lives : his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Lucius, the horsemen are returned from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar ; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnished helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Lucius. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring ? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Portius. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But hark ! what means that groan ? O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence.

[*Exit.*

Lucius. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. Ha ! a second groan !
Heaven guard us all !—

Marcia. Alas ! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps ! 'tis agonizing pain ;
'Tis death is in that sound—

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Portius. O sight of woe !
O Marcia ! what we feared is come to pass.
Cato is fallen upon his sword—

Lucius. O Portius !
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Portius. I've raised him up,
And placed him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His weeping servants,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[The back Scene opens, and discovers CATO.]

Marcia. O Heaven, assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father !

Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar !

Lucius. Now is Rome fall'n indeed !

[CATO brought forward in his chair.]

Cato. Here set me down.

Portius, come near me. Are my friends embarked ?
Can anything be thought of for their service ?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.—

O Lucius, art thou here ? Thou art too good !

Let this our friendship live between our children ;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas poor man ! he weeps—Marcia, my daughter—

—O bend me forward !—Juba loves thee, Marcia

A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,

Would not have match'd his daughter with a king ;

But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction.

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman—

I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose

From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow ?

—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in

On my departing soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye Powers, that search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
 If I have done amiss, impute it not !
 He best may err, but you are good, and—oh ! [Dies.

Lucius. There fled the greatest soul that ever warmed
 A Roman breast. O Cato ! O my friend !
 Thy will shall be religiously observed.
 But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
 And lay it in his sight, that he may stand
 A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath :
 Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence let fierce contending nations know
 What dire effects from civil discord flow.
 'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
 And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
 Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
 And robs the guilty world of Cato's life. [Exeunt omnes.



NICHOLAS ROWE.

Born 1673. Died 1718.

NICHOLAS ROWE was born at Beckford, in Bedfordshire, in 1673. He was descended from a good Devonshire family, possessing an estate at Lambertoun. His father was a serjeant-at-law, and was honoured with burial in the Temple Church.

Rowe was educated first of all in a private school at Highgate ; afterwards at Westminster, under Dr. Busby, and was elected as one of the King's scholars. At the age of sixteen he was entered as a student in the Middle Temple ; but at the age of nineteen being left fatherless, he began to neglect the law, and turn his attention to poetry. When twenty-five he produced a tragedy entitled "The Ambitious Stepmother," which was received with so much favour, that he devoted himself from that time entirely to literature. In 1702 he produced "Tamerlane," Louis XIV. and William III. being respectively portrayed as Bajazet and Tamerlane. Its political character gave this play great popularity. Between 1702 and 1715 he gave to the town a succession of plays : "The Fair Penitent," "Ulysses," "The Royal

Convert," "Jane Shore," and "Lady Jane Grey." "Jane Shore" is the only one of the number which is now remembered on the stage.

On the accession of George I. Rowe was made Poet-Laureat, though he did not continue entirely devoted to the Muses. He was appointed Under-Secretary to the Duke of Queensberry, Secretary of State. He was then made Land Surveyor of Customs of the Port of London. The Prince of Wales appointed him Clerk of his Council; and the Lord Chancellor Parker made him Secretary of Presentations. When Rowe had acquired a comfortable independence, and might have made a fortune, he was suddenly cut off. He died December 6, 1718, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and was buried on the 14th in Poet's Corner, the service being read by Atterbury.

Rowe was familiar with Pope, Addison, Lady Warwick, and most of the literary circle of that time. He was a man of great good-nature, equanimity of temper, and of a merry heart. Addison thought him a man of "levity of heart." He is known as a dramatic poet, and as a translator of Lucan. Probably his translation was the best production of his pen, on account of its fidelity to the spirit and meaning of the author.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain
To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

"Alas, silly swain that I was !"
Thus, sadly complaining, he cry'd :
"When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue ;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great ;
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung :
Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

"How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town !

To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove,
Or go clad, like our maidens, in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love !

“ What though I have still to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crown'd ;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around :
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

“ And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly :
'Twas hers to be false and to change ;
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

“ If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave
Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

“ Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day ;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.”

OCCASIONED BY HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY WARWICK AT
HOLLAND HOUSE.

Hearing that Chloe's bower crown'd
The summit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like servants on her will,

I went, and found 'twas as they said,
That every thing look'd fresh and fair ;
Her herds in flowery pastures stray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood shade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

But when I found my troubled heart
Uneasy grown within my breast,
My breath come short, and in each part
Some new disorder seem to start,
Which pain'd me sore and broke my rest,

"Some noxious vapour sure," I said,
"From this unwholesome soil must rise ;
Some secret venom is convey'd
Or from this field, or from that shade,
That does the power of life surprise."

Soon as the skilful leach beheld
The change that in my health was grown,
"Blame not," he cry'd, "nor wood nor field ;
Diseases which such symptoms yield
Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

"Alike she kills in every air ;
The coldest breast her beauties warm ;
And though the fever took you there,
If Chloe had not been so fair,
The place had never done you harm."



DR. WATTS.

Born 1674. Died 1748.

ISAAC WATTS was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. His father kept a boarding-school in that town, and was a rigid Nonconformist. The son imbibed the opinions of his parent, and was educated to become a dissenting minister.

From his early youth he showed great intellectual power, though throughout life his physical strength was unequal to the efforts he endeavoured to make. He received the chief part of his education under Mr. Thomas Rowe, minister of the meeting-house in Haberdashers' Hall. In 1694 he retired from London, and lived with his father for two years, when the greater part of his early compositions were produced. In 1696 he entered the family of Sir John Hartopp, at Stoke Newington, as tutor to his son, in which capacity he remained until 1702. His most famous work, "Logic, or the right Use of Reason in the Inquiry after Truth," was prepared at this period for the use of his pupil. On his birthday in 1698, when he was twenty-four, he preached his first sermon in the Independent meeting-house, Mark Lane, of which place shortly afterwards he was chosen pastor. His duties were continued there for several years, being interrupted at various times by ill health, until in 1712 a violent fever compelled his retirement. Sir Thomas Abney invited him on a visit to his house at Theobalds, adjoining Enfield Chase. He went there to spend a week, and remained for six-and-thirty years, until his death. In 1728 he received his diplomas of divinity from Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Sir Thomas Abney's house and grounds adjoined the famous Theobalds, the favoured residence of James I., which that King purchased from Cecil, and in which he died. The King's house was destroyed by order of the Parliament in 1651; but in Watts' time an elm-tree walk belonging to the palace remained, and in a summer-house at the end of the avenue it is said that many of Watts' later poems were composed. "Waiting God's leave to die," sheltered and shielded from trouble by the Abneys, Watts continued to live at Theobalds until, on the 25th of November, 1748, aged 74, he peacefully passed away. He was buried in Bunhill-fields burial-ground, where a monument marks his tomb.

Watts' "Logic" was a work in very popular use at one time. He produced several essays and dissertations, but the book by which he is universally known is his "Divine Songs, attempted in easy Language for the Use of Children." These hymns are familiar, and exercise an influence wherever the English language is spoken.

FALSE GREATNESS.

Mylo, forbear to call him blest
 That only boasts a large estate,
 Should all the treasures of the west
 Meet, and conspire to make him great.
 I know thy better thoughts, I know
 Thy reason can't descend so low.
 Let a broad stream with golden sands
 Through all his meadows roll,
 He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
 That wears a narrow soul.
 He swells amidst his wealthy store,
 And proudly poizing what he weighs,
 In his own scale he fondly lays
 Huge heaps of shining ore :
 He spreads the balance wide to hold
 His manors and his farms,
 And cheats the beam with loads of gold
 He hugs between his arms.
 So might the ploughboy climb a tree,
 When Cræsus mounts his throne,
 And both stand up, and smile to see
 How long their shadow's grown.
 Alas ! how vain their fancies be
 To think that shape their own !
 Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
 Cræsus himself can never know ;
 His true dimensions and his weight
 Are far inferiour to their show.
 Were I so tall to reach the pole,
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,
 I must be measur'd by my soul :
 The mind's the standard of the man.

 TRUE RICHES.

I am not concern'd to know
 What to-morrow Fate will do ;
 'Tis enough that I can say,
 I've possess'd myself to-day :

Then, if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones and golden things,
Wealth and honours, that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own :
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose ;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useless grows.
On the same young flowery tree
All the seasons you may see :
Notions in the bloom of light
Just disclosing to the sight ;
Here are thoughts of larger growth
Ripening into solid truth ;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste,—
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love :
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise.
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up :
I rejoice to raise my feet ;
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for,
Nothing like them round the pole :
Nothing can describe the soul.

'Tis a region half unknown,
 That has treasures of its own
 More remote from public view
 Than the bowels of Peru ;
 Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
 Than the golden Indies are ;
 Ships that trace the watery stage
 Cannot coast it in an age ;
 Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
 Had they wings to help their feet,
 Could not run it half way o'er
 In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wandering mind,
 Loth to be too much confin'd,
 Roves and takes her daily tours,
 Coasting round the narrow shores,
 Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
 Picking shells and pebbles thence :
 Or she sits at Fancy's door,
 Calling shapes and shadows to her,
 Foreign visits still receiving,
 And t' herself a stranger living.
 Never, never would she buy
 Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
 Never trade abroad for more,
 If she saw her native shore ;
 If her inward worth were known,
 She might ever live alone.

STANZAS TO LADY SUNDERLAND AT TUNBRIDGE
 WELLS.

Fair nymph, ascend to Beauty's throne,
 And rule that radiant world alone :
 Let favourites take thy lower sphere,
 Not monarchs are thy rivals here.

The Court of Beauty, built sublime,
 Defies all powers but thine and time :
 Envy, that clouds the hero's sky,
 Aims but in vain her flight so high.

Not Blenheim's field, nor Ister's flood,
 Nor standards dyed in Gallic blood,
 Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
 To Churchill's house than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
 Is less commanding than her charms ;
 His lightning strikes with less surprise
 Than sudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
 In iron ; she enslaves the mind :
 We follow with a pleasing pain,
 And bless the conqueror and the chain.

The Muse, that dares in numbers do
 What paint and pencil never knew,
 Faints at her presence in despair,
 And owns the inimitable fair.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see !
 What shall I render to my God
 For all His gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God has given me more ;
 For I have food, while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
 Half naked I behold !
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
 And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head,
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal,
 Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
 And do Thy holy will.

Are these Thy favours day by day
 To me above the rest ?
 Then let me love Thee more than they
 And try to serve Thee best.

AN EVENING SONG.

And now another day is gone,
 I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
 My comforts every hour make known
 His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
 My sins, how great their sum !
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Let angels guard my head,
 And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
 Since Thou wilt not remove ;
 And in the morning let me rise
 Rejoicing in Thy love.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship Thee !
 At once they sing, at once they pray ;
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way . .

I have been there, and still would go ;
 'Tis like a little heaven below :
 Not all my pleasure and my play
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy word,
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I hear him complain,
" You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he, on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

" A little more sleep, and a little more slumber ;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number :
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn, and the thistle grow broader and higher ;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags ;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind :
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking ;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, " Here's a lesson for me :
That man's but a picture of what I might be,
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."



JOHN PHILIPS.

Born 1676. Died 1708.

JOHN PHILIPS was born at Bampton, in Oxfordshire, December 30, 1676. The living of Bampton was at that date held by his father, Stephen Philips, D.D., Archdeacon of Salop. Philips was sent to Winchester College, where he distinguished himself by his elegance of composition in Latin, and where he was very popular among his school-fellows on account of his good-nature and courteous disposition. A tradition exists that his greatest delight at school was to get some of the boys to comb his hair. He would sit for hours enjoying the pleasant sensation caused by that operation, and acquainting himself with the poetry of ancient and modern authors.

In 1694 he entered at Christ Church, Oxford, and was an undergraduate during the decanal rule of the famous Aldrich. In the University he was held in esteem for his scholarship. He had early studied, and attempted to imitate, the style of Milton. This led to the production in 1703 of the poem by which he is now remembered—"The Splendid Shilling;" which is a parody upon Milton, borrowing the stately and sounding manner of the poet, to apply it to commonplace and trivial subjects. "The Splendid Shilling" created a sensation, and led to Philips becoming acquainted with Bolingbroke.

When Addison wrote his poem on "Blenheim," Philips was directed to produce an opposition poem upon the same subject. It is needless to say it will not bear comparison with Addison's. The most important work of his pen was entitled "Cider." It is an imitation of Virgil's Georgic, and is in point of style an honourable production. The art of engrafting and the merits of apples are not topics likely to give a any lasting celebrity. Philips' "Cider" has turned sour upon the public palate, except to those who quaff poetry, like tasters of old wine, because it is "curious." He was meditating a poem on the Last Day when consumption terminated his life, at the age of thirty-two, on February 15, 1708. His remains were interred in Hereford Cathedral, and a monument was erected in Westminster Abbey to his memory by Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor. The inscription was written by Atterbury.

Philips was an adherent of the Tory party, and patronized by Bolingbroke. He led a blameless, modest life, and was a man personally esteemed by all who knew him. His "Splendid Shilling" holds its place in English poetry, and therefore it is here quoted, although it is a warning against the dangerous habit of parody writing.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse retains
 A splendid shilling : he nor hears with pain
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale,
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To Juniper's Magpie or Town-hall repairs ;
 Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames—
 Chloe, or Phillis—he each circling glass
 Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
 And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
 (Wretched repast !) my meagre corpse sustain :
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers ; or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent.

* * * *

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
 —Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men—
 To my aërial citadel ascends,
 With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole ; straight my bristling hairs erect
 Through sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
 So horrible he seems ! His faded brow,
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forebode : in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,

With characters and figures dire describ'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes—(ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men !) Behind him stalks
 Another monster, not unlike himself, .
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 First have endued : if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, straight his body to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
 In durance strict detain him till, in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

* * * *

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelope, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend, delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tippler imaginary pots of ale
 In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
 Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay ;

Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
 My galligaskins, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdued, (what will not time subdue ?)
 An horrid chasm disclos'd, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues.



THOMAS PARNELL.

Born 1679. Died 1717.

THOMAS PARNELL was born at Dublin in 1679. He was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1692, and graduated as Master of Arts in 1700. In that year, by a dispensation from the Bishop of Derry, he was ordained deacon, and three years after received priest's orders. In 1705 he was made Archdeacon of Clogher, and married a lady by whom he had three children. On the Whigs' dismissal from office at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, Parnell changed his politics, and was eagerly welcomed by the Tories. When Lord Oxford was told Parnell waited in the antechamber, he was persuaded by Swift to go, with his Treasurer's staff in his hand, and bid him welcome. Parnell's hopes of preferment, however, were blasted by the death of the queen ; and he seems to have fallen into intemperate habits, partly the result of mortified ambition, and partly by the death of a much-loved son, and of his wife, in 1712. His personal friends were numerous, and Swift obtained for him from Archbishop King the Vicarage of Finglass in the diocese of Dublin, worth 400*l.* per annum. Unhappily, his prosperity was short-lived. He had scarcely entered on his preferment a year, when death carried him off in his 38th year. He died at Chester in 1717, on his way to Ireland. Pope published a selected edition of his works soon after his death, and dedicated them to the Earl of Oxford. He contributed largely to the periodicals and papers of the day, though much that has since been attributed to him is doubtful. His poetry is remarkable for smoothness of diction and propriety of feeling. The "Fairy Tale" was praised by Goldsmith, and, as Johnson says, "it is seldom safe to contradict his criticism."

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

My days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds, that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream ;
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent one sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught ;
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love,

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design ;
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart
 To make fair Nancy mine !

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair ;
 Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress ;
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

 AN ELEGY TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

In vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight,
 You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
 Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
 Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.

If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,
Why really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young ; or one whose life's so long,
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong.
And once, since Envy's dead before you die,
The women own you play'd a sparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
Which blew, to damask all thy cheeks with red ;
Youth calls the graces there to fix their reign,
And airs, by thousands, fill their easy train.
So parting summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the Sun to dress some foreign clime,
While withering seasons in succession here
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, since Nature bids, the world resign ;
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.
With more address, or such as pleases more,
She runs her female exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles or blushes at the creature man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.
With better strength on visit-days she bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes and tongue,
Are sure to conquer,—for the rogue is young :
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage ;
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
The soul with pleasing avocation strays.
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise :
As harpers better by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendent diamonds let thy Fanny take
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake) :

Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl ;
 You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
 So for the rest, with less encumbrance' hung,
 You walk through life unmingled with the young,
 And view the shade and substance, as you pass,
 With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
 Or Folly drest, and rambling all her days,
 To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise :
 Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
 You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
 'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,
 The wise Athenian crost a glittering fair :
 Unmov'd by tongue and sights, he walk'd the place,
 Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace ;
 Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
 And "What a world I never want !" he cries :
 But cries unheard ; for Folly will be free.
 So parts the buzzing gawdy crowd and he :
 As careless he for them, as they for him ;
 He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A thoughtful being, long and spare,
 Our race of mortals call him Care,
 (Were Homer living, well he knew
 What name the gods have call'd him too,)
 With fine mechanic genius wrought,
 And lov'd to work, though no one bought.

This being, by a model bred
 In Jove's eternal sable head,
 Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
 And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake,
 Wondering to see himself awake !
 Then look'd so wise, before he knew
 The business he was made to do ;
 That, pleased to see with what a grace
 He gravely show'd his forward face,
 Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
 An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod
Which ever binds a poet's god,
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's obliged to quake,)
He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes ;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Not with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes :
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, "Great Jove," she cry'd,
"This thing was fashion'd from my side ;
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine.
Then what hast thou to call him thine ?"

"Nay rather ask," the monarch said,
"What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away ?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay."

"Halves, more than halves !" cry'd honest Care :
"Your pleas would make your titles fair ;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole."

Thus with the gods debate began
On such a trivial cause as Man.
"And can celestial tempers rage ?"
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by.
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head ;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire, Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth before ;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carry'd, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,

As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was py'd ;
A bending sickle arm'd his side ;
And Spring's new months his train adorn :
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made ;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounced the words of Fate :

“ Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove, receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began ;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.”

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year ;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

“ 'Tis well,” said Jove, and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament ;
“ Our umpire Time shall have his way.
With Care I let the creature stay :
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill,
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive bow ;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.”



EDWARD YOUNG.

Born 1681. Died 1765.

EDWARD YOUNG was born in June, 1681, at Upham, near Winchester. His father was Rector of Upham, and Fellow of Winchester College. In 1702 he was made Chaplain to William and Mary, and then preferred to the Deanery of Salisbury. Queen Mary is said to have been god-mother to this poet. Young was entered upon the foundation of Winchester College, but did not proceed to New College, Oxford, as a Wykehamite. He entered as an ordinary undergraduate, and lived with the warden, who was a near friend of his father's. On the warden's death he migrated to Corpus Christi College, and in 1708 was elected by Archbishop Tenison to a Law Fellowship at All Saints College. In 1714 he took his degree of B.C.L., and his Doctor's in 1719. Two years after Young had taken his B.A. he was selected to speak the Latin Oration before the University, on the founding of the Codrington Library.

Young's first poetical effort was made when Queen Anne, at the instance of Harley and Bolingbroke, created ten peers in one day to secure a vote in the House of Lords. He also published "An Epistle to George Granville," created Lord Lansdowne, in which he exhausted himself with panegyric.

When Addison published "Cato," in 1713, Young was honoured by having some of his verses prefixed. His poem "The Last Day" appeared in 1713, and was published at Oxford under the *imprimatur* of the Vice-Chancellor. The Marquis of Wharton, who had been a friend of Young's father, extended his favour to his son. In 1716, after the Marquis's death, Young appears to have accompanied his young successor to Ireland. It was during the visit that Young took a walk with Dean Swift, when the Dean, contemplating the withered upper branches of an elm, uttered the memorable words, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die at the top."

In 1719 the tragedy of "Busiris," by Young, was produced at Drury Lane. In 1721 it was followed by "The Revenge." For some time Young lived in the Exeter family, and acted as tutor to Lord Burleigh. He contested an election at Cirencester unsuccessfully. Between 1721 and 1726 he wrote his Satires on the Love of Fame. When he was nearly fifty years of age, Young entered into Holy Orders, and in 1728 was appointed Chaplain to George II. In 1730 he was presented by his College to the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire; and the following year he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, a daughter of the Earl of

Lichfield, widow of Colonel Lee. This lady lived for ten years after her marriage with Young, and died in 1741. Before her death she had lost, in 1736, a daughter by her former husband, married to Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Temple did not long survive. He died in 1740. Temple and his wife have generally been conjectured to be the originals of Philander and Narcissa in Young's "Night Thoughts." To the sorrow Young experienced in these three deaths the origin of that remarkable poem has always been ascribed, which was commenced in 1741.

In 1753 the play of "The Brothers," which Young had written thirty years before, was performed. He intended to devote the profits arising from its performance to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; but as the play did not produce the amount he expected, he paid out of his own purse 1000*l.* to that Society. In 1761 he was appointed Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager. Young produced a few minor poems after the "Night Thoughts," and died in April, 1765, aged eighty-four, at Welwyn, where he was buried beneath the altar.

In Young's poetry there is no uniformity of character. He does not seem to have adopted any model. His compositions are more remarkable as abounding in thought than in elegance of construction. The deep reflection and striking similes in his "Night Thoughts" have always secured for this gloomy composition favour and popularity.

FROM "THE COMPLAINT; OR, NIGHT THOUGHTS."

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
 To damp our brainless ardours, and abate
 That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
 Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
 Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
 Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome, as *safe*, our port from every storm.
 Each friend by fate snatched from us is a plume
 Plucked from the wing of human vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our ærial heights,
 And, damp't with omen of our own decease,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lowered,
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
 Are angels sent on errands full of love;
 For us they languish, and for us they die:
 And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?

Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address,
 Their posthumous advice and pious prayer?
 Senseless, as herds that graze their hallowed graves,
 Tread under foot their agonies and groans;
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

* * * *

O my coevals! remnants of yourselves!
 Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave!
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamoured of this wretched soil?
 Shall our pale, withered hands be still stretched out,
 Trembling at once with eagerness and age?
 With avarice and convulsions grasping hard?
 Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
 Man wants but little; nor that little long:
 How soon must he resign his very dust,
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
 Years *unexperienced* rush on numerous ills;
 And soon as man, expert from time, has found
 The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
 And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
 Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
 And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
 To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
 I still survive: and am I fond of life,
 Who scarce can think it possible I live,
 Alive by miracle? or, what is next,
 Alive by mead? if I am still alive,
 Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
 Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
 Life's lee is not more *shallow* than *impure*
 And *vapid*; *sense* and *reason* show the door,
 Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great Arbiter of life and death!
 Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!
 Whose all-prolific beam late called me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
 To drink the spirit of the golden day,

And triumph in existence ; and could know
 No motive, but my bliss ; and hast ordained
 A rise in blessing ; with the *patriarch's* joy
 Thy call I follow to the land *unknown* :
 I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust.
 Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs :
 All weight in this—O let me live to Thee !

* * * *

Can it be ?

Matter immortal ! and shall *spirit* die ?
 Above the nobler shall less noble rise ?
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
 No resurrection know ? Shall man alone,
 Imperial man, be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileged than grain on which he feeds ?
 Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its period by the spleen of fate,
 Severely doomed *death's* single unredeemed ?

* * * *

To lift us from this abject, to sublime ;
 This flux, to permanent ; this dark, to day ;
 This foul, to pure ; this turbid, to serene ;
 This mean, to mighty ;—for *this* glorious end
 Th' Almighty, rising, His long sabbath broke !
 The world was made ; was ruined ; was restored ;
 Laws from the skies were published ; were repealed :
 On *earth* kings, kingdoms, rose ; kings, kingdoms, fell :
 Famed sages lighted up the *pagan* world ;
 Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
 Through distant age ; saints travelled ; martyrs bled ;
 By wonders sacred nature stood controlled ;
 The living were translated ; dead were raised ;
 Angels, and *more* than angels, came from heaven :
 And, oh ! for *this* descended lower still :
 Guilt was hell's gloom ; astonished at his guest,
 For one short moment Lucifer adored.

* * * *

On piety humanity is built ;
 And on humanity much happiness ;
 And yet still more on piety itself.
 A soul in commerce with her God is heaven ;
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
 The whirls of passion, and the strokes of heart.

A Deity believed is joy begun ;
 A Deity adored is joy advanced ;
 A Deity beloved is joy matured.
 Each branch of *piety* delight inspires :
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next
 O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides ;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man in audience with the Deity.
 Who worships the *great God*, that instant joins
 The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.



AARON HILL.

Born 1684. Died 1749.

AARON HILL was the son of George Hill, Esq. of Malmesbury Abbey, Wilts. He was born in Beaufort Buildings, Strand, in 1684. His father's extravagance had wasted the family property, and Aaron was compelled to make his own way in the world. He was educated at Westminster. When fourteen he left Westminster, and having formed a plan for visiting his relative Lord Paget, then Ambassador at Constantinople, he carried it into execution, and made his way to the city of the Sultan. Lord Paget received him with great cordiality. From Constantinople Hill set out on his travels, and visited Egypt and Palestine. In 1703 he returned to England with Lord Paget, visiting on the road several of the European Courts. His experience and good character recommended him to Sir William Wentworth, who took him as his companion in his travels. In 1709 Hill published a History of the Ottoman Empire, which contained valuable information gathered at the Turkish Court. He also published a poetical piece, entitled "Camillers," in defence of the famous and eccentric Earl of Peterborough. This poem gave the Earl so much satisfaction that he introduced Hill to Harley, Bolingbroke, and the leaders of the Tory party. Hill became Secretary to the Earl. In 1710 he married, and was appointed manager of Drury Lane Theatre. At the desire of Booth, the tragedian, he wrote his tragedy "Elfrida ; or, the Fair Inconstant." The next year he produced an opera, "Rinaldo," which was

performed at the Haymarket, and is memorable as being the first work for which Handel composed music after his arrival in England. Hill appears to have been a man of enterprise, and to have exhibited great commercial ability. He started a variety of companies and schemes. He continued to write for the stage, and translated Voltaire's tragedy of "Merope." His tragedy of "Zara" was also taken from Voltaire. Some years before his death he withdrew from the London world, and settled at Plaistow, in Essex. Voltaire's tragedy was the last work upon which he was engaged : it was produced at Drury Lane ; but Hill did not live to witness the great success of his work. He died the very day before that fixed for its first representation, February 3, 1749, aged sixty-seven, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. He was regarded as a meritorious writer by Bolingbroke, Pope, Voltaire, Savage, Fielding, and others his contemporaries. In the present day his name is almost unknown.

THE MESSENGER.

Go, happy paper, gently steal,
 And soft beneath her pillow lie ;
 There in a dream my love reveal,
 A love that awe must else conceal,
 In silent doubt to die.

Should she to flames thy hope consign,
 Thy suffering moment soon expires ;
 A longer pain, alas ! is mine,
 Condemned in endless woe to pine,
 And feel unslack'ning fires.

But if inclined to hear and bless,
 While in her heart soft pity stirs,
 Tell her her beauties might compel
 A hermit to forsake his cell,
 And change his heaven for hers.

Oh, tell her, were her treasures mine,
 Nature and art would court my aid :
 The painter's colours want her shine ;
 The rainbow's brow not half so fine
 As her sweet eyelids' shade.

By day the sun might spare his rays ;
 No star make evening bright ;
 Her opening eyes with sweeter blaze
 Should measure all my smiling days,
 And if she slept, 'twere night.



THOMAS TICKELL.

Born 1686. Died 1740.

THOMAS TICKELL was born in 1686, at Bridekirk, in Cumberland. In 1701 he entered at Queen's College, Oxford, and took his degree of M.A. in 1708. In 1710 he was elected a Fellow of his College. Declining to go into Holy Orders, he obtained a dispensation from the Crown to hold his Fellowship, which he continued to do until his marriage, in 1726. Tickell was introduced into London and political life by Addison. When Queen Anne's Ministers were negotiating the peace with France, Tickell published "The Prospect of Peace," which being praised by Addison in the "Spectator," ran through several editions. When George I. arrived, he wrote "The Royal Progress," which appeared in the "Spectator." Tickell published a translation of the Iliad in opposition to Pope's translation. This was the most important work of his life. Pope considered that it was written in great part by Addison himself. When Addison went to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Sunderland, he took Tickell with him; and in 1717, when Addison became Secretary of State, he appointed Tickell Under-Secretary. The friendship between him and Addison continued unabated to the last. When Addison lay dying at Holland House, he left to Tickell the charge of all his works, and specially commended him to the favour of Craggs, the Secretary of State. Tickell was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland in 1725. This post of emolument and honour he retained until 1740, when, on the 23d of April in that year, he died at Bath.

Any distinction that belongs to Tickell is reflected from Addison. Through his favour he became known, and through him his compositions of "unblemished mediocrity" got noticed in the "Spectator." Tickell is also to be remembered as a contributor to the "Spectator," but owing entirely to the same favour. Like Lord Byron, holding his pen, lest he should be criticising the genuine Macpherson, so we must be careful in speaking of Tickell's translation of Homer, lest we should

be criticising some genuine Addison. The judgment of the world is that Tickell's *Iliad* is very inferior to Pope's. The best production of his pen, and one which will live in poetry, is his "Elegy on the death of Addison" (quoted below). Johnson said of it, "Nor is a more sublime or more elegant funeral-poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature."

ON QUEEN CAROLINE'S

REBUILDING THE LODGINGS OF THE BLACK PRINCE AND
HENRY V. AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Where bold and graceful soars, secure of fame,
The pile now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, Gothic and uncouth,
Where the Black Edward pass'd his beardless youth,
And the fifth Henry, for his first renown,
Out-stripp'd each rival in a student's gown.

In that coarse age were princes fond to dwell
With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell :
Sent from the monarch's to the Muse's court,
Their meals were frugal, and their sleeps were short ;
To couch at curfew-time they thought no scorn,
And froze at matins every winter morn ;
They read, an early book, the starry frame,
And lisp'd each constellation by its name ;
Art after art still dawning to their view,
And their mind opening as their stature grew.
Yet whose ripe manhood spread our fame so far,
Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war?
Who, stern in fight, made echoing Cressy ring,
And, mild in conquest, serv'd his captive king?
Who gain'd, at Agincourt, the victor's bays ;
Nor took himself, but gave good Heaven, the praise ?
'Thy nurslings, ancient dome ! to virtue form'd ;
To mercy list'ning, whilst in fields they storm'd ;
Fierce to the fierce, and warm th' oppress'd to save ;
Through life rever'd, and worshipp'd in the grave.

In tenfold pride the mouldering roofs shall shine,
The stately work of bounteous Caroline ;
And blest Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
From heaven behold her rival's fabric rise.
If still, bright Saint, this spot deserves thy care,
Incline thee to th' ambitious Muse's prayer :

O couldst thou win young William's bloom to grace
 His mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
 How would that genius, whose propitious wings
 Have here twice hover'd o'er the sons of kings,
 Descend triumphant to his ancient seat,
 And take in charge a third Plantagenet !

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires !
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
 Can I forget the dismal night that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave ?
 How silent did his old companions tread,
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Through breathing statues—then unheeded things—
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings !
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir,
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd,
 And the last words that dust to dust convey'd !
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
 Oh, gone for ever ! take this long adieu ;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
 To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine ;
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart !
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue !
 My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee !

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone—
 Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown—
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below :
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
 In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
 And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind ?
 A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
 From world to world, unweary'd, does he fly ?
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze
 Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze ?
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battled, and the dragon fell ;
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill-essay'd below ?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?—
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
 Oh ! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
 To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the Heavens decree,
 Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me,
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight ;
 If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
 I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there ;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove.

'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song :
 There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe :
 There taught us how to live, and (oh ! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears ?
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air !
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze !
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore :
 Thy walks and airy prospects' charm no more ;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other hills, however fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found ;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him who taught me how to sing ;
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.

* * * *

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace ;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face,
 Till luckless love and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,
 When beating rains descend ?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair :
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound :
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round :

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart and broken vows
In early youth I die :
Was I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I ?

"Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone :
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare !
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there !

"Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."
She spoke, she dy'd : her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?
How were these nuptials kept ?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell,
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride—ah, bride no more !—
 The varying crimson fled,
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.
 Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mould with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen :
 With garlands gay and true-love knots
 They deck the sacred green.
 But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.



ALEXANDER POPE.

Born 1688. Died 1744.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 22, 1688. His father was a linendraper in the Strand, and a Roman Catholic in religion. In that faith Pope was brought up. While he was yet young, his father retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest. It seems probable that the influence of the forest scenery determined the tastes of the youth, and confirmed him in his desire to be a poet.

When he was sixteen, he had composed his "Pastorals," which appeared five years later in Tonson's "Miscellany." The "Essay on Criticism" followed, and then "The Rape of the Lock." In 1713 Pope published his "Windsor Forest." Five years were then devoted to completing his translation of Homer. In 1728 he published the "Dunciad," and in 1733 the "Essay on Man." It was the mode of

the time to be philosophic ; and therefore Pope considered his reputation required that he should produce a philosophic poem. The philosophy of the poem is supposed to have been largely supplied by Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke. The Essay was followed by the "Imitations of Horace," and in 1742 another book was added to the "Dunciad."

Although Pope is not admitted to the first rank of poets, perhaps there has been no poet who has exercised a greater influence, or whose name has been more familiar to all lovers of literature. A life of Pope, properly written, would involve short biographies of all the great men of his time. A brief sketch, such as this, cannot do justice to the subject ; nor would any student rest satisfied therewith, because, to understand aright the age of Queen Anne, and the lives of such men as Bolingbroke, Harley, Addison, Steele, Swift, Montague, Atterbury, and a host of others, a familiarity with Pope's poetry and with Pope's life is inevitable.

From an infant he was a weak, ailing child. His body was obliged to be supported by irons. His education was mainly entrusted to the priests of his religion. One Taverner, a priest in Hampshire, taught him Latin and Greek, and gave him that love for Homer and Virgil which exhibited itself in later years. It is impossible to say when he commenced to write poetry. From his earliest years he "lisp'd in numbers," in the composition of which he seems to have been encouraged by his father, who, when pleased with his versification, would say, "These are good rhymes." So great was the boy's admiration for his co-religionist Dryden, that in 1701, when Pope was twelve years of age, he induced some friends to take him to the coffee-house frequented by Dryden, in order that he might see him. The earliest production of his pen now known is the "Ode on Solitude," composed before he was twelve years of age.

With the composition of the "Pastorals" Pope's life as a poet commenced. At seventeen he frequented Will's Coffee-house, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, where he met the wits and literary men of the day. On the appearance of the "Essay on Criticism," the young poet was enchanted to see it praised by Mr. Addison in the Spectator. In the Spectator first appeared the famous poem, "The Messiah," which was submitted to Steele, and corrected according to his suggestions. "The Rape of the Lock" was occasioned by a frolic of Lord Petre, who, taking a great liberty, cut off a lock of Lady Arabella Fermor's hair. The poem was composed in a fortnight, and was intended to bring about a reconciliation between Lady Arabella's and Lord Petre's family, in which it was successful. This work has always been regarded as a masterpiece of poetry in the ludicrous style. The publication of the "Iliad," which was extensively subscribed for, brought in so large a sum of money, that Pope was relieved from the pecuniary difficulties with which he had long struggled, and purchased for himself a valuable annuity. He also purchased for his lifetime the villa at Twickenham,

the site of which still retains the name of "Pope's Villa." In 1720, when the South Sea Scheme had created a universal infatuation, Pope ventured some of the large receipts he had obtained from the "Iliad," and, as a matter of course, lost his money. The jealousies created by the "Iliad" led to the irritation of mind which called forth the most caustic satires of the poet's pen against editors and critics. In 1723 Pope appeared before the Lords at the trial of Bishop Atterbury, for whom he professed the warmest friendship. When Voltaire was in England, he dined at Twickenham; but Pope believing him to be a French spy, did not further cultivate his acquaintance.

In 1728 the greatest display of the poet's satirical power was made in the publication of the "Dunciad." About the same period, he was engaged, conjointly with Dean Swift, on the "Miscellanies," and wrote the "Memoirs of a Parish Clerk," in ridicule of Bishop Burnet's "History of his own Time." Swift, when visiting London, stayed very frequently at the Villa as Pope's guest. The "Dunciad" was addressed to him. Its favour with the people was so great, that Sir Robert Walpole presented it to the King and Queen. Throughout his life Pope had a great fondness for the acquaintance of men in high position. It is a remarkable fact, that he continued to live on the most friendly terms with Bolingbroke, and yet to preserve an acquaintanceship with Walpole. With Warburton he was on terms of the closest intimacy, and greatly aided him in his promotion. To him he bequeathed as a legacy the property in all his works.

Pope lived until May 30, 1744. At that date he died, of asthma, and a gradual decay of his always feeble frame. On his death-bed he was visited by Bolingbroke, who declared "that, after an intimacy of thirty years, he never knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind." The last sacraments of the Church were administered to him previous to his death, by a priest of his own religion. One of the last expressions he uttered was, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue." His death was so placid, that the moment of his expiring could not be marked. He was buried near his father and mother in the body of Twickenham Church, where a monument was erected to him by Warburton.

The tenderness of Pope's nature, of which Bolingbroke spoke, would never be conjectured from a perusal of his works. Nevertheless it was true. His love and devotion to his parents, and especially to his aged mother, was a pattern to all sons. His affection for Miss Martha Blount, of Maple Durham, near Reading, was deep and sincere. The friends he trusted, and *believed in*, would all approve Bolingbroke's estimate of his genuine character.

Unfortunately, the jealousy his marvellous success as a poet created among his contemporaries involved him in a literary warfare, the evidences of which are abundantly exhibited in his later writings, and display a bitterness and wrath which, expressed in the keenest satire,

would naturally betray an ordinary reader into imagining that Pope was sent into the world with a splenetic and acrimonious disposition.

A criticism on Pope's poetry is in this place unneeded. He possessed all the necessary qualifications for a poet. He had invention, imagination, judgment, and melody. Succeeding Dryden in the public admiration, he has ever since retained his place in literature. Not to be placed on the highest step in the Temple of the Muses, along with Shakespere, Milton, Dante, he occupies the most honoured position below them, in company with Dryden ; and the best evidence of his greatness may be gathered from the fact, that, next to Shakespere, there is no other author in our language whose brilliant epigrammatic lines are so familiar to English ears as are many of the lines, perpetually quoted in ordinary conversation, from the works of Pope.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more : O Thou my voice inspire
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies !
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale :
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :

See lofty Lebanon his head advance ;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys rise ;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way ;
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold.
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear ;
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,

And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn.
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scale survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn :
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed His word, His saving power, remains :
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ODE.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss, of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears :
 Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring.
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

 FROM "AN ESSAY ON MAN."

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
 When the dull ox why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god :
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
 Why doing, suffering ; check'd, impelled ; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault ;
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought :
 His knowledge measured to his state and place ;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there ?
 The blest to-day is as completely so
 As who began a thousand years ago.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state :
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined, from home
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind :
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven ;
Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be contents his natural desire :
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such ;
Say, Here He gives too little, there too much ;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there :

Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge His justice, be the god of God.
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies :
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes ;
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

* * * * *

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head ?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this general frame :
 Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
 The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul :
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph, that adores and burns :
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree,
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit ; in this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
 All natuse is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay :
 If I am wrong, oh teach my hear,
 To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am,—not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by Thy breath,—
 Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death !

This day be bread and peace my lot :
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
 One chorus let all being raise !
 All Nature's incense rise !

ON THE USE OF RICHES.

P. The sense to value riches, with the art
 To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart ;
 Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued ;
 Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude ;
 To balance fortune by a just expense,
 Join with economy magnificence,
 With splendour charity, with plenty health :
 Oh teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth,
 That secret rare, between the extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty given,
 And ease or emulate the care of Heaven

(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race);
 Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused ;
 As poison heals, in just proportion used :
 In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies ;
 But, well dispersed, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats ?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
 Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
 Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon ?
 Whose table wit or modest merit share,
 Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player ;
 Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,
 To ease the oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart ?
 Where'er he shines, O Fortune ! gild the scene,
 And angels guard him in the golden mean !
 There English bounty yet a while may stand,
 And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross ?
 Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of Ross ;
 Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow ?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?
 Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise ?
 "The Man of Ross !" each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate :
 Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans, blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick ? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do !
Oh say what sums that generous hand supply ?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity ?

P. Of debts, and taxes, wife and children, clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush ; proud courts, withdraw your blaze ;
Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what ? no monument, inscription, stone ?
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown ?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name :
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor, makes all the history ;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between ;
Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saved a candle's end :
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands ;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !
And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies ;—alas ! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter left of all his store ;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

Descend, ye Nine ! descend, and sing ;
 The breathing instruments inspire ;
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :
 While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear ;
 Now louder, and yet louder, rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies :
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air trembling, the wild music floats :
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away,
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low :
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds ;
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 List'ning Envy drops her snakes ;
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms !

So when the first broid vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main :
 Transported demigods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Inflam'd with Glory's charms :
 Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade ;
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
 To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd
 O'er all the dreary coasts !
 Dreadful gleams,
 Disinal screams, . . .
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts !
 But, hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
 And, see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire !
 See ! shady forms advance !
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er the Elysian flowers ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of asphodel,
 Or amaranthine bowers ;
 By the heroes' arm'd shades,
 Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades :

By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove ;—
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh, take the husband, or return the wife !
 He sung, and Hell consented
 To hear the Poet's prayer ;
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,—
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Though Fate had fast bound her,
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet Music and Love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the Fatal Sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost !
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows :
 See ! wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries :
 Ah see, he dies !
 Yet e'en in death Eurydice he sung ;
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest rage disarm :

Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please ;
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal powers incline their ear ;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;
 And angels lean from heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell ;
 To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n :
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heaven.



JOHN GAY.

Born 1688. Died 1732.

JOHN GAY, descended from an old and respectable Devonshire family, was born in or near Barnstaple, in 1688. He was educated at the Grammar School of that town ; and while yet a youth was sent to London as apprentice to a silk mercer. Wearying of the restraint of his position, he forsook the mercer's counter, and in 1711 published his "Rural Sports," dedicated to Mr. Pope, who was then becoming popular. Pope and Gay became acquainted, and the friendship so begun continued until Gay's death. The following year he published his Pastorals, "The Shepherd's Week." In 1712 he was taken into the service of the Duchess of Monmouth as Secretary ; and in 1714 was transferred to the staff of the Earl of Clarendon, whom he accompanied as Secretary on his embassy to Hanover. In this manner he was introduced to Court life, and flattered himself that he had won the favour of the Prince, afterwards George I. of England. On Queen Anne's death he dedicated his "Shepherd's Week" to Lord Bolingbroke. This act, according to Dean Swift, was an obstruction to any notice from the House of Hanover. About the time that the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived, Gay produced a mock heroic play, entitled "What d'ye call it?" the text of which was entirely tragic and solemn, while the action was comic. This absurd combination of the sublime and

ridiculous gave the piece for a time considerable celebrity. By this, and a comedy called "Three Hours after Marriage," Gay trusted that a foundation of future fortune might be laid, but failing in winning that favour which he expected, he sunk into great dejection. The Earl of Burlington, Mr. Pulteney, and Lord Harcourt, showed him special kindness, entertained him at their houses, and took him on the Continent. In 1720 a subscribed edition of his poems was published, from which he obtained 1,000*l.*, and therewith, as advised by Pope and Swift, he purchased an annuity. He was presented by Craggs with some stock in "The South Sea" bubble, from which he hoped to realize a large fortune. But, having resisted advice given him to sell while he could have realized upon his stock, he was silly enough to hold on until the notorious bubble burst, and he lost everything. Under this calamity he became so low-spirited, that his life was despaired of. Being restored by the tenderness and care of his friends, he wrote his tragedy, "The Captives," which was produced at Drury Lane, 1723-24.

In 1726 he produced his "Fables," the work by which he is now best known, the latter part of which was specially composed for the use of the young Duke of Cumberland, the future "butcher of Culloden." On the accession of George II. Gay was appointed Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa; but he declined the office, informing the Queen that he was too old for it.

In 1727 he achieved the great success of his life. Swift had suggested to Gay the idea of a Newgate pastoral. This gave rise to the "Beggar's Opera." It was offered to Cibber, at Drury Lane, and refused. It was then offered to Rich, at Covent Garden, and accepted. Its great success gave rise to the saying that "It made Rich gay, and Gay rich." The "Beggar's Opera" was performed for sixty-three nights without interruption through that season, and was revived the following one. At many provincial theatres, such as Bath and Bristol, it ran for forty and fifty nights; and in all the great towns of the kingdom the "Beggar's Opera" became the rage. It was composed in ridicule of the Italian Opera, and was so successful, that it drove the Italians away for that season. Ladies carried the favourite songs of the opera in their fans; and Polly Peacham was the most popular woman in London. But the coldness and neglect of the Court was a canker at Gay's heart. He could not bear up against it. The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry took him to live with them. His friends strove to cheer and encourage him; but all was vain. The naturally desponding character of disposition completely overpowered him, and he sank rapidly, until he was one day seized with a fit which killed him, December 4, 1732. He was buried in Poet's Corner, with as much state as if he had been a noble, and his monument was erected by the Duke of Queensberry. Lord Chesterfield and Pope were present at the funeral. He had himself requested Pope to inscribe on his grave-stone the lines—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it :
I thought it once ; but now I know it."

Pope says that Gay "was a natural man, without design, who spoke what he thought, and just as he thought it."

Gay's "Fables," and his "Black-eyed Susan," are the works by which he is now most familiarly known. As a poet he has no claim to greatness; but he will always be famous as the original producer of what is called a ballad opera, although the original idea was Swift's, and not Gay's.

A BALLAD.

FROM THE "WHAT D'YE CALL IT?"

'Twas when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclined.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look;
 Her head was crowned with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook.

" Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days.
 Why didst thou, venturous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah, what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast!

" The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
 Sees tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

" How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain?
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes the rocks discover
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wailed she for her dear ;
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear ;
 When, o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spied ;
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and died.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

Life is a jest, and all things show it :
 I thought so once ; but now I know it.

A TRUE STORY OF AN APPARITION.

* * * *

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
 Upon the borders of the spacious wood ;
 Here towers and antique battlements arise,
 And there in heaps the mouldered ruin lies.
 Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
 To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar
 How chang'd, alas! from what it once had been!
 'Tis now degraded to a public inn.
 Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud commands :
 Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands ;
 With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
 His house was full, and every bed in use.
 " What, not a garret, and no straw, to spare ?
 Why, then, the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
 Shall serve for once to nod away the night."
 " The kitchen ever is the servants' right,"
 Replies the host ; " there, all the fire around,
 The count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground."
 The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
 With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.
 " Be brave," she cries, " you still may be our guest :
 Our haunted room was ever held the best :
 If then your valour can the fright sustain,
 Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain ;

If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
 When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk ;
 If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb ;
 I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room."

Soon as the frightened maid her tale had told,
 The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
 Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall ;
 She frequent look'd behind, and changed her hue,
 While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue ;
 And now they gain'd the winding stairs' ascent,
 And to the lonesome room of terrors went.
 When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
 The watch-lights burn, tuck'd warm in bed was laid
 The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
 Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
 Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door ;
 Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
 Of rattling chains that dragg'd upon the ground ;
 When, lo ! the spectre came with horrid stride,
 Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide !
 In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
 Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood.
 Then, silent pointing to his wounded breast,
 Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frightened guest
 The bed-cords trembled, and with shuddering fear
 Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair ;
 Then muttering hasty prayers, he mann'd his heart,
 And cry'd aloud, " Say whence and who thou art ?

The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
 " Three years are counted since with mortal eyes
 I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd.
 Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
 Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain !
 See, still the planks the bloody mark retain !
 Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
 And see the steel impending o'er my heart ;
 The barbarous hostess held the lifted knife,
 The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
 My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil
 They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,
 Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
 My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize ;

There dig and find ; let that thy care reward :
 Call loud on Justice, bid her not retard
 To punish murder ; lay my ghost at rest—
 So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest ;
 And when beneath these boards my bones are found,
 Decent inter them in some sacred ground.”

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from bed,
 And boldly follows where the phantom led :
 The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
 Where passages obscure their arches bend.
 Silent they walk ; and now thro' groves they pass,
 Now thro' wet meads their steps imprint the grass.
 At length amidst a spacious field they came :
 There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
 Amaz'd he stood ; no bush or brier was found
 To teach his morning search to find the ground.
 What could he do ? the night was hideous dark,
 Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark :
 With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
 But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the Statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
 But a short vision and a golden dream ?
 Power, wealth, and title elevate his hope :
 He wakes ; but for a Garter finds a rope.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
 “ Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.”

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high prised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast
 (If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

" Oh, Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
 We only part to meet again :
 Charge as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

" Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
 They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

" If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale ;
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus every beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

" Though battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay aboard :
 They kiss ; she sighed, he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land :
 " Adieu !" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

THE QUIDNUNKIS :

A TALE, OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE DUKE REGENT
OF FRANCE.

"How vain are mortal man's endeavours !"

(Said, at Dame Elliot's, Master Travers.)

"Good Orleans dead ! in truth, 'tis hard :

Oh, may all statesmen die prepar'd !

I do foresee" (and for foreseeing

He equals any man in being)

"The army ne'er can be disbanded.

I wish the king were safely landed.

Ah, friends ! great changes threat the land ;

All France and England at a stand !

There's Meroweis—mark ! strange work !

And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk ;

The Pope"—An India merchant by

Cut short the speech with this reply :

"All at a stand ? you see great changes ?

Ah, sir ! you never saw the Ganges :

There dwell the nations of Quidnunkis

(So Monomotapa calls monkeys).

On their bank, from bough to bough,

They meet and chat (as we may now).

Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,

They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug ;

And just as chance or whim provoke them,

They either bite their friends, or stroke them.

"There have I seen some active prig,

To show his parts, bestride a twig :

Lord ! how the chattering tribe admire ;

Not that he's wiser, but he's higher.

All long to try the vent'rous thing

(For power is but to have one's swing).

From side to side he springs, he spurns,

And bangs his foes and friends by turns.

Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,

Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces !

Down the swift stream the wretch is borne ;

Never, ah ! never, to return !

"'Zounds ! what a fall had our dear brother !'

'Morbleu !' cries one ; and 'Damme !' t'other.

The nations give a general screech ;
 None cocks his tail, none claws his breech ;
 Each trembles for the public weal,
 And for a while forgets to steal.

“ A while all eyes, intent and steady,
 Pursue him whirling down the eddy,
 But, out of mind when out of view,
 Some other mounts the twig anew,
 And business on each monkey-shore
 Runs the same track it went before.”

FABLE XVIII.

THE PAINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERYBODY.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep probability in view.
 The traveller, leaping o'er those bounds,
 The credit of his book confounds.
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed
 Makes even his real courage doubted.
 But flattery never seems absurd ;
 The flatter'd always take your word :
 Impossibilities seem just ;
 They take the strongest praise on trust.
 Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
 Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
 That every eye the picture knew ;
 He hit complexion, feature, air,
 So just, the life itself was there.
 No flattery, with his colours laid,
 To bloom restor'd the faded maid :
 He gave each muscle all its strength ;
 The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
 His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
 And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd :
 Truth should not always be reveal'd :
 In dusty piles his pictures lay,
 For no one sent the second pay.
 Two busts fraught with every grace,
 A Venus' and Apollo's face,

He plac'd in view : resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these ;
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set ; the hour was come,
His palette ready o'er his thumb.

My lord appear'd ; and seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he stretch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air :

" Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire ;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit ;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do."

" Observe the work !" My lord replied,
" Till now I thought my mouth was wide ;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long :
Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young."

" Oh ! pardon me," the artist cry'd ;
" In this the Painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike :
I warrant it extremely like."

My lord examin'd it anew ;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came with borrow'd grace :
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art ;
So like the picture in his heart !
To every age some charm he lent ;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd,
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own ?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.



RICHARD SAVAGE.

Born 1697. Died 1743.

THE life of RICHARD SAVAGE is probably the most melancholy to narrate in the biographies of English poets. His mother was the Countess of Macclesfield ; but before his birth her infidelity was proclaimed, and her intrigue with Lord Rivers was made known, not only to the world, but to Parliament. The Earl of Macclesfield applied to Parliament for a divorce, which he obtained ; and when Richard Savage was born, January 10, 1697, he came into the world branded with the bar of bastardy ! Lord Rivers never concerned himself about the infant further than giving him his own name at his baptism, at St. Andrew's, Holborn. The Countess disowned him. He was put under the charge of strangers, and might have lived and died unknown but for the interference of Lady Mason, the mother of the Countess. By her kindness he was put to school near St. Alban's. Earl Rivers died in 1712. On his death-bed he made anxious inquiries after his son. The infamous mother, in order to cut off her own child from any inheritance under the Earl's will, represented him as dead : 6,000*l.* intended by Rivers to provide for his illegitimate offspring was thus lost to him. Savage's mother—or, rather, the savage mother—next endeavoured to get rid of her child by shipping him off to the American plantations. Failing in this scheme, she put him to learn cobbling, with a shoemaker in Holborn. While at this trade his nurse died. Savage went to her house to take possession of her effects, and in turning over letters and papers discovered the truth regarding his parentage and birth. He used every means to approach his mother, but without effect. She repulsed him, and calmly contemplated his being reduced to the utmost want. The celebrated Bangorian controversy first tempted him to try his hand at composition. He wrote a poem on the subject, entitled "The Battle of the Pamphlets." At the age of eighteen he attempted a comedy, "Woman's a Riddle," which was performed. Two years later he wrote another, "Love in a Veil," which on its production procured him the acquaintance and the sympathy of Sir Richard Steele and some of his friends. Steele said, "the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father."

Mr. Wilks, the actor, also befriended him, and once succeeded in extracting 50*l.* from Savage's mother for his benefit. Savage became a regular frequenter of the theatre through Mr. Wilks' kindness, and there became known to the celebrated actress Mrs. Oldfield, who was so touched with his misfortunes, that she allowed him 50*l.* per annum

during her life. His next literary effort was a play founded upon the tragical story of Sir Thomas Overbury. The profits of the play gave Savage 100*l*. A miscellany of poems, for Savage's benefit, was published by subscription. The sums forwarded to Button's Coffee-house amounted to seventy guineas.

The death of the King furnished the poets of the day with a subject for an ode. Savage wrote, and his composition was regarded by the town and the critics as the best produced on the occasion. By this time he had begun to establish a reputation. In November, 1727, having met two acquaintances, Merchant and Gregory, in London, he repaired with them to a coffee-house, where they passed a jovial evening, and turning out into the streets at a late hour, on being attracted by a light in another coffee-house near Charing Cross, they entered it. Merchant, the worse for wine, rushed into a room occupied by guests. A quarrel ensued; swords were drawn, and by accident a Mr. James Sinclair was killed. Savage and his companions were committed to Newgate. Sinclair on his death-bed swore that he received his death-wound from Savage. Possibly such was the case; but if so, it was inflicted by accident, and Savage had only acted in self-defence. At the trial, he and Gregory were found guilty of murder. It would hardly be credited, were not the fact upon record, that the person who most strove to prevent any exercise of the royal prerogative was Savage's own mother. She used all her influence to induce the King to sign the death-warrant for his execution. The Countess of Hertford, learning the circumstances, and Savage's melancholy history, interposed, and, demanding an audience of the Queen, so successfully urged her entreaties, that his life was spared, and he was admitted to bail in March, 1728.

Being once more free, and having found all forms of entreaty fruitless to move his mother's pity and consideration, Savage threatened to expose her in print, by publishing lampoons. The threat was effectual. The mother promised to allow him a pension, and Lord Tyrconnel, on condition of his silence, admitted him into his family. Then began the only sunny period of Savage's ill-starred life. He lived like a gentleman; he dressed splendidly; and he was received with delight among all classes that professed to value genius. Persons who would before have slighted him, now thought it their duty to caress him.

Among a throng of acquaintances, he established one true friendship, and that was with Pope. In this gay, tinsel period of his life he published "*The Wanderer*," a moral poem, which he considered as his masterpiece.

The halcyon days were not destined to last long. Savage quarrelled with Lord Tyrconnel, was banished from his hospitable roof, and once more sank into poverty and comparative obscurity. Under these circumstances he considered himself justified in exposing his unnatural, cruel mother. He therefore wrote and published one of the most remarkable poems in our language, entitled "*The Bastard*," which narrates his story, and gives the world a picture of his mother. It is nervously

powerful, and eloquent with the goaded feelings of a man suffering under undeserved wrongs. His mother was at Bath when the poem came out. Its popularity was immense, and this female fiend was literally hooted out of society with it. Wherever she appeared, lines from it were audibly quoted in her presence. The woman, who was insensible to shame as an adulteress, and had used all her influence to compass the death of her unfortunate son, was at last punished by the child she had so brutally wronged. She fled from Bath, and hid herself away from the scorn of society.

The Laureateship having become vacant, Savage used all the influence he could command to obtain the office, but failed; Colley Cibber became Laureate. Nothing daunted, Savage constituted himself volunteer Laureate, and wrote birthday odes to the Queen, which gained him during his life a pension of 50*l.* per annum. Whenever he received his pension, he became for the time lost to his friends, and only emerged from his retirement when the money was spent, and actual want compelled him to seek help. On the death of the Queen he lost his pension, and was in most abject poverty. His friends promoted a subscription, and recommended his retirement into the country. In 1739 he left London, and proceeded first to Bristol, then to Swansea, living upon the small sums forwarded to him from London. In 1742 he returned to Bristol, where he had been most hospitably received and entertained on his first visit. The gentry of that city had been wearied of applications for money and his thoughtless expenditure. On his return, they did not give him the welcome he expected, which greatly mortified him. The last poem he wrote, "London and Bristol Delineated," was a lampoon upon his former friends. After a supper party at Bristol, in January, 1742-3, he was arrested for a coffee-house debt, amounting to 8*l.*, and committed to prison. In prison he was treated with great consideration by the keeper; but after an incarceration of six months' duration his health failed, and he was seized with fever, of which he died on the 1st of August, 1743. The humane keeper buried his remains at his own expense in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol.

Such is an outline of a life only to be equalled in sadness by that of the famous Bristol boy, Chatterton. Savage's life was one of carelessness, and disregard of his own interests. He was his own worst enemy; for, had he conducted himself with common prudence, there was a period when, living with Lord Tyrconnel, he might have secured a sufficient fortune, and have lived respected among his friends. He was affable, kindly, and great in conversational power. The singularity of his history, and the inhuman treatment he received from his mother, secured for him in his life great sympathy and tender consideration. The same tenderness is extended to his memory. He is remembered far more with pity than with blame. As a poet, he was as uneven and as uncertain as his life had been; but even in his writings he is remarkable, when we remember how his education was neglected. His poem "The Bastard" shows what strength there was in him, and that he was capable of an exalted tone of thought, such as his other writings rarely display.

THE BASTARD.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began :—

“Blest be the Bastard’s birth ! through wondrous ways
He shines eccentric, like a comet’s blaze !
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he !
He ! stamp’d in Nature’s mint of ecstasy !
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race :
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face :
His daring hope no sire’s example bounds ;
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame ;
He glories in a Bastard’s glowing name.

“Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster’d, and by fortune fed ;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice control,
His body independent as his soul ;
Loos’d to the world’s wide range—enjoy’d no aim,
Prescrib’d no duty, and assign’d no name :
Nature’s unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass’d, and his mind his own.

“O mother, yet no mother ! ’tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish’d claims are due :
You, unenslav’d to Nature’s narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom’s sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Discharg’d my grasping soul ; push’d me from shore,
And launch’d me into life without an oar.

“What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin’d,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a husband’s right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own !
Then, while your backward will retrench’d desire,
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care ;
Perhaps been poorly rich and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the State,

Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat by chance my own.

“Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard’s lot :
Conceiv’d in rapture, and with fire begot !
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.”

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir’d,
I sung : gay fluttering hope my fancy fir’d ;
Truly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom how to balance will ;
Rashly deceiv’d, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one ;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray :
But now, expos’d, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter while the tempests press ;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.

O Memory ! thou soul of joy and pain !
Thou actor of our passions o’er again !
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch’s woe ?
Why add continuous smart to every blow ?
Few are my joys ; alas ! how soon forgot !
On that hind quarter thou invad’st me not :
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall ;
Yet thou repeat’st and multiply’st them all !

Is chance a guilt ? that my disastrous heart
For mischief never meant must ever smart ?
Can self-defence be sin ?—Ah, plead no more !
What though no purpos’d malice stain’d thee o’er ?
Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provok’d—or thou hadst died.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall !
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me ;
To me ! through Pity’s eye condemn’d to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate ;
Griev’d I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then ; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way ?
He might have liv’d till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country’s friend have prov’d ;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov’d,

He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall ;
And I, perchance, in him have murder'd all.

O fate of late repentance ! always vain :
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest ?—No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer :
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm ?
Am I returned from death to live in pain ?
Or would imperial pity save in vain ?
Distrust it not : what blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind ?

Mother miscall'd, farewell !—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear :
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd ;
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd !

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name ;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great !
Majestic mother of a kneeling State !
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore !
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

A CHARACTER.

Fair truth, in courts where Justice should preside,
Alike the judge and advocate would guide ;
And these would vie each dubious point to clear,
To stop the widow's and the orphan's tear ;
Were all, like Yorke, of delicate address,
Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,
Learn'd, just, polite, born every heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild, like Fortescue humane,
All eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, so clear, all science is his own.

Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
 In history, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread ;
 How far unlike such worthies, once a drudge,
 From floundering in low cases, rose a judge.
 Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense thunders,
 And on low juries breathes contagious blunders.
 His brothers blush, because no blush he knows,
 Nor e'er "one uncorrupted finger shows."
 See, drunk with power, the circuit-lord exprest !
 Full in his eye his betters stand confest ;
 Whose wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue so loose,
 'Scape not provincial, vile, buffoon abuse.
 Still to what circuit is assign'd his name,
 There swift before him flies the warner—Fame.
 Contest stops short, consent yields every cause
 To Cost ; Delay endures them and withdraws.
 But how 'scape prisoners ? to their trial chain'd,
 All, all shall stand condemn'd who stand arraign'd.
 Dire guilt, which else would detestation cause,
 Prejudg'd with insult, wondrous pity draws.
 But 'scapes e'en Innocence his harsh harangue ?
 Alas !—e'en Innocence itself must hang ;
 Must hang to please him, when of spleen possest,
 Must hang to bring forth an abortive jest.

Why liv'd he not ere Star Chambers had fail'd,
 When fine, tax, censure, all but law prevail'd ;
 Or law, subservient to some murderous will,
 Became a precedent to murder still ?
 Yet, e'en when patriots did for traitors bleed,
 Was e'er the job to such a slave decreed,
 Whose savage mind wants sophist-art to draw,
 O'er murder'd virtue, specious veils of law ?

Why, student, when the bench your youth admits ;
 Where, though the worst, with the best rank'd he sits ;
 Where sound opinions you attentive write,
 As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite,
 Why pause you scornful when he dins the Court ?
 Note well his cruel quirks, and well report.
 Let his own words against himself point clear,
 Satire more sharp than verse when most severe.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

Polly! from me, though now a love-sick youth,
 Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth!
 Polly! you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
 So grave, yet gay; so silly, yet so witty:
 A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire;
 You've cruelty, yet, even with that, good nature:
 Now you are free, and now reserv'd awhile;
 Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.
 Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight deny'd;
 My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
 How would you praise me, should your sex defame!
 Yet, should they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.
 If I despair, with some kind look you bless;
 But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
 You scorn: yet should my passion change, or fail,
 Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.
 You love, yet from your lover's wish retire;
 Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire!
 Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
 Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction!



CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Born 1699. Died 1748.

CHRISTOPHER PITT was born at Blandford, in Dorsetshire, in 1699. At the age of fifteen Pitt was elected a scholar of Winchester. In 1719 he proceeded in due course to New College, Oxford. On leaving Winchester for New College, he presented to his electors two volumes of MSS. poems, one of which contained a complete version of Lucan. After passing through the University, Pitt was presented to the Rectory of Pimperm, near Blandford, by his relative Mr. Pitt of Strathfield-sea. On resigning his Fellowship and leaving the University, he retired to Pimperm, where he passed the remainder of his days. In his thirtieth year he published a version of the first book of the *Æneid*, and completed his translation in 1738. It is a work of considerable merit,

composed with elegance and much harmony. Pitt died at Blandford, in his forty-ninth year, and is buried there. His tombstone records that "he lived innocent, and died beloved. April 13, 1748, aged 48." He was a man of amiable character, and "primitive simplicity of manners." His poems were collected and published in 1779; but his chief work was his translation of the *Æneid*. It was said "that Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people: that Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read."

ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT, IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S "ART OF POETRY."

Pendent opera interrupta.

Should some famed hand, in this fantastic age,
 Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the stage,
 With all his postures in one motley plan,
 The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man,
 Here o'er his head high brandishing a leg,
 And there just hatched and breaking from his egg,
 While monster crowds on monster through the piece,
 Who could help laughing at a sight like this?
 Or, as a drunkard's dream together brings
 "A court of cobblers, or a mob of kings:"
 Such is a sermon, where, confusedly dark,
 Join Sharp, South, Sherlock, Barrow, Wake, and Clarke.
 So eggs of different parishes will run
 To batter, when you beat six yolks to one;
 So fix bright chemic liquors when you mix,
 In one dark shadow vanish all the six.

Full licence priests and painters ever had
 To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;
 For these can't reconcile God's grace to sin,
 Nor those paint tigers in an ass's skin.
 No common dauber in once piece would join
 The fox and goose—unless upon a sign.
 Some steal a page of sense from Tillotson,
 And then conclude divinely with their own.
 With such low arts your audience never bilk;
 For who can bear a fustian lined with silk?
 Sooner than preach such stuff I'd walk the town
 Without my scarf, in Whiston's draggled gown;
 Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's, to read
 For pence; and bury for a groat a head.

Some easy subject choose, within your power,
 Or you can never hold out half an hour.
 One rule observe : this Sunday split your text ;
 Preach one part now, and t'other half the next.
 Speak, look, and move with dignity and ease,
 Like mitred Secker : you'll be sure to please.
 But if you whine like boys at country schools,
 Can you be said to study Cambray's rules ?
 Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
 Set out in this high prancing stumbling style,
 " Whoever with a piercing eye can see
 Through the past records of futurity : "
 All gape —no meaning—the puffed orator
 Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour.
 Truth and the text he labours to display,
 Till both are quite interpreted away :
 So frugal dames insipid water pour
 Till green, bohea, and coffee, are no more.
 His arguments in silly circles run
 Still round and round, and end where they begun :
 So the poor turnspit, as the wheel runs round,
 The more he gains the more he loses ground.
 Surprised with solitary self-applause,
 He sees the motley mingled scene he draws :
 Dutch painters thus at their own figures start,
 Drawn with their utmost uncreating art.
 Still to your hearers all your sermons sort ;
 Who'd preach against corruption at the Court ?
 Against Church-power at visitations bawl,
 Or talk about damnation at Whitehall ?
 Harangue the horse-guards on a cure of souls,
 Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the Rolls,
 Or rail at hoods and organs at St. Paul's ?
 Or be, like David Jones, so indiscreet
 To rave at usurers in Lombard Street ?
 Ye country vickers, when you preach in town
 A turn at Paul's to pay your journey down,
 If you would shun the sneer of every prig,
 Lay by the little band and rusty wig :
 But yet be sure your proper language know,
 Nor talk as born within the sound of Bow ;
 Speak not the phrase that Drury Lane affords,
 Nor from 'Change-alley steal a cant of words :

Coachmen will criticise your style ; nay, further,
 Porters will bring it in for wilful murder ;
 The dregs of the caneille will look askew,
 To hear the language of the town from you ;
 Nay, my Lord Mayor, with merriment possest,
 Will break his nap and laugh among the rest,
 And jog the alderman to hear the jest.



ROBERT BLAIR.

Born 1699. Died 1747.

LITTLE is known of the author of "The Grave." He was the eldest son of the Rev. Robert Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh and Chaplain to the King. Being brought up to the same profession as his parent, Blair was appointed minister of Athelstaneford, East Lothian, where he resided until his death. "The Grave" was never a general favourite, and made its way very slowly into public notice. Watts and Doddridge, who were personal friends of the author, did their best to bring it forward, and Dr. Watts offered it to two booksellers, who, however, declined to publish it. It was ultimately published in London in 1743, a few years before the author's death, and attained a certain amount of popularity. Some passages in it are powerful and dramatic. From the nature of the subject, it will continue to be a favourite with minds of a gloomy character. Blair died of a fever, February 4, 1747, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

FROM "THE GRAVE."

See yonder hallow'd fane !—the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
 And bury'd midst the wreck of things that were ;
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary :
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud : the gloomy aisles,
 Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of scutcheons

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks : ungracious sound !
 I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

* * * * *

Invidious grave ! how dost thou rend in sunder
 Whom love has knit and sympathy made one !
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
 Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul,
 Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
 Anxious to please.—O ! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors, through the underwood
 Sweet murmuring ; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
 Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note :
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep, whilst every flower
 Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress.—Oh ! then, the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste : still the full heart
 Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
 And every smirking feature from the face ;
 Branding new laughter with the name of madness.
 Where are the jesters now ? the man of health
 Complexionally pleasant ? where the droll,
 Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
 And made ev'n thick-lipp'd, musing melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile

Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

* * * * *

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
The oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here to the petty tyrant
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Underground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before!
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd.—For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labours at thy glass?

T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair?
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers.
 Honest effusion! the swoll'n heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

* * * * *

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
 To him that is at ease in his possessions;
 Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
 In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
 Roves round the walls of her clay tenement,
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
 But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
 A little longer, yet a little longer,
 O might she stay, to wash away her stains,
 And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
 Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
 She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
 Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close through every lane of life,
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
 Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

* * * * *

But know that thou must render up the dead,
 And with high int'rest too!—They are not thine,
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
 Daylight, and liberty.—
 Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
 The mines that lay long forming under ground
 In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible,
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire
 And inquisition of the forge. We know
 Th' illustrious deliverer of mankind,

The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy power
 Thou couldst not hold : self-vigorous He rose,
 And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
 Those spoils His voluntary yielding lent :
 (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall !)
 Twice twenty days He sojourn'd here on earth,
 And show'd Himself alive to chosen witnesses,
 By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
 Had not a scruple left. This having done,
 He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see Him
 Climb the ærial heights, and glide along
 Athwart the severing clouds : but the faint eye,
 Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its hold,
 Disabled quite, and faded with pursuing.
 Heaven's portals wide expand to let Him in ;
 Nor are His friends shut out : as some great prince
 Not for himself alone procures admission,
 But for his train ; it was His royal will,
 That where He is, there should His followers be.



JAMES THOMSON.

Born 1700. Died 1748.

THOMSON was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, September 11, 1700. His father was minister of the parish, and his mother the daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Trotter of Fogo. He was educated at the Grammar School at Jedburgh, and from thence proceeded to the University of Edinburgh, where, in 1719, he was admitted as a student of Divinity. An accident made him renounce the profession he had originally decided to follow, and led him to abandon the Church for literature. The Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh gave him the 104th Psalm to paraphrase, and he fulfilled his task in so poetical a way as to astonish the Professor and the audience. Flattering as were the encomiums passed upon the composition, Dr. Hamilton suggested to the youthful student that if he wished to be useful in the ministry he must curb his imagination, and adopt language and ideas intelligible to ordinary minds. This Thomson felt would be a difficulty ; so he determined to abandon Divinity and try his fortune in London.

In the autumn of 1725 he made his way to the metropolis, and while loitering about had his pocket picked of his handkerchief, which contained the letters of introduction he had received from his mother's relative, Lady Grizel Baillie, and other friends interested in his prospects. Finding himself thus without money and friends, he fell back upon his manuscript of "Winter" as his only available property. It was with difficulty he found a purchaser; but Mr. Millar eventually consenting to give a trifle for it, it was published in 1726. Mr. Whately and Mr. Spence having noticed it favourably, public attention was roused, and one edition soon followed another. Its reputation made the author acquainted with several ladies of rank; but the most valuable friend it brought him was Dr. Rundle, afterwards Bishop of Derry, who was so pleased with the unaffected character of the poet, that he introduced him to the Lord Chancellor Talbot, with whose son, some years after, he travelled on the Continent. Happy in having thus won public favour, he published "Summer" in the following year, "Spring" in 1728, and "Autumn" in 1730. Besides these efforts of his genius, he published "A Poem, to Sir Isaac Newton," in 1727, and the tragedy of "Sophonisba," in which Wilks took the part of Massinissa, and Mrs. Oldfield that of Sophonisba. The success of this tragedy was equivocal: the author's fame had raised expectations which were disappointed; and though the rehearsals were attended by splendid audiences, nobody was affected, and they rose up under the impression that they had been well lectured. Johnson, who was no admirer of Thomson, ascribes one cause of its failure to a foolish parody of a silly line, omitted in subsequent impressions:—

"O, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!"

"O, Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, O!"

which was generally repeated through the town, as "Eh, Lambert!" was a short time since in Paris.

In 1733 Chancellor Talbot appointed Thomson to the sinecure office of Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery, which gave him an income, and suited well his indolent turn of mind, its duties requiring little attention. This post he held till the Chancellor's death, when, being too listless or indifferent to apply to Lord Hardwicke, Talbot's successor, for a continuance in the office, he lost it, and with it his pecuniary independence. About this time he was arrested for a debt of 70*l.* and was rescued from a spunging-house by Quin, the well-known actor. His trouble seems to have spurred him on to renewed literary exertion, and in 1738, besides other works, he produced his play of "Agamemnon," with Quin for his hero. This met with little success, though it brought him "no inconsiderable sum." An anecdote is told of Thomson, that, on the first night of its performance, such was his agony of mind, his wig was so disordered by perspiration, that he could not meet his friends until he had had an interview with his hairdresser. The most valuable friend Thompson ever made was Lord Lyttelton, who, on coming into office in 1744, bestowed on the poet the situation of Surveyor General of the Leeward Isles, which, after paying a deputy, left

him an income of 300*l.* per annum : he was thus placed above want during the few remaining years of his life, and had the happiness of feeling he was indebted for this blessing to the kindness of a friend. "The Castle of Indolence," generally considered his masterpiece, was finished and published in 1748. It had been under his hand for many years, and displays greater originality than any of his other poems, though many prefer the "Seasons" on account of the exquisite beauty of the pictures he draws of scenery and country life. In 1748 he walked from London to Hammersmith, and being tired and overheated, imprudently took a boat to Kew, where he resided. He caught a chill, which, in spite of medical care, carried him off on the 27th of August, just as he had completed his forty-eighth year. He was buried in Richmond church, under a plain stone, without an inscription, until Lord Buchan subsequently erected a small brass tablet to his memory in 1792.

Thomson was, as a man, what his writings would lead us to imagine, generous, affable, and amiable. His chief fault was indolence, of which he was fully aware. In general society he was silent, but among his intimates he was cheerful and entertaining. Few men had warmer friends, and those who had made his acquaintance early in life loved him to its close. As a poet, he was remarkable for purity of sentiment ; and the highest eulogy that could be pronounced upon a man's writings was Lord Lyttelton's assertion, that they contain

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

SPRING.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn :
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng

Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
 Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.
 The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert : while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love ;
 That ev'n to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem,
 Softening, the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ;
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire.

* * * *

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind !
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,

With boundless confidence : for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well merited, consume his nights and days :
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a mere, lifeless, violated form :
 While those whom love cements in holy faith
 And equal transport free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face—
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees
 The human blossom blows : and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh, speak of joy ! ye whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,

Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER.

Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all her pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene ? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape : now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
 Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain,
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray ;
 Luxurious, there rove through the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat ;
 And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With her, the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse.
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
 Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In Twickenham's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing god ; to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.

Enchanting vale ! O softly-swelling hills !
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his soil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays !
Happy Britannia ! where the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty, abroad
Walks unconfin'd, ev'n to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought ;
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks ; thy valleys float
With golden waves, and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art,
And trade and joy in every busy street
Mingling are heard : ev'n Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
By hardships sinew'd and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go ; and first,
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;
In genius and substantial learning high ;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd ;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind,
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

FROM "THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

* * * *

One great amusement of our household was
 In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
 Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
 Upon this ant-hill Earth ; where constantly
 Of idly-busy men the restless fry
 Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
 In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
 Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste :
 When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste ?

"Of Vanity the mirror" this was call'd.
 Here you a muckworm of the town might see
 At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
 Eat up with carking care and penurie ;
 Most like a carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
 "A penny saved is a penny got ;"
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
 Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold !
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
 All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
 The silly tenant of the summer air :
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
 And thieving tradesmen him among them share :
 His father's ghost, from Limbo-lake, the while
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
 Backwards and forwards : oft they snatch the pen,
 As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage ;
 Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
 Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore ?
 To lose the present, gain the future age,
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,
 And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly store ?

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
 With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all :
 Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew ;
 See how they dash along from wall to wall !
 At every door hark how they thundering call !
 Good Lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?
 Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall ;
 A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
 And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
 In dark cabals and nightly juntos met :
 And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging
 Th' important shoulder ; then, as if to get
 New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
 No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,
 Than forth they various rush in mighty fret ;
 When, lo ! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
 In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

But what most show'd the vanity of life
 Was to behold the nations all on fire,
 In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife ;
 Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
 With honourable ruffians in their hire,
 Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour :
 Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
 They sit them down just where they were before,
 Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

* * * *

RULE, BRITANNIA.¹

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain :
 Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
 Britons never will be slaves.

(1) This celebrated song was first sung in the "Masque of Alfred," a performance which was the joint production of James Thomson and David Mallet. The Masque was written by command of the Prince of Wales, father of George III., for his entertainment of the Court, and was first performed at Clifden in 1740, on the birthday of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. •

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blasts that tear thy skies
 Serve but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame :
 All their attempts to hurl thee down
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, but thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore encircle thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.



DR. JOHNSON.

Born 1709. Died 1784.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, "the great Lexicographer," was the son of Michael Johnson, a bookseller at Lichfield, in which city Johnson was born, September 18, 1709. He was afflicted with scrofula, which impaired his eye-sight from his childhood. His early education was received at Lichfield and at Stourbridge. From Stourbridge he proceeded

to Pembroke College, Oxford, where his acquirements were early appreciated. Poverty compelled him to leave the University without taking his degree. He returned to his father's house, and the following year (1731), on his father's death, became usher in a school at Market Bosworth, Leicestershire. Teaching becoming intolerable to him, he procured employment from a bookseller in Birmingham, where he married the widow of a mercer, named Porter, in 1736. The lady was more than twenty years his senior, but Johnson was sincerely attached to her. With the 800*l.* which his marriage brought him he established a school. This enterprise failed, and Johnson with his pupil Garrick set out on foot to walk to London. They both went to seek their fortunes, possessed of no more than a few halfpence. In London he formed the acquaintance of Savage. Savage's distresses led Johnson to write his "London" (in imitation of Juvenal). Dodsley gave him ten guineas for it. Having again attempted teaching, and again having failed, he surrendered himself to the drudgery of work for Cave, the publisher. In this way Johnson became connected with *The Gentleman's Magazine*, the parliamentary reports in that work being written by him. His pen was continually in hand, slaving for Cave, producing lives, prefaces, essays,—whatever work Cave required to have done. In 1744 he wrote his well-known Life of Savage. In 1747 he commenced his English Dictionary, which was to be completed in three years, for the sum of 1,575*l.* The "Vanity of Human Wishes" appeared in 1749, *for which Dodsley paid 15*l.* 15*s.** The same year his tragedy, "Irene," was produced at Drury Lane.

The laborious work necessary for the production of the Dictionary was conducted in Gough Square. Instead of three, it occupied eight years in writing and correcting. In 1752 Johnson's wife died. His grief was so great, that he relinquished the Rambler. (The Rambler and the Idler, in the style of the Spectator, were both conducted by him.) It is told as an anecdote that he composed "Rasselas" in the evenings of one week, in order to meet the expenses of his mother's funeral, in 1745. The same year Johnson took his first holiday after years of intense labour. He visited Oxford, and revived himself among the associations of his early life. In April, 1755, his Dictionary was at length published. After thirty years of labour, when he was fifty-three years of age, he reaped the first reward of his devotion to literature. George III. conferred on him a pension of 300*l.*, and thus rescued him for ever from the pressure of poverty.

That brighter passage of his life to which the thoughts of the present age always turn when considering Johnson's career then commenced. His friendship with Garrick had always been warm and sincere. At the ever famous Club he now saw gathered around him Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldsmith, Topham Beauclerk, and the rest of those friends whose names are familiar to us in the pages of the most wonderful biography that ever was written—Boswell's Life of Johnson. Johnson became acquainted with Boswell in 1763. In 1773 he made his tour

with Boswell in Scotland, the account of which he published in his "Tour through the Hebrides." Two years later, the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L., of which he was justly proud. From that date he was always spoken of as "Dr. Johnson."

The latter portion of his life was greatly enlivened by his friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. In Mr. Thrale's house, at Streatham, Johnson had his own rooms, and for many years spent a large portion of his time there. The anecdotes which are told of him in connexion with the Thrales and Streatham are numerous. The last important work of Johnson was his "Lives of the Poets." This charming collection of Biographies continues the best work of reference regarding those authors of whom Johnson wrote. The "Life of Savage" is the most elaborate; probably because Johnson was so well acquainted with Savage, and because he felt such sincere commiseration for him in his misfortunes.

Throughout life Johnson had been severely afflicted with the scourge of scrofula. His closing years were marked with great suffering and terrible fits of melancholy. He became a victim to asthma. Dropsy supervened; and he sank under it, dying at his chambers in Bolt Court, December 13, 1784. On the 20th he was buried in Poet's Corner, close to the grave of Garrick.

Johnson can hardly be legitimately numbered among English poets, because his name and fame rest upon his prose writings. But he wrote poetry which would have given the name of Poet to any other man. Conspicuous among such compositions is the "Vanity of Human Wishes." No collection of poetry would be tolerably complete which overlooked this work—the admiration alike of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott! Lord Byron called it "a grand poem." The title was merited.

Any one who wishes to form a just estimate of the great Doctor's character, manner, and ability, must study Boswell's Life. It is enough in this place to point to that immortal work, and to say there is but one biography of Johnson; and it is a book which every Englishman with a pretension to polite learning must have read. Let it be only added in this place, that Johnson was a sincere Christian, that he scorned hypocrisy and affectation, and that all lovers of letters owe him a debt of gratitude for being the first to break through that intolerable habit, which had reigned supreme, of supposing that books could not succeed with the public unless brought out under the patronage and wing of some noble lord's name. Johnson's Letter to Lord Chesterfield on this subject is a monument in the records of literature: "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself."

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth ;
 See motley life in modern trappings drest,
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :
 Thou, who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
 Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died,
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
 Where change of favourites made no change of laws,
 And senates heard before they judged a cause ;
 How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ;
 Attentive truth and nature to descry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
 To thee were solemn toys or empty show
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
 Renew'd at every glance on human kind :
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search every state, and canvass every prayer.
 Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great.
 Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call ;
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On every stage the foes of peace attend ;
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope : the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning worshipper no more ;
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies ;
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;
 From every room descends the painted face
 That hung the bright palladium of the place,
 And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
 To better features yields the frame of gold.

* * * * *

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings ;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign ;
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows ;
His smile alone security bestows :
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower :
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power ;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights subverted left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns ;—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate ;
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye ;
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly.
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies opprest,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine ;
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine ?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin, to the gulfs below ?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life ?
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied ?
What but their wish indulged in Courts to shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown :
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion¹ trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious youth,
 And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth !
 Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,
 Till captive science yields her last retreat ;
 Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
 Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor melancholy's phantom haunt thy shade ;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee :
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause a while from learning to be wise ;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail.
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend ;
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
 Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
 The glittering eminence exempt from foes.
 See when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent,
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
 And fatal learning leads him to the block.
 Around his tomb let art and genius weep :
 But hear his death, ye blockheads ; hear and sleep !

* * * *

(1) There was a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, would fall when a man greater than Bacon should pass under it.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide :
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield ;
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field :
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign.
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain :
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain ;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost :
He comes ; nor want, nor cold, his course delay.
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day ;
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands,
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length his error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.



WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

Born 1714. Died 1763.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE was born at the Leasowes, Halesowen, Salop, in November 1714, and received his early education in the Grammar School of that place. In 1732 he was sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he remained for some time, but took no degree. On leaving the University he seems to have wandered from place to place, amusing himself by studying men and manners, and writing poetry, until he took the management of his patrimony into his own hands in 1745. From that time until his death, which occurred from putrid fever; on February 11, 1763, he led a quiet uneventful life; devoting his leisure moments to rural occupations and the cultivation of his estates. His poems consist of odes, elegies, and pastorals, and are mostly remarkable for simplicity of style and easiness of diction. Johnson says, "His general defect is want of comprehension and variety"

A BALLAD.

From Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,
To bring down a wife whom the swains might admire;
But in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
The goddess objected the length of the way.

To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,
For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall;
To have neither China nor India to see,
Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she!

To forsake the dear playhouse, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his lonesome abode—
O heavens! she should faint, she should die, on the road!

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France,
And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,
And harlequin, too!—'twas in vain to require it,
And she wondered how folks had the face to desire it.

To be sure she could breathe nowhere else than in town;
Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
A coach with a coronet trailed her to Tweed.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

When Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
 A plain brown bob he wore,
 Read much, and look'd as though he meant
 To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
 His resolution flag ;
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
 But gets into the House ;
 And soon a Judge's rank rewards
 His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs ; ye bags, give place ;
 Full-bottoms come instead :
 Good Lord ! to see the various ways
 Of dressing a calf's head !

THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

A BALLAD. 1737.

'Twas in the land of learning,
 The Muses' favourite city,
 Such pranks of late
 Were played by a rat
 As tempt one to be witty.

All in a college study,
 Where books were in great plenty,
 This rat would devour
 More sense in an hour
 Than I could write in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
 Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir ;
 But this, a rat of taste,
 All other rats surpassed ;
 And he preyed on the food of the mind, Sir.

His breakfast half the morning
 He constantly attended ;
 And when the bell rung
 For evening song
 His dinner scarce was ended !

He spared not even heroics,
 On which we poets pride us ;
 And would make no more
 Of King Arthurs¹ by the score
 Than all the world beside does.

In books of geography
 He made the maps to flutter :
 A river or a sea
 Was to him a dish of tea,
 And a kingdom bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion
 Might chance to overdose him,
 To check its rage
 He took a page
 Of logic—to compose him.

A trap in haste and anger
 Was brought, you need not doubt on't ;
 And such was the gin,
 When a lion once got in,
 He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheese, not books, 'twas baited ;
 The fact I'll not belie it ;
 Since none—I'll tell you that—
 Whether scholar or rat,
 Mind books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
 Why should I sing, or either ?
 Since the rat, who knew the sleight,
 Came in the dead of night
 And dragged them away together :

Both trap and bait were vanish'd
 Through a fracture in the flooring ;
 Which, though so trim
 It now may seem,
 Had then a dozen or more in !

(1) By Blackmore.

Then answer this, ye sages !
Nor deem a man to wrong ye :
 Had the rat which thus did seize on
 The trap less claim to reason
Than many a skull among ye ?

Don Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition ;
 But this rat, who merely learned
 What rats alone concerned,
Was the greater politician.

That England's topsy-turvy
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir ;
 Since traps we may determine
 Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin ¹ take our traps, Sir.

Let sophs, by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em,
 Lest they grow as learned as we,
 In our studies ; where, d'ye see,
No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains ;
Good luck betide our cats, Sir :
 And grant that the one
 May quell the Spanish Don,
And the other destroy our rats, Sir !

(1) Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.



THOMAS GRAY.

Born 1716. Died 1771.

THOMAS GRAY was born in Cornhill, November 26, 1716. His father was a scrivener, and sent his son to Eton, where his wife's brother, Mr. Antrobus, was an assistant master. Here the boy made himself a good classic, and formed the friendship of Horace Walpole. On leaving Eton, Gray went up to Cambridge, and entered Peterhouse as a pensioner. He seems to have found a College life irksome, and mathematics particu-

and history, and passed his time principally in the study of languages and history, leaving in 1738 without taking a degree. His friend Walpole, who had continued at Cambridge the French teaching commenced at Eton, invited Gray to accompany him on a continental tour in the spring of 1739; and they passed the winter of that year at Florence. But Walpole, fresh from the University, with ample means to enjoy himself, found Gray too fond of study and antiquities to be an entertaining companion: so they quarrelled and parted, after spending two years together, and Gray returned home in time to close his father's eyes in 1741.

The law was the profession Gray had selected to follow, but travel appears to have rendered him averse to it, and he decided on another residence at Cambridge, for the purpose of taking the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law. The place was congenial to his tastes, and favourable to the studies he pursued with such ardour, and he accordingly took up his permanent residence, first at Peterhouse and then at Pembroke. In 1742 he published his "Ode to Spring," his "Prospect of Eton College," and the "Ode to Adversity;" he also commenced a Latin poem "*De Principiis Cogitandi*." The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," though commenced many years before, was not given to the world till 1750, and attained an astonishing popularity. Stoke Pogis, near Slough, was the particular spot described. Several other pieces were published in 1753,

a sad year for Gray, as he mourned the death of a mother he had tenderly loved. In 1757 the "Progress of Poetry" and "The Bard" appeared; but their success was small, though Garrick wrote a few lines in praise of each. On the death of Cibber he was offered the Laureatship, which he respectfully declined. For three years he resided in lodgings near the British Museum, to enjoy the advantages of reading and copying. In 1768 the professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, for which, on a former occasion, he had unsuccessfully applied, was offered him unsolicited; he accepted and retained it till his death. In 1765 he paid a short visit to Scotland, and made the acquaintance of Dr. Beattie. While there he received a proposition from the University of Aberdeen, to confer on him the degree of Doctor of Law, but declined it, out of a feeling of delicacy to Cambridge. In 1769 his health, which had for years been delicate, rendered travelling desirable, and he visited Westmoreland and Cumberland: he also made a tour in Wales in 1770, but it was his last trip. The gout, which had attacked him many times, flew to the stomach, and, in spite of all medical efforts to subdue it, he fell a victim to the disease, and expired July 30, 1771. He was buried in his favourite churchyard at Stoke Pogis, and a monument to his memory has since been erected in Stoke Park. Boswell says of Gray, "He was perhaps the most learned man in Europe, well acquainted with science, and profoundly versed in history." He wrote little and talked little; and though his life, apart from literature, was uneventful, he was warmly esteemed by the favoured few who shared his intimacy.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON
COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;¹
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, fields belov'd in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,²
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames,—for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,—
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty ;

(1) King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.
(2) "And bees their honey *redolent of spring*." Dryden's Fable on the Pythag.
System.

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band !
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart ;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild¹
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan:
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

—Ζῆνι—

τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδῶ-
σαντα, τὸν πάθει μάθος
πάντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
ÆSCH. *Agam.*

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

(1) "Madness laughing in his ireful mood."—DRYDEN.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen),
With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,¹
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

(1) " ——squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore."
DANTE, *Purgat.*

The ~~in~~ of hierarchy, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour :
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.¹

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

(1) "Ch' io veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
 Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi
 Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."
 PETR. Son. clxix.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt’ring his wayward fancies would he rove ;
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss’d him from the custom’d hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“ The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read, for thou canst read, the lay
 Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.



WILLIAM COLLINS.

Born 1721. Died 1756.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester, on Christmas Day 1725. His father was in trade, and sent his son to Winchester School, from whence he proceeded to Oxford. Soon after taking his degree at Magdalen College, he quitted the University, and came up to London to try his fortune as a literary adventurer. Here he met with Dr. Johnson, who, in the brief sketch he gives of his life, speaks of him with kindness and affection. He seems to have been a man who planned much, but carried out little ; and his life unfortunately was a struggle with poverty

and disease. His Odes were published on his own account in 1746, but their sale was very slow ; and, irritated by his want of success, Collins destroyed the remaining copies with his own hands. His pecuniary embarrassments were relieved by a legacy of 2,000*l.* left him by an uncle ; but a darker trouble than even poverty overtook him, and he sunk into a state of mental languor, which he vainly tried to shake off by travelling in France. For some time after his return he was placed under restraint, and finally retired to Chichester, where, under the care of his sister, he lingered till 1756, when death released him from his suffering. He died in a house adjoining the cloisters, and was buried in St. Andrew's Church. Collins may be considered one of our best lyric poets. His "Ode to the Passions" and "Dirge" in *Cymbeline* are perhaps the best specimens of his style. His Ode on Thomson contains many lines of great beauty. His poetical merits were not appreciated until after his death, but posterity has done him justice—and has given him a stone, to whom, living, the world denied bread. A monument in the north aisle of the nave of Chichester Cathedral is inscribed with the following lines :—

" Though Nature gave him and though Science taught
The fire of fancy and the reach of thought,
Severely doomed to penury extreme
He passed in madd'ning pain life's feverish dream.
Strangers to him, enamoured of his lays,
This fond memorial of his talent raise :
For this the ashes of a bard require
Who touched the tenderest notes of Pity's lyre,
Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers,
Who in reviving reason's lucid hours
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deemed the book of God the best."

THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

I saw the sword in hand, the shield in use,
 And the brave knight, who with the sword
 Had won the world, and he knew the way,
 And at the point himself had made

He saw the knight, and his eyes on fire,
 In the morning, when the sun was high,
 In the field, where he had won the prize,
 And the knight, who had won the prize

With a wild measure, was the knight—
 Low down, where the knight had been,
 A vision, strange and magical, as;
 'Twas not by the stars, 'twas wild

But then, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delight, measure?
 Still it whispered, promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song:
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
 And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose:
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe;
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,—
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay ;
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known :
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest ;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O, Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?

As in that lov'd Athenian bower
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders in that godlike age
 Fill thy recording sister's page.
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
 O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state,
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

This poem was written by Collins at a water-party on the Thames, while passing Richmond. It will be remembered that Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave:
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
 To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.
 In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp shall now be laid;
 That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds
 May love through life the soothing shade.
 Then maids and youths shall linger here;
 And, while its sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.
 Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,
 To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah ! what will every dirge avail !
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near ?
With him, sweet Bard, may Fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see, the fairy valleys fade ;
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom :
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :
" Oh, vales, and wild woods," shall he say,
" In yonder grave your Druid lies !"



MARK AKENSIDE.

Born 1721. Died 1770.

THE author of "The Pleasures of Imagination" was the second son of Mark Akenside, a butcher, and was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, November 9, 1721. His father was a rigid Presbyterian. He sent his son to a dissenting school in his native town, and at eighteen entered him at the University of Edinburgh; but after studying divinity for a short time, young Mark resolved to abandon the idea of the ministry, and applied himself to medicine. In 1742 he proceeded to Leyden to complete his medical studies, and in May, 1744, was admitted to the degree of M.D., on which occasion he published a treatise which was thought highly of as a professional essay. He had, a few months previously, become known as an author, by publishing his great poem "The Pleasures of Imagination," which some of his biographers say was commenced before he entered the University at Edinburgh. Dodsley the bookseller hesitated to give the sum of 120*l.* which he demanded for the copyright, but, referring the matter to Pope, was advised to make no niggardly offer, as the writer had evidently a mind of no common order. The poem was published anonymously, and a story is told, on the authority of Johnson, that the authorship was claimed in Dublin by a person named Rolt. However that may have been, it is certain that in England it was attributed to the right man. After taking his degree at Leyden, Akenside settled down in Northampton for a short time as a physician, but seems to have paid more attention to literature than to his profession. While at the University he had made the acquaintance of Jeremiah Dyson, a man of fortune, who subsequently became Secretary to the Treasury, and ultimately Cofferer to the Household and a Privy Councillor. They had returned from Holland together, and Dyson had defended his friend with his pen against an attack of Warburton. He now gave him another proof of friendship by securing him an income of 300*l.* per annum until such time as he could gain a living by his profession. Gratefully accepting his friend's generosity, Akenside removed to Hampstead, where he remained for two years and a half, and then came to London and took a house in Bloomsbury Square, in which he resided till his death, by putrid fever, in June, 1770. As a physician, he never rose to much eminence. His manner in a sick-room was so depressing, that his patients seemed to despair of recovery, and his medicines and advice were equally unpalatable. As a poet, he interests his readers by his ardour, by the warmth of imagination, and his earnestness on behalf of truth. Some of his minor poems possess great beauty.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

Come then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Towards immortal Glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate Reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given:
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

FROM "PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION."¹

BOOK I.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul! What pity, then,
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
To brisker measures: witness the neglect

(1) This poem underwent from time to time so many alterations, that no two editions correspond. In comparing different copies, the alterations and omissions are surprising.

Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once ; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things :
For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power ? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove : the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper : and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn till eve ; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment ! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits ; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion ; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd ; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil,
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs : till eager for the event
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

But lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where Beauty, onward moving, claims the verse
Her charms inspire : the freely-flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore : thou better sun !
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart

Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
 Poetic. Brightest progeny of Heaven !
 How shall I trace thy features ? where select
 The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?
 Haste then, my song, through nature's wide expanse,
 Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
 Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
 Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
 To deck thy lovely labour.

* * * *

BOOK II.

Hand in hand
 The immortal pair forsook the enamell'd green,
 Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light
 Gleam'd round their path ; celestial sounds were heard,
 And through the fragrant air ethereal dews
 Distill'd around them ; till at once the clouds,
 Disporting wide in midway sky, withdrew
 Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse
 Of empyrean flame, where, spent and drown'd,
 Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
 What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
 Endur'd not. Bending down to earth I stood,
 With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
 As watery murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,
 With sacred invocation thus began :

“ Father of gods and mortals ! whose right arm
 With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
 Bend thy propitious ear. Behold, well pleas'd
 I seek to finish thy divine decree.
 With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
 Of man, thy offspring, from the tender seeds
 Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
 The latent honours of his generous frame,
 Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
 From earth's dim scene to these ethereal walks,
 The temple of thy glory. But not me,
 Not my directing voice, he oft requires,
 Or hears delighted : this enchanting maid,
 The associate thou hast given me, her alone
 He loves, O Father ! absent her he craves :
 And, but for her glad presence ever join'd,

Rejoice not in mine : that all my hopes
 Take thy benignant purpose in thine
 I deem important and my daily cares
 Unfetter'd all and free from all by thee
 Shall farther aid in the work divine."

She ceas'd : a voice more awful thus reply'd :
 " O thou ! in whom for ever I delight,
 Farther than all the mansions of heaven,
 More image of thy Author ! far from thee
 Be disappointment, or disease, or blame :
 With vain or late shall every work fail,
 And no resistance find. If man refuse
 To harken to thy dictates : or, allur'd
 By lesser joys, to any other power
 Transfer the honours due to thee alone ;
 That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
 That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
 Go then once more, and happy be thy toil ;
 Go then ! but let not this thy smiling friend
 Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold :
 With thee the son of Nemesis I send ;
 The fiend abhor'd ! whose vengeance takes account
 Of sacred order's violated laws.
 See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
 Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
 On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
 Control his cruel phrenzy, and protect
 Thy tender charge ; that when despair shall grasp
 His agonizing bosom, he may learn—
 Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
 Alone sufficient in the hour of ill
 To save his feeble spirit ; then confess
 Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair !
 When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
 Of this avenging demon, all the storms
 Of night infernal, serve but to display
 The energy of thy superior charms,
 With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
 And shining clearer in the horrid gloom."

Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
 The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
 Was closed once more, from that immortal fire
 Sheltering my eyelids.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

Born 1721. Died 1771.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT was born at Cardross, in Scotland, in 1721. His grandfather, Sir James Smollett, was a member of the Scottish Parliament. He was educated at Dumbarton, and from thence proceeded to Glasgow to follow the profession of physic. Medicine was indifferently pursued. Literature and history became his passion. At eighteen he completed a tragedy, entitled "The Regicide." In 1741 he sailed as surgeon's-mate in a ship of the line in the expedition to Carthage, which is described in his "Roderic Random." Having quitted the service, he resided for some time in Jamaica, where he fell in love with Miss Ann Lascelles. On his return to England in 1746 he wrote "The Tears of Scotland," in indignation at the butcheries practised by the Duke of Cumberland after Culloden. He then commenced his Satires, in which he ridiculed the various managers of theatres with whom he quarrelled. In 1747 he married Miss Lascelles, and the following year, to relieve himself of his pecuniary difficulties, he published "Roderic Random." In 1751 it was followed by "Peregrine Pickle." In 1755 his translation of "Don Quixote" appeared, and in 1758 he brought out his "History of England," which was entirely written in fourteen months. In 1763 and 1764 he passed some time in France and Italy, and published an account of his travels. On his return he visited Scotland, and fixed himself as a resident at Bath, where he set up as a physician—Dr. Smollett. There he wrote a variety of satirical pieces; among others "The Adventures of an Atom," in ridicule of the King's Ministers.

In 1770 he left England once again for Italy, and composed upon his journey "Humphrey Clinker." He took up his residence near Leghorn; but the endeavour to recruit his declining health proved vain. He died at Leghorn, October 21, 1771, aged fifty.

Smollett is known as one of our greatest English humourists and novelists. He stands next in repute to Fielding. As a poet he has no title to fame. "The Tears of Scotland" is the only piece by which his name is now known in poetry; but "Roderic Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphrey Clinker," have given him a fame which in English prose is imperishable.

TO BLUE-EYED ANN.

When the rough North forgets to howl,
And Ocean's billows cease to roll;
When Libyan sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova Zembla's lost;

When heavenly bodies cease to move,
My blue-eyed Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn ;
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn ;
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring ;
Nor parching heats the dogstar bring ;
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-eyed Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found ;
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round ;
Nor Love's light god inhabit earth ;
Nor beauty give to passion birth ;
Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
When blue-eyed Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range ;
When lavish May no more shall bloom,
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume ;
When Nature from her sphere shall start,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN 1746.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia! mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground :
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war ;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life !
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arm could never quell
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night;
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful cause! oh, fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:—
“Mourn, hapless Caledonia! mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!”



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born 1728. Died 1774.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. His father was the clergyman of the parish. As a child Goldsmith was considered dull. His nurse pronounced him a dunce. Dr. Johnson said, "Goldsmith was a plant that flowered late."

At the age of eight he was attacked with small-pox, which sadly disfigured him. This, added to his heavy, ungainly figure, was a source of pain and annoyance to him throughout his life. He received the elements of his education at the village school. Afterwards he was sent to Athlone and Edgworthstown, by the kindness of his uncle. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in June, 1745, as a sizar. Like Swift, he was idle as an undergraduate. It is said that he gave a dance in his rooms in College, for which his tutor boxed his ears. He and Burke were contemporaries. Their friendship remained sincere throughout Goldsmith's life. Very early in life Goldsmith exhibited a passion for poetry. He used to write ballads, which he sold for 5s. apiece to the street-singers in Dublin; and it was his delight in the dusk of evening to steal out of College and listen to his own compositions being sung in the streets of that city. In February, 1749, Goldsmith took his B.A. degree. After graduating he led a very unsteady life for some time. His father died, but his uncle Contarine, who had paid for his education, continued to treat him with a liberality that was sorely tried. He undertook a tutorship, and flung it up in disgust. Then he resolved to go to America. Uncle Contarine found the money for his passage, which Goldsmith spent in Dublin, and did not go. Next he determined to go to England and study law. Again money was provided, and again spent. At last he elected to go to Edinburgh and study medicine. He went, and so bid farewell to his mother, and uncle, and home for ever.

He arrived in Edinburgh in 1752. At the end of his second year he proceeded to Leyden, to study chemistry and anatomy. From thence he set out for a tour through Europe; his wardrobe consisting of one clean shirt, and his sole means of subsistence, his flute. Upon this, as he journeyed along, he used to perform in villages, at convents, in towns. Everywhere he made friends and collected small donations, upon which he managed to subsist. He travelled through Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. At Geneva he first conceived the idea of a tour described in poetry, which was afterwards worked out in his beautiful poem, "The Traveller." At Padua he resided for six months, and it is believed that he there received his degree of M.D. In 1756 he returned

from the Continent and arrived in London. He acted as tutor in a school at Peckham for a short time, and then became assistant to an apothecary in Monument Yard, Fish Street Hill.

Shortly afterwards he set up as a physician in Southwark, and also became reader in the office of the famous Richardson, author of "*Clarissa Harlowe*," through attending in his medical capacity a printer in Richardson's printing-office. From that period Goldsmith's literary career dates. He accepted an engagement with Mr. Griffith, the publisher and proprietor of the *Monthly Review*. In 1759 he published his "Present State of Literature in Europe." At the time he lodged in Green Arbour Court, between the Old Bailey and the Fleet Prison. The same year he commenced that series of light essays entitled "The Bee." The "Bee" did not make honey for him, but expired in eight weeks.

Having parted from Griffith, he entered into an engagement with Newberry, the publisher, for 100*l.* per annum. In his leisure hours he wrote "The Citizen of the World," a series of letters supposed to be written by a Chinese visiting England. At Newberry's Goldsmith became acquainted with Bishop Percy, the compiler of the "*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*," and also with Smollett. He moved from Green Arbour Court to Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. In his chambers there, Percy introduced him to Dr. Johnson, May 31, 1761.

Newberry having established his office at Canonbury Gate, Islington, Goldsmith removed to that neighbourhood, and lodged with a Mrs. Fleming. It was in her lodgings that, being pressed either to pay his bill or to marry his landlady, Goldsmith applied for help to Dr. Johnson. On that occasion the MS. of the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" was produced. Johnson was so much struck with it, that he negotiated its sale, and obtained 60*l.* for the work, whereby Goldsmith was extricated from his difficulties, and from Mrs. Fleming. At Islington he composed his "*History of England*, in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son." For a long time the authorship of this work was attributed to Lord Lyttelton. Through Johnson, Goldsmith became known to Reynolds and Garrick, Boswell and Hogarth, Tom Davies, and the circle of famous men that were associated with the Doctor. In 1765 "*The Traveller*" was published. Its success was immediate, and its author was at once recognised as a man of mark in all literary circles. The following year the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" was published. Of that great monument of his fame it is unnecessary to say a word. Wherever the English language is read or spoken, the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" is regarded as a gem of literature.

In 1769 Goldsmith made the acquaintance of the Horneck family. Catharine Horneck was nicknamed "Little Comedy." Mary was designated "The Jessamy Bride." She married General Gwynn. The Jessamy Bride was the object of Goldsmith's devoted love,—a love all the more sacred because it was never declared.

At this period he began to write his comedies. The "*Good-Natured Man*" was brought out at Covent Garden in 1768. In 1773 his great

dramatic success was made in the production of "She Stoops to Conquer." The year 1770 saw the publication of the most famous poem from his pen, "The Deserted Village." On the establishment of the Royal Academy in the same year he was appointed Professor of Ancient History, and entered into his engagement to write the histories of Greece, Rome, and England. Goldsmith's "History of Rome" still continues familiar to boys as one of their school-books. In 1774 appeared "The History of Animated Nature." To compose this work, he used to retire to a farmhouse at Hyde, down the Edgware Road. The garret in which he shut himself up still remains intact. For this work he received 850*l*. It was the last important effort of his pen. Anxiety had long been wasting away his life. He was in age, as in youth, careless, improvident, and unable to keep any of the money he had earned. He would give away to any needy person the last penny he had in his own pocket. His chambers, which adjoined the Temple Church, and were only pulled down a few years back (the site is now marked by "Goldsmith's Buildings"), were the regular resort of a congregation of poor people, whom he habitually relieved. Goldsmith became abrupt, odd, and abstracted. The alarm of his friends was excited. At that date a literary association used to meet at St. James's Coffee-house. Garrick, Burke, Cumberland, Reynolds, and others, were regular attendants. A night of meeting having arrived, and Goldsmith being late, as usual, the members amused themselves by writing epitaphs on him, as "the late Dr. Goldsmith." When he came, these effusions were read to him. On returning home, he commenced his poem entitled "Retaliation." It was never completed, for fever seized him at his work. Mr. Hawes (grandfather of the late Sir Benjamin Hawes, and founder of the Royal Humane Society,) was called in to attend him. Goldsmith neglected his advice, and persisted in taking medicine according to his own fancy. He was taken ill on the 25th of March; in ten days he was dead.

Dr. Turton being called in to see him, observed, "Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have; is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last words Goldsmith uttered. He was seized with convulsions on the morning of April 4, 1774, and died.

He was universally beloved and universally lamented. Sir Joshua Reynolds shut up his painting-room for the day, and wandered about the streets, unable to rid himself of his sadness. Johnson exclaimed, "Poor Goldsmith is gone. Goldy was wild, Sir, very wild; but he is so no more."

He was buried in the graveyard of the Temple Church, but a short space away from the room in which he died. The grave was unmarked until a few years back, when a stone was placed to denote the spot.

The monument to him in Poet's Corner bears an inscription from the pen of Dr. Johnson, which says, "He left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn; of all the passions (whether smiles were to be moved or tears) a powerful yet gentle mas-

ter ; in genius sublime, vivid, versatile ; in style elevated, clear, elegant. The love of companions, the fidelity of friends, and the veneration of readers, have by this monument honoured the memory."

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd—
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please—
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene.

* * * * *

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline !
Retreats from care, that never must be mine !
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves, to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,

And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

* * * * *

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place ;
Unpractis'd he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize—
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But, in his duty prompt, at every call
He watch'd and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood : at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile :
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face :
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides pressage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around :
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

RETALIATION.

Of old, when Scarron¹ his companions invited,
 Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united :
 If our landlord² supplies us with beef and with fish,
 Let each guest bring himself—and he brings the best dish.
 Our dean³ shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
 Our Burke⁴ shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains ;
 Our Will⁵ shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour ;
 And Dick⁶ with his pepper shall heighten their savour ;
 Our Cumberland's⁷ sweet-bread its place shall obtain ;
 And Douglas⁸ is pudding, substantial and plain ;
 Our Garrick's⁹ a salad—for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree ;
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am
 That Ridge¹⁰ is anchovy, and Reynolds¹¹ is lamb ;
 That Hickey's¹² a capon, and, by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
 Here, waiter, more wine ! let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder—and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth ;
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt—
 At least, in six weeks I could not find them out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied them,
 That slyboots was cursedly cunning to hide them.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much ;

- (1) Paul Scarron, a popular French writer.
- (2) The master of St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor and the friends he has characterised in this poem occasionally dined.
- (3) Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry, in Ireland.
- (4) Edmund Burke, Esq.
- (5) Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway.
- (6) Mr Richard Burke, collector of Granada.
- (7) Richard Cumberland, Esq., author of the "West Indian," "Fashionable Lover," "The Brothers," and other dramatic pieces : also the translator of "Terence."
- (8) Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor, and bishop of Salisbury, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's "History of the Popes."
- (9) David Garrick, Esq.
- (10) Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.
- (11) Sir Joshua Reynolds.
- (12) An eminent attorney.

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend¹ to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit :
 Too nice for a statesman ; too proud for a wit ;
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't :
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong :
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam—
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.
 Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none ;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard,² whose fate I must sigh at :
 Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet !
 What spirits were his! what wit and what whim !
 Now breaking a jest—and now breaking a limb ;
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball ;
 Now teasing and vexing—yet laughing at all !
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wished him full ten times a day at Old Nick ;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine !
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out—
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.

(1) Thomas Townshend, member for Whitchurch, afterwards Lord Sydney.

(2) Barry, the painter, who had recently fractured his leg.

Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last—and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas retires, from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines ;
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines !
 When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety—I fear'd for my own ;
 But now he is gone and we want a detector,
 Our Dodds¹ shall be pious, our Kenricks² shall lecture,
 Macpherson³ write bombast and call it a style,
 Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick—describe me, who can—
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine ;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line ;
 Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day.
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

(1) The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

(2) Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the "Devil" tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakespeare."

(3) James Macpherson, who had recently published a wretched translation of Homer.

But let us be candid and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,¹ and Woodfalls² so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave !
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd !
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
 Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature ;
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser.
 I answer, No, no—for he always was wiser.
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
 His very worst foes can't accuse him of that.
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah no !
 Then what was his failing ? come, tell it, and burn ye.
 He was,—could he help it ?—a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind :
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part—
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering :
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing :
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet,³ and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here Whitefoord⁴ reclines, and, deny it who can,
 Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a *grave* man :

(1) Hugh Kelly, author of "False Delicacy," "School for Wives," &c.

(2) Mr. W. Woodfall, editor and printer of the "Morning Chronicle."

(3) Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

(4) Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays. He was so notorious a punster, that Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company without being infected with the itch of punning.

Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun !
 Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun ;
 Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
 A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear ;
 Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will ;
 Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill ;
 A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free ;
 A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas ! that so liberal a mind
 Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd ;
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 Yet content "if the table he set in a roar ;"
 Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
 Yet happy if Woodfall¹ confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper wittings ! ye pert scribbling folks !
 Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes :
 Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
 Still follow your master, and visit his tomb :
 To deck it bring with you festoons of the vine,
 And copious libations bestow on his shrine ;
 Then strew all around it—you can do no less—
*Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press.*²

Merry Whitefoord, farewell ! for thy sake I admit
 That a Scot may have humour—I had almost said wit :
 This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse—
 "Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd muse."

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy ?
 What art can wash her guilt away ?
 The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is to die.

(1) Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the "Public Advertiser."
 (2) Mr. Whitefoord had frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the "Public Advertiser."

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear ;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs,—not far removed the date
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the State :
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies,
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride :
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade :
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd ;
The sports of children satisfy the child :

Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.



WILLIAM FALCONER

Born 1730. Died 1769.

WILLIAM FALCONER was one of many children, who were, with the exception of himself, deaf and dumb. When very young, he was apprenticed to the merchant-service, and afterwards went as second mate in a vessel which was wrecked on the coast of Africa; he and two others being the sole survivors. This circumstance occasioned his poem "The Shipwreck," which he published in 1762. The favourable notice it received gave him the means of entering the navy, which he did the following year, as midshipman in the Royal George. He eventually became purser in the frigate Aurora, and was lost in her, on the outward voyage to India, in 1769. As a writer of didactic poetry, Falconer won a high place. His descriptions are vivid and lifelike, and "The Shipwreck" is justly considered a valuable contribution to the nautical poetry of England.

FROM "THE SHIPWRECK."

But see, in confluence borne before the blast,
 Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast ;
 The black'ning ocean curls ; the winds arise ;
 And the dark scud in swift succession flies.
 While the swoln canvas bends the masts on high,
 Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie.
 The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
 Reduce the topsails by a single reef.

Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels.
Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain ;
And, soon reduc'd, resume their post again.
More distant grew receding Candia's shore,
And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone ;
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
A squall deep-low'ring blots the southern sky,
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly :
Its weight the topsails can no more sustain ;
Reef topsails, reef ! the boatswain calls again.
The halliards and top-bowlines soon are gone ;
To cluelines and reef-tackles next they run :
The shivering sails descend ; and now they square
The yards, while ready sailors mount in air.
The weather-earings and the lee they past ;
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend.
It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And storm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies :
Brail up the mizen, quick ! the master cries ;
Man the clue-garnets ! let the mainsheet fly !
The boisterous squall still presses from on high,
And swift, and fatal as the lightning's course,
Through the torn mainsails bursts with thundering force.
While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,
Still on her flank the stooping bark inclin'd.

But now the transient squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast.
The helm to starboard turns ; with wings inclin'd
The sidelong canvas clasps the faithless wind.
The mizen draws ; she springs aloof once more,
While the fore staysail balances before.
The foresail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd :

Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bowline to the bowsprit end.

* * * * *

Now borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps :
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel ;
For this assault should either quarter feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel.
The steersmen every bidden turn apply :
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear ;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close,
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one embodied line :
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted traveller through the shade
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd,
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before ;
High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress ;
So, while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams,
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Growl from afar a deaf and hollow groan !
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide :
Her joints, unhing'd, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour ;
The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower.
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
Th' etherial dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade ;

Now, flashing round intolerable light,
 Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
 Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
 When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er his head.
 It seem'd the wrathful angel of the wind
 Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd;
 And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
 At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
 And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
 Th' enflaming sulphur flashing from his wings !—
 Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks ;
 Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes !
 Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
 And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge :
 There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
 While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
 Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
 And dread concussion rends th' etherial frame ;
 Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
 And nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar.

* * * * *

With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand,
 Where death's inexorable jaws expand :
 Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
 As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
 Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
 In mute suspense they mount into the wind.—
 The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
 The black eventful moment seem'd to bring ;
 The fatal sisters, on the surge before,
 Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.—
 The steersmen now receiv'd their last command
 To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
 Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
 High on the platform of the top ascend ;
 Fatal retreat ! for while the plunging prow
 Immerges headlong in the wave below,
 Down-prest by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
 And from above the stem deep crashing rends !
 Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;
 The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high :
 And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;

The first of the poems which the future bard
 composed, and which were first published in 1771
 being, "The Task," the substance of which is given
 through the medium of a friend, that person is supposed
 to be the poet, and the subject of the poem is the
 composition of the poem, and the subject of the poem is
 the poem, and the subject of the poem is the poem.



WILLIAM COWPER

Born 1731. Died 1800.

William Cowper was the son of the Rev. John Cowper, rector of Great Portbury, near Bristol, and was born on the 15th of November, 1731. He received the first part of his education at a school kept by his father, at Market Street, Bristol; but, during the two years he was there, was troubled with epilepsy by one of the elder boys. Being by no means fond of a school, he was next placed with an oculist, and then proceeded, at the age of ten, to Westminster, where he remained until he completed his eighteenth year. On leaving school he was attached for three years to a vicar, in whose office the future Lord Thurlow was a clerk. At the expiration of his time, Cowper took chambers in the Middle Temple. In 1754 he was called to the bar, and in 1759 was made a Commissioner of Bankrupts. From a child he appears to have been delicate and unhealthy, and the early loss of his mother no doubt contributed not a little to the melancholy which shadowed his life. His diffidence rendering him quite unfit to follow his profession with any hope of advancement, his friends exerted themselves to procure his nomination to the office of Reading Clerk and Clerk of the Committees of the House of Lords; but his nervousness rendered it impossible for him to fulfil its duties, and he resigned the office. Another attempt to find him employment was equally unsuccessful, owing to the same unhappy cause; and the effort he made to respond to the wishes of his relatives so completely prostrated his health and faculties, that it was found necessary to remove him to St. Alban's in December, 1763. Religious despondency was the form his malady assumed, and though in July, 1764, his mind became more cheerful and he was able to leave St. Alban's, he determined to retire altogether from the bustle of a world for which he was quite unfitted, and by

the advice of his brother removed to private lodgings at Huntingdon. Here it was he made the acquaintance of the family of Unwin, who were so pleased with his interesting appearance, and charmed with his mind, that, on a further acquaintance, Cowper was invited to take up his residence with them, and in February, 1766, he became an inmate of their house.

On Mr. Unwin's death, in 1767, the family removed to Olney, attracted by their friendship for Mr. John Newton, then curate of the place. Cowper spent many happy years in close intimacy with Mr. Newton, who was a zealous partisan of what is called the "Evangelical" School, and acquired a great ascendancy over the mind of Cowper, predisposed as it was to religious impressions. Here he wrote many hymns, which were afterwards published in a collection made by Mr. Newton, in 1776, called "Olney Hymns."

There is little doubt the sort of life he led contributed to increase the morbid sensitiveness of his mind. In 1772 he had a second attack of his dreadful malady, which lasted four years. On his recovery his friends sought to engage him in literary pursuits, and, under the advice of Mrs. Unwin, he wrote "The Progress of Error, and other Poems," which were published in 1782. "The Task," published in 1785, was commenced at the suggestion of his friend Lady Austen, to whom also we are indebted for "John Gilpin." His Translation of Homer occupied six years, and was published in 1791. Though change of residence and incessant watchfulness procured for him short intervals of comparative tranquillity, the remaining years of his life were passed in deep despondency. The death of Mrs. Unwin, in 1796, was a great shock, and on April 25, 1800, he gently expired, and was buried in Dereham Church, where Lady Hesketh erected a tablet to his memory.

Cowper is a poet whose works may be safely put into the hands of youth. The lines on his mother's portrait are exquisitely touching, and as a writer he was distinguished for an ease of style and an absence of all that was affected and forced. The religious bias of his mind is seen in all his works, and considering the nature of the fearful malady which saddened his life, we may wonder at the vigour and manliness which distinguish much that he wrote.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK,

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANNIE BODHAM.

O that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine ; thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;

Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child : chase all thy fears away !"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss :
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.—
 Ah, that maternal smile !—it answers, Yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return ;
 What ardently I wished, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot ;
 But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more ;
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped.
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! But the record fair
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore,
" Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost ;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell !—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;

To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine.
 And while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic form of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS
 SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I am monarch of all I survey ;
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre, all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 Oh solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see,
 They are so unacquainted with man :
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man—
 Oh had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But, alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair,
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There is mercy in every place,
 And mercy—encouraging thought!—
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.



JAMES BEATTIE.

Born 1735. Died 1803.

JAMES BEATTIE was born at Laurencekirk, in Scotland, on the 25th of October, 1735. His father was a small farmer, and James received his earliest education in the school of his native village. In 1749 he was removed to the Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he remained till 1753, when, at the age of eighteen, he was appointed schoolmaster and parish

clerk to the parish of Fordoun. Such a position was neither suited to his inclination nor to his success in life; but having been hitherto supported by the generosity of an elder brother, he was naturally anxious to relieve him from the burden. Here it was he made the acquaintance of Lord Monboddo and Lord Gardenstoun, and, inspired no doubt by the beautiful and picturesque scenery of the neighbourhood, cultivated his poetic taste, and in his leisure hours composed several poems, which were published in *The Scot's Magazine*. In 1758 he was elected to a mastership in the Grammar School, Aberdeen, and in 1760 was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic at the Marischal College—a proud position for a young man of twenty-five. His diligence and application to study were such, that he was able to deliver a remarkable course of lectures, “Elements of Moral Science,” on which his after-fame rested. In 1765 his “Judgment of Paris” appeared, but the public did not receive it favourably. In the autumn of this year he made the acquaintance of Mr. Gray, who was then visiting in Scotland, and commenced a friendship which lasted until Mr. Gray’s death, in 1771. His great work, “The Essay on Truth,” was published in 1770, and attracted the notice of eminent and literary men, not only in England, but on the Continent. The University of Oxford conferred the degree of Doctor of Law on the author; and on his second visit to London, in 1773, George III. received him with especial favour, and conferred on him a pension of 200*l*. Soon after this he was solicited by Dr. Porteus to enter the Church of England, and more than one living was offered him. But fearing his acceptance might be construed into the belief that his essay was written with a view to promotion, he declined the proposals made him. A few months after “The Essay on Truth” Beattie published his first canto of “The Minstrel.” It appeared anonymously, and was in consequence subjected to a rigorous criticism; but the verdict was favourable, and such was the warm approval of those competent to judge, that it went through four editions, and the second canto was published in 1774. As a work, it will not perhaps be reckoned as one of a high order of genius, but it abounds with many passages of beauty and feeling. In 1767 Dr. Beattie married a Miss Mary Dunn, daughter of the head rector of the Grammar School at Aberdeen, and by her had two sons, who died in the flower of their age. These bitter bereavements, following as they did the melancholy termination of his wife’s illness in insanity, completely unhinged the mind of Beattie, and the few closing years of his life were passed in retirement and seclusion. His health gradually decayed, and, after two paralytic attacks, he expired on August 18, 1803.

In every relation of domestic life Dr. Beattie was most exemplary, and in his public capacity as instructor he gained the love and regard of his pupils. As a writer, his style was simple and perspicuous, and his conversational powers made him a favourite with some of the most celebrated men of his day.

FROM "THE MINSTREL."

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
 The hum of bees ; the linnet's lay of love ;
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her ærial tower.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due !
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty,
 And held high converse with the godlike few
 Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

* * * *

"The end and the reward of toil is rest :
 Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
 Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
 Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease ?
 Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
 The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
 The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
 All that art, fortune, enterprise can bring,
 If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring !

“ Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
 With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
 In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
 Where night and desolation ever frown.
 Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
 Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 With here and there a violet bestrown,
 Fast by a brook, or fountain’s murmuring wave ;
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

“ And thither let the village swain repair ;
 And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
 To deck with flowers her half-dishevel’d hair,
 And celebrate the merry morn of May.
 There let the shepherd’s pipe the live-long day
 Fill all the grove with love’s bewitching woe ;
 And when mild Evening comes in mantle gray,
 Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
 No ghost, nor spell, my long and last abode shall know.”

ON THE REPORT OF A MONUMENT TO BE
 ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

TO THE MEMORY OF A LATE AUTHOR (CHURCHILL).

Bufo, begone ! with thee may Faction’s fire,
 That hatch’d thy salamander fame, expire.
 Fame, dirty idol of the brainless crowd,
 What half-made moon-calf can mistake for good !
 Since shared by knaves of high and low degree ;
 Cromwell and Catiline, Guido Faux and thee.
 By nature uninspir’d, untaught by art ;
 With not one thought that breathes the feeling heart,
 With not one offering vow’d to virtue’s shrine,
 With not one pure unprostituted line ;
 Alike debauch’d in body, soul, and lays ;—
 For pension’d censure, and for pension’d praise,
 For ribaldry, for libels, lewdness, lies,
 For blasphemy of all the good and wise :
 Coarse violence in coarser doggrel writ,
 Which bawling blackguards spell’d and took for wit :
 For conscience, honour, slighted, spurn’d, o’erthrown,
 Lo ! Bufo shines the minion of renown.

Is this the land that boasts a Milton's fire,
 And magic Spenser's wildly warbling lyre ?
 The land that owns th' omnipotence of song,
 When Shakespear whirls the throbbing heart along ?
 The land where Pope, with energy divine,
 In one strong blaze bade wit and fancy shine :
 Whose verse, by truth in virtue's triumph born,
 Gives knaves to infamy, and fools to scorn :
 Yet pure in manners, and in thought refin'd,
 Whose life and lay adorn'd and bless'd mankind ?
 Is this the land where Gray's unlabour'd art
 Soothes, melts, alarms, and ravishes the heart :
 While the lone wanderer's sweet complainings flow
 In simple majesty of manly woe ;
 Or while, sublime, on eagle-pinion driven,
 He soars Pindaric heights, and sails the waste of heaven ?
 Is this the land, o'er Shenstone's recent urn,
 Where all the Loves and gentler Graces mourn ?
 And where, to crown the hoary bard of night
 The Muses and the Virtues all unite ?
 Is this the land where Akenside displays
 The bold yet temperate flame of ancient days ?
 Like the rapt sage, in genius as in theme,
 Whose hallow'd strain renown'd Ilyssus' stream.
 Or him, the indignant bard, whose patriot ire,
 Sublime in vengeance, smote the dreadful lyre ?
 For truth, for liberty, for virtue warm ;
 Whose mighty song unnerv'd a tyrant's arm,
 Hush'd the rude roar of discord, rage, and lust,
 And spurn'd licentious demagogues to dust.

Is this the queen of realms ? the glorious isle,
 Britannia, blest in Heaven's indulgent smile ?
 Guardian of truth, and patroness of art,
 Nurse of th' undaunted soul and generous heart ?
 Where, from a base unthankful world exil'd,
 Freedom exults to roam the careless wild :
 Where taste to science every charm supplies,
 And genius soars unbounded to the skies ?

And shall a Bufo's most polluted name
 Stain her bright tablet of untainted fame ?
 Shall his disgraceful name with theirs be join'd
 Who wish'd and wrought the welfare of their kind ?

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O had thy verse been impotent as dull,
 Nor spoke the rancorous heart, but lumpish skull ;
 Had mobs distinguish'd, they who howl'd thy fame,
 The icicle from the pure diamond's flame,
 From fancy's soul thy gross imbruted sense,
 From dauntless truth thy shameless insolence,
 From elegance confusion's monstrous mass,
 And from the lion's spoils the sculking ass,
 From rapture's strain the drawling doggrel line,
 From warbling seraphim the grunting swine ;—
 With gluttons, dunces, rakes, thy name had slept,
 Nor o'er her sullied fame Britannia wept :
 Nor had the Muse, with honest zeal possess'd,
 T' avenge her country, by thy name disgraced,
 Rais'd this bold strain for virtue, truth, mankind,
 And thy fell shade to infamy resign'd.

When frailty leads astray the soul sincere,
 Let mercy shed the soft and manly tear.
 When to the grave descends the sensual sot,
 Unnamed, unnoticed, let his carrion rot.
 When paltry rogues, by stealth, deceit, or force,
 Hazard their necks, ambitious of your purse :
 For such the hangman wreaths his trusty gin,
 And let the gallows expiate their sin.
 But when a ruffian, whose portentous crimes
 Like plagues and earthquakes terrify the times,
 Triumphs through life, from legal judgment free,
 —For Hell may hatch what law could ne'er foresee—
 Sacred from vengeance shall his memory rest ?
 Judas, though dead, though damn'd, we still detest.

SONG.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND, ETC.

Blow, blow, thou vernal gale !
 Thy balm will not avail
 To ease my aching breast ;
 Though thou the billows smooth,
 Thy murmurs cannot soothe
 My weary soul to rest.

Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream !
 Infuse the easy dream
 Into the peaceful soul ;
 But thou canst not compose
 The tumult of my woes,
 Though soft thy waters roll.

Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers !
 Beauties surpassing yours
 My Rosalind adorn ;
 Nor is the winter's blast,
 That lays your glories waste,
 So killing as her scorn.

Breath, breath, ye tender lays,
 That linger down the maze
 Of yonder winding grove ;
 O let your soft control
 Bend her relenting soul
 To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flow'rets fair !
 Gales, fan no more the air !
 Ye streams, forget to glide !
 Be hush'd, each vernal strain !
 Since nought can soothe my pain,
 Nor mitigate her pride.

RETIREMENT.

When in the crimson cloud of even
 The lingering light decays,
 And Hesper on the front of heaven
 His glittering gem displays,
 Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
 Beside a lulling stream,
 A pensive youth, of placid mien,
 Indulg'd this tender theme.

“ Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
 High o'er the glimmering dale ;
 Ye woods, along whose windings wild
 Murmurs the solemn gale ;

Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep :

"To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

"How shall I woo thee, matchless fair?
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile,—that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

"Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclin'd
He fram'd his infant lays,
When Fancy ro'ed at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
His simple youth had harm'd.

"Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy?—
O take the wanderer home!

"Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine;
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,

Whence the scar'd owl on pinions gray
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,
 And down the lone vale sails away
 To more profound repose.

"O, while to thee the woodland pours
 Its wildly warbling song,
 And balmy from the bank of flowers
 The Zephyr breathes along,
 Let no rude sound invade from far,
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
 Flash on the startled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
 Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
 O guard from harm his hoary head,
 And listen to his lore ;
 For he of joys divine shall tell,
 That wean from earthly woe,
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell
 That chains his heart below.

"For me, no more the path invites
 Ambition loves to tread ;
 No more I climb those toilsome heights,
 By guileful Hope misled :
 Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
 To Mirth's enlivening strain ;
 For present pleasure soon is o'er,
 And all the past is vain."



CHARLES DIBDIN.

Born 1745. Died 1814.

THE author of "Poor Jack" was born at Southampton, in 1745. His mother was in her fiftieth year, and he was her eighteenth child. He was educated at Winchester and intended for the Church, but his love of poetry and music was so marked that, after studying a short time under the well-known Kent, organist of Winchester Cathedral, he was

sent to London, and at sixteen produced an opera at Covent Garden Theatre, called "The Shepherd's Artifice." In 1778 he became musical manager at Covent Garden, and in 1782 built the Surrey Theatre. In 1789 he commenced those entertainments called "The Whim of the Moment," in which he introduced and performed his compositions. "Poor Jack" was one, and immediately established its author as a popular favourite. The charming ballad "Poor Tom Bowling" was written on the death of an elder brother, who was captain of an East Indiaman. In 1796 Dibdin erected a theatre called the Sans-Souci, in Leicester Square, but disposed of it in 1805, and withdrew into private life. He was never a provident man, and consequently had made little or no provision for declining years. His embarrassed circumstances being represented to the Government, a pension of 200*l.* per annum was granted. In 1813 he was attacked by paralysis, and finally sunk to rest in July, 1814. As a ballad writer, and as a composer of sea songs, Dibdin has made himself a name which will last as long as English poetry is read : his fluency in composition was so great that he has left us nearly nine hundred. No man knew better how to please the popular taste.

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
 'Bout danger and fear, and the like ;
 A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
 And it ain't to a little I'll strike.
 Though the tempest top-gallant mast smack smooth should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud :
 Avast ! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
 To be taken for trifles aback :
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !
 I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay ;
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch :
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below,
 And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow ;
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she would cry—
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
 Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
 Can't you see, the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
 And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
 You never will hear of me more.
 What then? All's a hazard. Come, don't be so soft:
 Perhaps I may laughing come back;
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world, not offering to flinch
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
 And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback;
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broached him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty;
 His heart was kind and soft:
 Faithful below, he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed;
 His virtues were so rare;
 His friends were many and true-hearted;
 His Poll was kind and fair:

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly ;
 Ah, many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

EVERY BULLET HAS ITS BILLET.

I'm a tough true-hearted sailor,
 Careless and all that, d'ye see,
 Never at the times a railer—
 What is time or tide to me ?
 All must die when fate shall will it ;
 Providence ordains it so :
 Every bullet has its billet.—
 Man the boat, boys—yeo, heave, yeo !

Life's at best a sea of trouble ;
 He who fears it is a dunce.
 Death's to me an empty bubble,
 I can never die but once.
 Blood, if duty bids, I'll spill it :
 Yet I have a tear for woe :
 Every bullet has its billet.—
 Man the boat, boys—yeo, heave, yeo !

Shrouded in a hammock, glory
 Celebrates the falling brave.
 Oh ! how many, famed in story,
 Sleep below in ocean's cave.
 Bring the can, boys ; let us fill it.
 Shall we shun the fight ? O, no !
 Every bullet has its billet.—
 Man the boat, boys—yeo, heave, yeo !

THE TOKEN.

The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,
When Jack, no more on duty call'd,
His true-love's tokens overhaul'd :
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ so fair,
Upon his 'bacco-box he views,—
Nancy the poet, Love the muse :
 *"If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two."*

The storm—that like a shapeless wreck
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
That tars for sharks had given a feast,
And aft the ship a hulk—had ceased ;
When Jack, as with his messmates dear
He shared the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
And spelt, for comfort, on the lid,
 *"If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two."*

The battle—that with horror grim
Had madly ravaged life and limb,
Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er ;
When Jack to his companions dear
First paid the tribute of a tear ;
Then as his 'bacco-box he held
Restored his comfort, as he spell'd,
 *"If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two."*

The voyage—that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
That brought each sailor to his friend,
Happy and rich—was at an end ;
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore :
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried, and seized the willing maid,
 *"If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two."*

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Born 1752. Died 1770.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752. His father was the sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, and was also master of a small school in an adjoining street, called Pyle Street. He died three months before the birth of his son. Chatterton was placed at school when five years of age, under a Mr. Love, his father's successor, who sent him home again as dull and incapable of receiving instruction. At six he taught himself his letters from the illuminated capitals of an old French MS. With these he fell in love ; probably they helped to direct his taste in that direction which it afterwards followed to the marvel of the world. He learned to read from a black-letter Bible.

In 1760 he was admitted into Colston's School, Bristol, a foundation resembling Christ's Hospital in London. There he continued for seven years. During that period he composed many of his minor poems, and also invented the De Bergham pedigree. His passion for books was the wonder of all who knew him. Before he was twelve years of age he had studied seventy volumes, chiefly on history, or divinity.

In July, 1767, when fourteen, he left Colston's School, and was apprenticed to Mr. Lambert, a Bristol scrivener. He lived with the servants, and slept in the same room with the footboy. All his spare moments were devoted to acquiring a knowledge of English antiquities, and to a study of ancient and obsolete modes of writing.

In 1768 he first attracted public notice. The new bridge of Bristol was completed, and opened. In *Farley's Journal* appeared a letter signed Dunhelmus Bristolensis, giving an account of the procession of monks, and the ceremonies observed in olden time, when the original bridge had been opened. The account was said to be derived from an ancient MS. This letter was traced to Chatterton. His explanation of it was, that he gathered his information from documents which had anciently been deposited in "Canynge's Cofre," in the muniment-room over the great north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe Church. (Canynge was an eminent Bristol merchant who had rebuilt that magnificent church in the reign of Edward IV.) A number of chests containing deeds and parchments had been preserved in that place. In 1727 they had been opened, the deeds of parochial value had been removed, and other documents regarded as valueless had been left in the open chests, which Chatterton's father had used for covering books in his school. Among these papers Chatterton asserted he had found the Canynge MS., and also the Rowleys MS., written by a priest of that name in the fifteenth century.

From time to time Chatterton produced the Rowleys poems, "The Bristow Tragedy," "Canynges Epitaph" by Rowley, and "The Romaunt of the Knyghte," said to have been written by an ancestor of Mr. Burgum, a Bristol pewterer, about 450 years previously. He likewise exhibited, and presented to different gentlemen in Bristol, a variety of parchments bearing upon them heraldic, genealogical, and antiquarian devices, legends, and histories, which were the astonishment of all who saw them. For a time many persons believed them to be genuine. They are now universally condemned as forgeries. But when that fact is established, it only proves Chatterton to have been the most marvellous and precocious boy that has ever been connected with English literature.

When Horace Walpole was writing his "History of Painters," Chatterton offered to supply him with accounts of a succession of ancient Bristol artists, which he asserted he had discovered. He forwarded specimen MSS. to Walpole, who was at first taken in, and accepted the offer with warmth. Shortly afterwards he suspected he was being imposed upon, and returned Chatterton's documents without a word. During the time that these Rowley and Canynge Poems and Histories were successively produced Chatterton was busy composing poems of his own, which are wonderful monuments of the genius of the boy. Wearying at last of Bristol, and of his servitude to Mr. Lambert, Chatterton obtained his release, and determined to try his fortune in London. He arrived in town in April, 1770, aged seventeen. At first he received engagements from various booksellers with whom he had before corresponded. His restless brain was full of schemes : he projected a History of England, a History of London ; he wrote poetry for burlettas to be sung at Marylebone Gardens. His letters to his mother and sister were full of enthusiasm : "I am settled, and in such a settlement as I can desire. What a glorious prospect !" He sent small presents home to show them how he was succeeding. From April to June he lived in Shoreditch. His poetry was chiefly of a politico-satirical character. In June he moved his lodgings to a garret in the house of Mrs. Angel, No. 39, Brook Street, Holborn. From thence this lonely, friendless boy indited those letters to his mother and sister which show how deep and true was his love for them. He would live on a crust of bread and a dried sheep's-tongue, in order to buy something with his poor earnings, and send it home to gladden his mother's heart, and make her believe he was succeeding in his bold venture. But that venture was a failure. One paper after another failed him ; and the employment he sought was not to be gained. He then thought he would go abroad as a surgeon ; but not being able to secure proper testimonials as to qualifications, he lost an appointment as surgeon's mate on board an African vessel. From that disappointment he never rallied. His poverty became extreme, and his pride was as great as his poverty. Mr. Cross, an apothecary in Brook Street, observing his manner, and suspecting the truth, pressed him to dine. Chatterton refused. On the 22nd of August the baker's wife refused to supply him with any more bread until he had

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain ?
Why drooping seek the dark recess ?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah ! my breast is human still !
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble will,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank the Inflictor of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light
Which God—my East, my Sun—reveals.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Almighty Framers of the skies !
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in Thy sight !
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls was made,
Till Thy command gave light.

The Sun of glory gleam'd ; the ray
Refin'd the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly :
Impell'd by His eternal love
He left His palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn ;
When the Archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hail'd Salvation's morn ?

THOMAS CHATTEKTON.

A humble form the Godhead wore,
 The pains of poverty He bore,
 To poverty poor unknown:
 Though in a human walk He trod,
 Still was the Man Almighty God,
 In glory all His own.

Deep and oppress'd, the Godhead bears
 The sorrows of this vale of tears;
 Nor bid His vengeance rise:
 He saw the creatures he had made
 Abuse His power, His peace invade;
 He saw with Mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate His name,
 Who groan'd beneath a life of shame,
 In all affliction try'd?
 The soul is raptur'd to conceive
 A truth which being must believe,
 The God Eternal dy'd.

My soul, exert thy powers, adore,
 Upon Devotion's plumage soar
 To celebrate the day:
 The God from whom Creation sprung
 Shall animate my grateful tongue;
 From Him I'll catch the lay!

FROM "ÆLLA."

THE MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O synge untoe mie roundelaie!
 O droppe the brynie teare wythe mee!
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge¹ ryver bee:
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

(1) Reynynge, *running*.

Blacke hys cryne¹ as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode² as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,—
 Cale³ he lyes ynne the grave belowe :

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote⁴ hys tyngue as the throstle's note,
 Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
 Defte⁵ hys taboure, codgelle stote,
 O ! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree :

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Harke ! the ravenne flappes hys wynges
 In the briered dells belowe ;
 Harke ! the deathe-owle loude dothe synge
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe :

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

See ! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie :
 Whyterre ys mie true love's shroude ;
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude :

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true love's grave,
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
 Nee one hallie⁶ Seyncte to save
 Al the celness⁷ of a mayde :

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

(1) Cryne, *hair*.

(3) Cale, *cold*.

(5) Defte, *neat*.

(2) Rode, *complexion*.

(4) Swote, *sweet*.

(6) Hallie, *holy*,

(7) Celness, *coldness*.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente¹ the brieres
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre ;²
 Ouphante³ fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
 Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee :
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
 Drayne mie harty's bloode awaie ;
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nete,⁴ or feaste by daie :
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownde wythe reytes,⁵
 Bere mee to yer leathalle⁶ tyde.
 I die ; I comme ; mie true love waytes.—
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

FROM "GODDWYN."

CHORUS.

Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde,
 A gorie anlance⁷ bye her honge.
 She daunced onne the heathe ;
 She hearde the voice of death ;
 Pale-eyned Affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
 In vayne assayled⁸ her bosomme to acale ;⁹
 She hearde onflemmed¹⁰ the shriekynge voice of woe,
 And sadness ynne the owlette shake the dale.
 She shooke the burled¹¹ speere,
 On hie she jeste¹² her sheelde,
 Her foemen all appere
 And flitzze¹³ alonge the feelde.

(1) Dente, *fasten*.
 (3) Ouphante, *elfin*.
 (5) Reytes, *waterflags*.
 (7) Anlace, *sword*.
 (9) Acale, *freeze*.
 (11) Burled, *armed, pointed*.

(2) Gre, *grow*.
 (4) Nete, *night*.
 (6) Leathalle, *deadly*.
 (8) Assayled, *endeavourred*.
 (10) Onflemmed, *undismayed*.
 (12) Jeste, *hoisted on high, raised*.
 (13) Flitzze, *fly*.

Power, wythe hys heafod¹ straught² ynto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,
Alyche³ twaie⁴ brendeynge⁵ gronfyres⁶ rolls hys eyes,
Chaftes⁷ wyth hys yronne feete and soundes to war.

She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryces from the shocke,
Wioldynge her owne yn ayre.

Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte scillye⁸ wympled⁹ gies¹⁰ ytte to hys crowne ;
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde ys gor.
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld,¹¹ arist,¹²
Hys feerie heaulme¹³ noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste.

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GEORGE CRABBE.

Born 1754. Died 1832.

GEORGE CRABBE was of humble parentage, and was born at Aldborough, Suffolk, on December 24, 1754. His father's calling was to collect the salt-duties of that place, and his means were limited. Struck by the love of books and poetry displayed by his son at a very early age, he made great efforts to give him an education. At the grammar school where he was sent he made some progress in classics ; but he left it at fourteen, and was articled to a surgeon at Wickham Brook, near Bury St. Edmund's. Here it seems he was not well treated, and at the expiration of three years his friends transferred him to another at Woodbridge, where he completed his time. He returned to Aldborough in 1775, and occupied himself in the warehouse until his father was able to send him to London to complete his medical studies. Unfortunately the means at his disposal were insufficient for the purpose, and before a year had expired he was compelled to return home, his slender resources being completely exhausted. He had never liked the profession chosen for him, and though from a sense of duty he had done his best to

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|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| (1) Heafod, <i>head.</i> | (2) Straught, <i>stretched.</i> |
| (3) Alyche, <i>like.</i> | (4) Twaie, <i>two.</i> |
| (5) Brendeynge, <i>flaming.</i> | (6) Gronfyres, <i>meteors.</i> |
| (7) Chaftes, <i>beats, stamps.</i> | (8) Scillye, <i>closely.</i> |
| (9) Wympled, <i>mantled, covered.</i> | (10) Gies, <i>guides.</i> |
| (11) Burld, <i>armed.</i> | (12) Arist, <i>arose.</i> |
| (13) Heaulme, <i>helmet.</i> | |

study it, he found, when he set up as a surgeon on his own account, he had not received sufficient preparation for any prospect of success. This distressed him greatly, conscious as he was of his own abilities, and he determined to abandon medicine for literature, and try his fortune in London. Through the kindness of Mr. Dudley North, who advanced him 5*l.*, he made his way to the metropolis, and in April, 1780, fairly commenced his new career; but want of means rendered this a difficult task. He began a prose work entitled "A Plan for the Examination of our Moral and Religious Opinions," but thought it better, before completion, to make himself first known through his poems. Two written expressly for this purpose were rejected by the booksellers, and a third, published on his own account, called "The Candidate," brought him no good fortune, owing to the failure of the publisher. Pecuniary trouble now pressed hard upon him, and he vainly endeavoured to obtain assistance and patronage from Lord Thurloe and Lord Shelburne, to whom he sent his poems. At length, when a prison stared him in the face, a happy thought prompted him to write to Edmund Burke, and he told a friend some years afterwards of the agony of mind he experienced the night after he had left his letter. He paced Westminster Bridge all night, feeling he had played his last card, and if that failed, all was over. Burke was deeply touched by the appeal, and made an immediate appointment with Crabbe. All the young man wanted was a kind friend to bring him forward; he was anxious and willing to work, but without money or friends it was no easy matter. Burke treated him with the greatest consideration, solicited his confidence, looked at his poems, and having selected "The Village" and "The Library," and gained Crabbe's consent to several alterations, took them himself to Mr. Dodsley, who published the latter in 1781. Nor was this all: with the true feeling of a gentleman, Burke treated him on terms of perfect equality, gave him a room at Beaconfield, delicately advanced him money, introduced him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fox, Lord Thurloe, and others, and suggested his entering the Church. Through Burke's influence Crabbe was ordained deacon, December, 1781, and priest in the following August. His first curacy was Aldborough; and soon after, through the kind exertions of his generous patron, he was appointed domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland and took up his residence in Belvoir Castle. "The Village" was a great success; Dr. Johnson revised it, and it appeared in 1783—a fortunate year for the poet, as Lord Thurloe, no doubt in atonement for the refusal to assist him in time past, presented him with two small livings in Dorsetshire. Crabbe now married the lady to whom he had been attached many years, and after a brief residence in Belvoir Castle with his wife, removed to the parsonage at Strathern, of which parish he was appointed curate. "The Newspaper" was published in 1785, and from that time till 1807, when the "Parish Register" was brought out, Crabbe did not come before the world as an author. In 1789 Lord Thurloe, at the solicitation of the Duchess of Rutland, allowed him to exchange his Dorsetshire prefer-

ment for the livings of Muston and Allington, near Belvoir; and he resided partly at Great Glemham (the curacy of which he had taken), and afterwards at his rectory at Muston. His time was fully employed in study and in the education of his sons. He also composed three novels, and a work on botany, which he afterwards consigned to the flames. In 1807 he reprinted his earlier poems, and wrote "Sir Eustace Grey" and other pieces, his object being to realize enough to send his son to Cambridge. "The Borough" followed in 1810. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, died in 1813, and about that time, the living of Trowbridge in Wilts being vacant, he was presented to it by the then Duke of Rutland, and soon afterwards to the incumbency of Croxton. Trowbridge now became the permanent residence of Crabbe, and he won the hearts of his parishioners by his amiability and the assiduity with which he discharged the duties of his calling. In 1819 he published his "Tales of the Hall," and Mr. Murray gave him 3,000*l.* for them and the copyright of his other poems. During his occasional visits to London he made the acquaintance of Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore, and others, and in 1822 paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott. He died on the 3rd of February 1832, and was buried in Trowbridge Church. Crabbe was a man of blameless life, and was beloved and respected by all who enjoyed his friendship. His poetry is distinguished for simplicity and force. A keen observer of character, he painted from life, and his descriptions were truthful and graphic. An edition of his poems, in eight volumes, was published by Murray in 1834.

FROM "THE VILLAGE."

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day:
There the children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.¹
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;

(1) This description of the parish poor-house, and that of the village apothecary, were inserted by Burke in the *Annual Register*, and afterwards by Dr. Vicesimus Knox in the "Elegant Extracts," along with the lines on the Old Romancers, from "The Library."

Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
 And the cold charities of man to man :
 Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
 And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;
 But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
 And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say, ye oppress by some fantastic woes,
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;
 Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
 With timid eye to read the distant glance ;
 Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
 To name the nameless, ever new disease ;
 Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
 Which real pain, and that alone, can cure ;
 How would ye bear a real pain, to lie
 Despised, neglected, left alone to die ?
 How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
 And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
 And lath and mud are all that lie between ;
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
 Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
 Or promise hope, till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
 Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls ;
 Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
 All pride and business, bustle and conceit ;
 With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
 With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,
 He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
 And carries fate and physic in his eye :
 A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;
 Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,
 And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
 Paid by the parish for attendance here,
 He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer.

In haste he seeks the bed where Misery lies,
 Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes ;
 And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
 Without reply, he rushes on the door :
 His drooping patient, long inured to pain
 And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain ;
 He ceases now the feeble help to crave
 Of man, and silent sinks into the grave.

But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
 Some simple fears, which "bold bad" men despise ;
 Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
 His title certain to the joys above :
 For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
 The holy stranger to these dismal walls :
 And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
 He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year" ?
 Ah ! no ; a shepherd of a different stock,
 And far unlike him, feeds his little flock :
 A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
 As much as God or man can fairly ask ;
 The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
 To fields the morning and to feasts the night ;
 None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
 To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide ;
 A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
 And, skill'd at whist, devotes the night to play :
 Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
 Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
 To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
 To combat fears that e'en the pious feel ?

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
 Less gloomy now ; the bitter hour is o'er,
 The man of many sorrows sighs no more.
 Up yonder hill behold how sadly slow
 The bier moves winding from the vale below :
 There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
 And the glad parish pays the frugal fee :
 No more, O Death ! thy victim starts to hear
 Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer ;
 No more the farmer claims his humble bow ;
 Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou !

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
 Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb ;

The village children now their games suspend,
 To see the bier that bears their ancient friend :
 For he was one in all their idle sport,
 And like a monarch ruled their little court ;
 The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
 The bat, the wicket, were his labours all :
 Him now they follow to his grave, and stand,
 Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand ;
 While, bending low, their eager eyes explore
 The mingled relics of the parish poor.
 The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
 Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound ;
 The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
 Defers his duty till the day of prayer ;
 And, waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
 To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest'd.

PHŒBE DAWSON.

FROM "THE PARISH REGISTER."

Two summers since I saw, at Lammas Fair,
 The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there,
 When Phœbe Dawson gaily cross'd the green,
 In haste to see, and happy to be seen :
 Her air, her manners, all who saw admired ;
 Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired ;
 The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
 And ease of heart her every look convey'd ;
 A native skill her simple robes express'd,
 As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd ;
 The lads around admired so fair a sight,
 And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
 Admirers soon of every age she gain'd ;
 Her beauty won them and her worth retain'd :
 Envy itself could no contempt display ;
 They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away.
 Correct in thought, she judg'd a servant's place
 Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace ;
 But yet on Sunday eve, in freedom's hour,
 With secret joy she felt that beauty's power,
 When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
 That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.

At length the youth ordain'd to move her breast
 Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd ;
 With looks less timid made his passion known,
 And pleased by manners most unlike her own ;
 Loud though in love, and confident though young ;
 Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue ;
 By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
 He served the Squire, and brush'd the coat he made.
 Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
 Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board ;
 With her should years of growing love be spent,
 And growing wealth :—she sigh'd, and look'd consent.

Now through the lane, up hill, and 'cross the green,
 (Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—
 Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid,)
 Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid.
 Slow through the meadows roved they, many a mile,
 Toy'd by each bank, and trifled at each stile ;
 Where, as he painted every blissful view,
 And highly colour'd what he strongly drew,
 The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
 Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears.
 Thus pass'd th' allotted hours, till, lingering late,
 The lover loiter'd at the master's gate ;
 There he pronounced adieu ; and yet would stay,
 Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away :
 He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
 And oft retire, and oft return again ;
 When, if his teasing vex'd her gentle mind,
 The grief assumed compell'd her to be kind !
 For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
 That she resented first and then forgave,
 And to his grief and penance yielded more
 Than his presumption had required before.

Ah ! fly temptation, youth ! refrain, refrain,
 Each yielding maiden and presuming swain !

Lo ! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
 And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
 One who an infant in her arms sustains,
 And seems in patience striving with her pains ;
 Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
 Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled ;

Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
 And tears unnoticed from their channels flow ;
 Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
 Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again ;—
 Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
 And every step with cautious terror makes ;
 For not alone that infant in her arms,
 But nearer cause, her anxious soul alarms.
 With water burthen'd, then she picks her way,
 Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay ;
 Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
 And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground ;
 Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
 While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes :
 For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
 Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
 And now her path, but not her peace, she gains ;
 Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains ;
 Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
 And placing first her infant on the floor,
 She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
 And sobbing struggles with the rising fits.
 In vain : they come ; she feels the inflating grief,
 That shuts the swelling bosom from relief,
 That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress'd,
 Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd.
 The neighbour matron leaves her wheel and flies
 With all the aid her poverty supplies :
 Unfee'd, the calls of Nature she obeys,
 Not led by profit, not allured by praise ;
 And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
 She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
 Friend of distress ! the mourner feels thy aid ;
 She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

But who this child of weakness, want, and care ?
 'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas Fair ;
 Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
 Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies :
 Compassion first assail'd her gentle heart,
 For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart.
 "And then his prayers ! they would a savage move,
 And win the coldest of the sex to love."

But, ah ! too soon his looks success declared,
 Too late her loss the marriage rite repair'd.
 The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
 A captious tyrant or a noisy sot :
 If present, railing, till he saw her pain'd ;
 If absent, spending what their labours gain'd ;
 Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
 And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
 Then fly temptation, youth ; resist, refrain !
 Nor let me preach for ever and in vain !¹



ROBERT BURNS.

Born 1759. Died 1791.

ROBERT BURNS was born on the 25th of January, 1759, near the town of Ayr. His father was a hard-working man, whose life was one long struggle to provide the necessaries of life for his family and give his children what little education his slender means permitted. His death occurred in 1784. The early childhood of Robert was a very gloomy one ; what little amount of school instruction he acquired was by snatches and at intervals. Some years before the father died, Robert and his brother Gilbert took a small farm, and stocked it in the best way they could, with the savings of the family, and by dint of hard work and rigid economy managed to keep a roof over their heads. At sixteen Robert first showed his talent for poetry, and gained a considerable share of rustic applause ; but, unhappily for himself, his winning manners, the company he mixed in, and his fondness for female society, by degrees produced an injurious change in his habits, and caused great unhappiness to his family. His unfortunate connexion with Jean Armour, who eventually became his wife, led to his leaving his birth-place, with the intention of proceeding to Jamaica to try his fortune. Previously, however, to leaving Scotland, he determined to publish his poems ; and accordingly, in 1786, an impression of 600 copies was printed at Kilmarnock. They were favourably received by the public, and the author cleared 20*l*. With part of the proceeds he took a

(1) Mr. Lockhart, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. C., says, " The last piece of poetry that soothed and occupied the dying ear of Mr. Fox was Crabbe's tale of Phœbe Dawson ; and we are enabled to offer testimony, not more equivocal, of the sincerity of Sir Walter Scott's worship of his genius. Crabbe's poems were at all times more frequently in his hands than any other work whatever, except Shakespeare ; and during the few intervals after his return to Abbotsford, in 1832, when he was sufficiently himself to ask his family to read aloud to him, the only books he ever called for were his Bible and his Crabbe."

steerage passage in the first vessel starting from the Clyde, and his sea-chest was on the road to Greenock, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a mutual friend spoke so favourably of his chances in Edinburgh among a literary set of which the Doctor was a member, that he resolved to abandon his intention, and set off for Edinburgh with neither money nor friends. The result was successful. Burns speedily made the acquaintance of all that were remarkable for literature and fashion, and won upon them by the brilliancy of his conversational powers and his poetical gifts; his antecedents making him an object of wonder to every one. Under the patronage of Dr. Robertson, Mr. Mackenzie, and other literary celebrities, a new edition of his poems was published, and he received 500*l*. In 1788 he returned to Ayr, and advanced 200*l*. to his brother Gilbert, who had for many years been the sole support of their aged mother. With the residue of his little fortune he took and stocked a farm in Dumfriesshire for himself, and having previously legalized his marriage with Miss Armour, settled down to reside there. By the interest of a friend, he obtained an appointment as officer of Excise, which brought him in a small income; but its duties interfered so much with agricultural pursuits that he resigned the farm to his landlord, and in 1791 retired with his family to a small house in Dumfries, where he spent the short remaining portion of his life. On his first introduction to society he had given way to habits of intemperance, and as years advanced they acquired a greater hold upon him. His prospects of promotion in the Excise were further off than ever, in consequence of some imprudent expressions which escaped him in an unguarded moment. Illness and pecuniary difficulties produced a depression of spirits, and he broke down under them. He died on July 21, 1791, and was followed to the grave by a very large concourse of people of all grades.

Considering his early disadvantages, Burns' career was a most remarkable one. His genius was acknowledged by all, and his poetry found its way even during his lifetime into every rank of society. The subjects he chose were those which appealed to every heart, and the way in which he treated them stirred the feelings of his readers. That some of his poems are not free from impropriety no one can deny, but he seldom descended to anything vulgar or gross; he was essentially one of Nature's poets.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN IN 1792.

Oh! sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever;
For ever!—oh no! let not man be a slave
His hopes from existence to sever.

Tho' cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head
 In the dark mansions of sorrow,
 The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
 Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form
 Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
 When thou shrunk from the scowl of the loud winter storm,
 And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh, still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
 Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
 When the tear trickled bright, when the short, stifled breath
 Told how dear you were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
 Where suffering no longer can harm ye,
 Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
 Thro' an endless existence shall charm thee :

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn
 Thro' the dire desert regions of sorrow,
 O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
 And sigh for life's latest morrow.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short but simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been :
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh;¹
 The short'ning winter day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,—
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher² thro'
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin³ noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clane hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve⁴ the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';⁵
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie⁶ rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
 The social hours, swift wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncoss⁷ that he sees or hears.
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years
 (Anticipation forward points the view):
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars⁸ auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

(1) Rushing sound. (2) Stagger. (3) Fluttering. (4) By and by.
 (5) Although the "cotter," in the *Saturday Night*, is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotions, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us ever were "at service out, amang the neebors roun'." Instead of our depositing our "sair-won penny-fee" with our parents, my father laboured hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home.—*Gilbert Burns to Dr. Currie*; Oct. 24, 1800.
 (6) Cautious. (7) News. (8) Makes.

Their master's an' their mistress's command
 The younkers a' are warned to obey,
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent¹ hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :
 "An', oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might !
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !"

But, hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins² is afraid to speak :
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks³ of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But, blate⁴ and laithfu',⁵ scarce can weel behave ;
 The woman, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave,
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.⁶

O happy love ! where love like this is found.
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare :
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form that bears a heart,
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?

(1) Diligent.

(2) Half.

(3) Talks.

(4) Bashful.

(5) Sheepish.

(6) The rest.

Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ;
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board :
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food ;
 The soupe their only hawkie¹ does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan² snugly chows her cood ;
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd³ kebbuck,⁴ fell ;⁵
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid,
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twas a towmond⁶ auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.⁷

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
 They round the ingle form a circle wide :
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets⁸ wearing thin an' bare :
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales⁹ a portion with judicious care ;
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts,—by far the noblest aim !
 Perhaps " Dundee's " wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive " Martyrs," worthy of the name ;
 Or noble " Elgin " beets the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high,
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny,

(1) Cow.

(4) Cheese.

(7) Since the flax was in flower.

(2) Partition wall.

(5) Tasty.

(8) Grey locks.

(3) Well-saved.

(6) A twelvemonth.

(9) Chooses.

Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire,
 Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry,
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire,
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme :
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :
 How His first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
 The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul,
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ;
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God :"
 And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
 What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part ;
 (The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;¹
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw :
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

(1) High and smooth.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

TUNE—"THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT."

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 An' I sae weary, fu' o' care ?

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate ;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
 And my fause luvèr stole my rose,
 But, ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 From mornin sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty frere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie waught,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be be mine ;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.



WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Born 1762. Died 1850.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES was born at King's Sutton, on the borders of Northamptonshire, September 24, 1762. His father was vicar of the parish. In 1772 Bowles was sent to Winchester School under Dr. Warton; from whom he imbibed much of his literary and critical taste. In 1782 Bowles proceeded to Trinity College, Oxford. In 1783 he won the Chancellor's prize for the Latin poem. In 1787, at the age of twenty-five, he left the University. He made a tour through the north of England and in Scotland; and while on his journey entertained himself with the composition of sonnets. In 1789 were published, at Bath, "Fourteen Sonnets on Picturesque Spots." The edition was 100 copies. They sold rapidly. Another edition of 500 followed; and quickly afterwards a third of 750 copies, with a few more sonnets added. His sonnets were the delight of the University, and of such "coming men" as Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, &c. In fact, new ideas of poetry were beginning to rise. The school of Dryden and Pope was worn out, and passing away. Bowles was the morning star of another, very different and far more brilliant, school. Consequently his works were eagerly purchased and enthusiastically received. Having taken his degree, Bowles left Oxford in 1792, and settled down upon a curacy in Wiltshire.

In 1797 he married a daughter of Dr. Wake, prebend of Westminster. In 1803 he was himself appointed a prebend of Salisbury; and in 1805 Archbishop More presented him to the living of Bremhill, in Wiltshire. He was then forty-three years of age; the remaining forty-five years of his life were almost uninterruptedly passed at Bremhill in the discharge of parochial duties and in literary occupation. There he had the advantage of familiar intercourse with Lord Lansdowne's family at Bowood, and enjoyed the society and friendship of the eminent political and literary men whom Lord Lansdowne delighted to gather around him at his mansion. In 1818 Bowles was made chaplain to the Prince Regent, and in 1828 canon of Salisbury. In 1804 he published his largest poem, entitled, "The Spirit of Discovery," in six books of blank verse. This was the work which Lord Byron attacked in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." In 1807 he published his edition of Pope, which gave rise to a controversy with Byron and Campbell on the character of Pope, which raged furiously. Between 1815 and 1837 Bowles published a variety of poems,—*"The Missionary of the Andes," "The Grave of the last Saxon," "A*

Legend of the Battle of Hasting, "St. John at Patmos," "Scenes and Shadows of Days departed."

Bowles' Sonnets, his "Missionary," and his "Village Verse Book," are the works by which he will be remembered. His life was so protracted that he outlived the greater number of the generation—particularly of literary men—that were born when he had attained to manhood. On the 7th of April, 1850, he died, at his residentiary house in Salisbury, aged eighty-eight.

The greater portion of Bowles' poetry is of the same school as Wordsworth's, though as a poet Wordsworth was far his superior. But Bowles will be remembered as the father of that school of poetry which, having its parentage in him, has prevailed to the present day ; a school which, whatever may be its faults, has discarded the artificiality of the Pope and Dryden age, and has striven to approach Nature and Truth.

TIME.

O Time ! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
The faint pang stealest unperceived away ;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile ;
As some love-bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while :
Yet ah ! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure.

THE RHINE.

'Twas morn ; and beauteous on the mountain's brow,
Hung with the beamy clusters of the vine,
Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted. Varying as we go,
Lo ! the woods open, and the rocks retire ;
Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire,
'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow.

Here dark, with furrowed aspect, like Despair,
Frowns the bleak cliff: there, on the woodland's side,
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
Whilst Hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

Ye holy towers, that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your agèd brows sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winter whirlwinds sweep!
For, far from blazing Grandeur's crowded halls,
Here Charity hath fixed her chosen seat,
Oft listening tearful when the wild winds beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her eve-watch upon the topmost tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him, cold and speechless, from the grave.

DOVER CLIFFS.

On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their feet
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
And while the distant murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear:
Of social scenes from which he wept to part.
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
The world his country, and his God his guide.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Born 1763 Died 1855

THE father of SAMUEL ROGERS was a banker and a Dissenter, residing at Newington Green, where the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" was born, July 30, 1763. He was first sent to a school at Hackney, and afterwards to a private tutor at Islington. In 1776 Rogers lost his mother, and on leaving his tutor his wish was to enter the dissenting college at Warrington, and become a Nonconformist minister. His father had other views, and he was entered as a clerk in the banking-house. Being a delicate youth, he paid frequent visits to the sea-side, and occupied his leisure with reading and poetry, for which he had exhibited a taste at a very early age. His first attempt at authorship appeared in the form of a contribution to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1781, entitled "the Scribbler." They are only to be noticed as being his first essays. His admiration for Dr. Johnson was so great, that he determined to call upon and introduce himself to the venerable genius, and, accompanied by a friend, proceeded to Bolt Court, Fleet Street; but his courage failed him when he placed his hand on the knocker; and they never met.

The first volume of Rogers' poems was published in 1786 without a name. His fears about its reception by the public were groundless, as it was favourably noticed in the *Monthly Review*; whereupon he owned himself the author. In 1788 his elder brother, and companion in the banking-house, died. The beautiful lines in the "Pleasures of Memory" commencing,

"Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share,
From reason's dawn, each pleasure and each care,"

were descriptive of his character. By this brother's death he became his father's adviser and friend in all that related to business, while his literary fame kept pace with his worldly circumstances. In 1789 he visited Edinburgh and made the acquaintance of Dr. Robertson, the historian; Mackenzie, who wrote "The Man of Feeling;" Dr. Black, Professor Playfair, and Mrs. Piozzi, the friend of Dr. Johnson. When the French Revolution broke out, Mr. Rogers, educated as he had been among Whigs and Dissenters, took a warm interest in the cause of liberty. He paid a visit to Paris in 1791. In 1792 the "Pleasures of Memory," a poem on which he had been engaged for six years, was published. It was principally written during his leisure moments in the banking-house. Its success was astonishing, and when the

author was known, his reputation was assured. In 1793 his father died. Being in possession of a large fortune, he had ample leisure to indulge his taste in literary society and the Fine Arts.

In 1795 he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Siddons, and wrote an epilogue for her, which she delivered on her benefit-night. During his father's life he had made many political friends, among whom were Priestly, Gilbert Wakefield, and Horne Tooke; he was present when the last-named individual was committed to the Tower. He considered Tooke the most able man in conversation he had ever met. With Fox and Grattan he was intimate; indeed, his social tastes brought him into friendly intercourse with most of the literary celebrities of his day, and the journal he kept of their sayings and opinions gives us many interesting reminiscences. About the year 1800 he formed the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Holland, and, for many years, was a welcome visitor at Holland House. In 1802 Mr. Rogers again visited Paris, when the galleries of the Louvre were crowded by artists from all parts, to see the spoils of Italy, Flanders, Spain, &c., which had been carried off by the French. Here he began to study the Fine Arts, and form his judgment upon the masterpieces of those different countries; he also wrote his lines called "The Torso." In 1803 he went to Scotland, and became acquainted with Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. On his return to London he took a house in St. James's Place, Westminster, where he resided till his death. This house he enriched with all that was beautiful in art. The drawing-room mantelpiece was by Flaxman; a sideboard and cabinet were carved by Chantrey, then a journeyman; a small cabinet for antiquities was designed by Stothard; and to a most valuable collection of pictures he added a rich selection of Greek vases and rare engravings. Here, surrounded by every refinement, he delighted to gather round him men that were eminent in letters and art. In 1812 "Columbus" was published; in 1814 "Jacqueline," and in 1819 "Human Life." This he considered his best work. In 1822 appeared the first part of "Italy," and for some time afterwards the authorship was not known. In 1828 he published the second part, with his name; but the poem was not as successful as he hoped: so he made a bonfire of the unsold copies, and set himself the task of improving it. In 1830 he published a magnificent edition of "Italy," illustrated with engravings after drawings done for him by Stothard, Turner, and other artists. In 1834 he also published a similarly illustrated edition of his former poems. When Wordsworth died, in 1850, Mr. Rogers was the solitary survivor of that long list of poets, with almost all of whom he had lived on terms of intimacy. By Queen Victoria's command, Prince Albert wrote and offered him the Laureatship, which he declined, on account of his advanced age. The Prince had previously offered him an honorary degree at Cambridge, but this also he had refused. He died in St. James's Place, December 18, 1855, and it was only during the last two years of his life that he retired from the society with which, during his long life, he had delighted to mingle. He was

buried in Hornsey churchyard, with his brother and sister. Rogers lives in our memory, not only as a poet, but as the centre of a brilliant social circle, and as an encourager of art and genius. His poetry is exquisitely refined, which he spared no pains to make it. Nothing slovenly or careless proceeded from his pen ; and he never, in a single instance, made an unworthy use of the wonderful gift he possessed.

FROM "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

Twilight's soft dew's steal o'er the village green,
 With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
 Stilled is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,
 When round the ruins of their ancient oak
 The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
 And games and carols closed the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron trills no more
 With treasured tales and legendary lore.
 All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows
 To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
 All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !
 What secret charms this silent spot endear !
 Mark yon old mansion frowning thro' the trees,
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
 That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
 The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;
 When all things pleased, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
 See, thro' the fractured pediment revealed,
 Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,
 The martin's old, hereditary nest.
 Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest !
 As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !
 Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall !
 That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
 The chair of justice held the grave debate.
 Now stained with dew's, with cobwebs darkly hung,
 Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;
 When round yon ample board, in due degree,
 We sweetened every meal with social glee.
 The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest ;
 And all was sunshine in each little breast.

'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound,
And turned the blindfold here round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring,
And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chained each wandering ear,
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,
Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood :
Oft, fancy led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scaled the lonely tower,
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities ! whose guardian eye
Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high,
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wildered sight ;
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.
The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart ;
The clock still points its morals to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near ;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time ?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought ;
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust ;
Those once-loved forms, still breathing thro' their dust,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the Past !

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove !
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest ;
Welcomed the wild bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring ;
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silvered by the touch of Time ;
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
Through sister elms that waved their summer shade ;

Or strewed with crumbs yon root-enwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat !

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green.
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and lo they live !
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below
To sooth and sweeten all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm ;
Thee would the Muse invoke !—to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals !
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

* * * * *

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies,
Tho' far below the forkèd lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With MEMORY'S aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends to hear their cherub-voices call
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

* * * * *

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind.
Danger and death a dread delight inspire ;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
When, richly bronzed by many a summer-sun,
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile,
And ask the shattered hero, whence his smile ?
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich—go,
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imaged on the wave !
 A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
 Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail !
 That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.
 Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
 The battle's havoc and the tempest's rage ;
 Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
 Gild the calm close of Valour's various day.

* * * * *

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
 Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,
 Than when the shades of time serenely fall
 On every broken arch and ivied wall ;
 The tender images we love to trace
 Steal from each year a melancholy grace !
 And as the sparks of social love expand,
 As the heart opens in a foreign land ;
 And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
 The stranger greets each native of his isle :
 So scenes of life, when present and confest,
 Stamp but their bolder features on the breast ;
 Yet not an image, when remotely viewed,
 However trivial, and however rude,
 But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
 With every claim of close affinity !

* * * * *

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;
 To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
 And heaven and nature opened to their view.
 Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
 A smiling circle emulous to please ;
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
 And bless the scene they loved in life so well.

Oh thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share,
 From reason's dawn, each pleasure and each care ;
 With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know
 The humble walks of happiness below ;
 If thy blest nature now unites above
 An angel's pity with a brother's love,

Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned ;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God exprest ;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemished youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth !

THE SAILOR.

The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets blueely fade ;
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah ! now each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view ;
Its colours mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy main :
This the last wish that would with life depart,
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave.
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he sees the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole ;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain-forest waving wide,
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'erarch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail !
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend !
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale !
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself ! she waves her hand !
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furled ;
Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

TO

Go—you may call it madness, folly ;
You shall not chase my gloom away.
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To MODENA, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
BOLOGNA'S bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a Palace near the Regio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the ORSINI.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,

Will long detain thee ; thro' their arched walks
 Lum at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
 Of knights and dames, such as in old romance
 And lovers, such as in heroic song ;
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
 That in the spring time, as alone they sate,
 Venturing together on a tale of love,
 Read only part that day.—A summer sun
 Sets ere one half is seen ; but, ere thou go,
 Enter the house—pr'y-see, forget it not—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
 The very last of that illustrious race,
 Done by ZAMPIERI—but by whom I care not.
 He who observes it, ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half open, and her finger up,
 As though she said "Beware !" Her vest of gold
 Broider'd with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
 An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
 An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by ANTHONY of Trent
 With Scripture stories from the life of Christ ;
 A chest that came from VENICE, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
 That by the way—it may be true or false :
 But don't forget the picture ; and thou wilt not,
 When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child ; from infancy
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
 Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
 That precious gift, what else remained to him ?
 The young GINEVRA was his all in life ;
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight ;

And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, FRANCESCO DORIA,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to FRANCESCO.

Great was the joy ; but in the bridal feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
“ ’Tis but to make a trial of our love ! ”

And fill’d his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
’Twas but that instant she had left FRANCESCO,
Langhing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.

But now, alas, she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not ! Weary of his life
FRANCESCO flew to VENICE, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
ORSINI lived ; and long was to be seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless ; then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and ’twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as GINEVRA,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? ”
’Twas done as soon as said : but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother’s legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
“ GINEVRA.”—There then had she found a grave !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
It is - that she had she concealed herself,
Happily with her the happiest of the happy,
While a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Flashed her down for ever!



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Born 1770. Died 1850.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was the son of a solicitor, and was born at Cockermouth, April 7, 1770. He received his early education at Hawkshead Grammar School, where he began to write verses, and became a tolerable Latin scholar. His father died in 1783, and his uncles, who were appointed guardians, sent him in 1787 to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1791. On leaving the University he travelled abroad, and was in France at the time when the King was dethroned. At this period he was a strong Republican, and had at one time nearly determined to throw himself into the arms of the revolutionary party and become a naturalized Frenchman. Happily for himself, circumstances compelled his return to England just before the execution of the monarch; but for a long time afterwards his mind was in an unsettled state. The death of a friend in 1795 having put him in possession of 900*l.*, he gave up the idea of taking orders, and determined to devote himself to literature and poetry. In the autumn of that year Wordsworth and his sister took a place called Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne, Somerset, where Coleridge, who was then residing in Bristol, paid them a visit; and here Wordsworth wrote his "Salisbury Plain," and began his tragedy of "The Borderers." When Coleridge removed to Nether-Stowey in 1797, the Wordsworths went to Alfoxden, three miles off; and the intimacy between the two poets led to the publication, in 1798, of a small volume entitled "Lyrical Ballads," in which appeared "The Ancient Mariner" and twenty-two pieces by Wordsworth. In 1799 they travelled together through Germany; and on their return Wordsworth, disgusted with the inhabitants of the retired part of Somersetshire he had selected as a home, and perhaps anxious to return to the picturesque scenes of his youth, removed to Grassmere, where he resided till 1808, when he retired to Allan Bank, and finally to Rydal Mount, where he spent the closing years of his life. In 1802 he married a lady named Hutchinson, whom he had known from her childhood; and in the following year, accompanied by his wife and sister, he went to Scotland, and made the

acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. In 1807 he published two volumes of poems, and in 1809 brought out his prose essay on "The Convention of Cintra." In 1810 he assisted the Rev. J. Wilkinson with a volume called "Select Views in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire;" and about this time he commenced his criticisms on poetry in general, and the poets of the eighteenth century in particular. Holding the views he did, that poetry should be true to nature, and represent as nearly as possible *real* and not exaggerated feelings, he purposely selected simple subjects, and treated them with a simplicity which drew down the ridicule of his opponents, and began a controversy which lasted for many years. The income he derived from his writings was very small, and it was therefore a great assistance when, through the influence of Lord Lonsdale, he was in 1813 appointed distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, which brought him in 500*l.* a year. "The Excursion" was published in 1814, and, in spite of the criticism of Jeffrey that it was worth nothing, it made its way into public favour, and has ever since held its place. In 1815 "The White Doe of Rylstone" appeared; and in 1819 "The Waggoner," dedicated to Charles Lamb, and "Peter Bell," to Southey, were published. In 1822 "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent," containing poems and sonnets, was produced, and in 1835 he published "Yarrow Revisited," which was dedicated to Rogers. In 1839 the University of Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L. In 1842 he resigned the office he held as distributor of stamps in favour of one of his sons. A pension of 300*l.* a year was bestowed on him, and on the death of his friend Southey, which happened in 1843, he was appointed Poet Laureat. He died at Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850, and was buried in the churchyard at Grassmere.

Wordsworth was a man whose whole life was devoted to his art: his poetry was written amidst mountain scenery, and in quiet country retreats: he had few cares to trouble him, his tastes were simple, and he was able to indulge them. He was essentially a poet of Nature, and his works are a great acquisition to the literature of his country.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore ;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose ;
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief ;
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong.
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every breast keep holiday ;—
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me ; let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd boy !

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee.
 My heart is at your festival,
 Thy head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss I feel,—I feel it all.
 Oh, evil day ! if I were sullen
 While the earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May morning ;
 And the children are pulling,
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy :
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows ;
He sees it in his joy :
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended :
At length the man perceives to die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.
Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment of his dream of human life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral !
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife :
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind ;
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find ;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

 O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benedictions : not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blessed ;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Black misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized ;
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised !

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us ; cherish ; and have power to make
Our noisy fears seem moments in the being
Of the Eternal silence : truths that wake

To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds ! sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
 We will grieve not ; rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy
 Which, having been, must ever be,
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And ah, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Think not of any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight,
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channel fret
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they :
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live ;
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears ;
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the spring of Dove ;
 A maid, whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye !
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown ; and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be :
 But she is in her grave, and, oh !
 The difference to me !

TO EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea ;
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth His eternal motion make—
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
 Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear'st untouch'd by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefor less divine ;
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

THE SONNET.

Scorn not the Sonnet. Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours. With this key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
 Camöens soothed with it an exile's grief ;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow ; a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faëry-land
 To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

THE POET.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
 Which only poets know."—'Twas rightly said.
 Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
 Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?
 When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,
 How oft the malice of one luckless word
 Pursues the enthusiast to the social board,
 Haunts him belated on the silent plains!
 Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear
 At last of hindrance and obscurity,
 Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn;
 Bright, speckless as a softly-moulded tear
 The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
 Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, 1803.

Earth has not anything to show more fair!
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty!
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky—
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE III.

Ward of the Law! dread Shadow of a King!
 Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;
 Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,
 Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,

Save haply for some feeble glimmering
 Of Faith and Hope ; if thou, by Nature's doom,
 Gentle hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
 Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,
 When thankfulness were best ? Fresh-flowing tears,
 Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,
 Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
 Which justly it can claim. The nation hears
 In this deep knell—silent for threescore years—
 An unexampled voice of awful memory !

THE FORCE OF PRAYER;

OR, THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A TRADITION.

"~~What~~ *What* is good for a bootless bere ?"
 With these dark words begins my tale ;
 And their meaning is, "Whence can comfort spring,
 When prayer is of no avail ?"

"~~What~~ *What* is good for a bootless bere ?"
 The falconer to the lady said ;
 And she made answer, "Endless sorrow !"
 For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,
 And from the look of the falconer's eye,
 And from the love which was in her soul
 For her youthful Romilly.—

Young Romilly through Barden Woods
 Is ranging high and low,
 And holds a greyhound in a leash,
 To let slip upon buck or doe.

And the pair have reach'd that fearful chasm,
 How tempting to bestride !
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in
 With rocks on either side.

This striding place is call'd "the Strid,"
A name which it took of yore :
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across "the Strid"?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep ;
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And check'd him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force ;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long unspeaking sorrow :
Wharf shall be, to pitying hearts,
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death ;
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding day
Which was to be to-morrow :
Her hope was a farther-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave,
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave !

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory."

The stately priory was rear'd,
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins join'd a mournful voice,
Nor fail'd at evensong.

And the lady pray'd in heaviness
That look'd not for relief ;
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh ! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Art thou a statesman, in the van
Of public business train'd and bred ?—
First learn to love one living man !
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou ?—Draw not nigh ;
Go, carry to some other place
The hardness of thy coward eye,
The falsehood of thy sallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer,
A rosy man, right plump to see ?
Approach ; yet, doctor, not too near ;
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Art thou a man of gallant pride,
A soldier, and no man of chaff ?
Welcome !—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou ? One all eyes.
Philosopher ! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave ?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual force
 O turn aside, and take I pray.—
 That he below may rest in peace—
 That absent thing, thy soul away.

A moralist perchance appears :
 Led Heaven knows how, to this poor sod :
 And he has neither eyes nor ears :
 Himself his world, and his own God ;

One to whose smooth-rabbid soul can cling
 Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small ;
 A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
 An intellectual all in all :

Shut close the door, press down the latch ;
 Sleep in thy intellectual crust :
 Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
 Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he with modest looks,
 And clad in homely russet brown ?
 He murmurs near the running brooks
 A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew
 Or fountain in a noonday grove ;
 And you must love him, ere to you
 He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
 Of hill and valley, he has view'd ;
 And impulses of deeper birth
 Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
 Some random truths he can impart—
 The harvest of a quiet eye
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,
 Hath been an idler in the land ;
 Contented if he might enjoy
 The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength ;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave ;
Here stretch thy body at full length,
Or build thy house upon this grave.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair :
Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ? ”
“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering look'd at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”
She answer'd, “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid ;
Your limbs they are alive :
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green : they may be seen"
—The little maid replied,—
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door ;
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain :
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And all the summer dry
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in Heaven ?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master ! we are seven."

" But they are dead ; those two are dead ;
Their spirits are in Heaven."
'Twas throwing words away : for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, " Nay, we are seven."



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Born 1771. Died 1832.

WALTER SCOTT, a younger son of a Writer to the Signet, was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. Before he was two years of age he was struck with a malady which made him a delicate child for many years, and caused a lameness in one of his limbs for life. At five he was trusted to the care of his grandfather, living at Sandy Knowe, near Smailholm, Roxburghshire. There he imbibed that taste for Border legends and stories of chivalry which afterwards was the delight of the readers of his works. In 1779 he entered the High School of Edinburgh, and in 1783 the University. In neither was he distinguished ; but before he was sixteen years of age he had read through an enormous quantity of works of fiction, and historical or antiquarian writers, whereby he stored his mind with a mass of information of the greatest value to his subsequent literary career. Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" was his delight, as also Evans' Collection, wherein he found Mickle's Ballad, "Cumnor Hall," which so deeply impressed him, that it led many years afterwards to the production of his novel, "Kenilworth."

In 1786 he was apprenticed to his father, and in 1792 was called to the bar. He made various appearances in the Court of Justiciary, and during the short period he attempted to follow the law as a profession he was noted for that diligence which characterised him in all his undertakings.

Having begun to study the German language, and his attention being directed to the works of Bürger, he commenced his literary career by making translations of "Leonora" and the "Wild Huntsman." In 1797 he married Miss Charlotte Carpenter, a lady of considerable beauty, possessed of a small fortune. In 1799 he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and in 1806 one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session. Happily married, in the possession of a small but certain income, with light official duties to perform, which left

his ample leisure for other pursuits, Scott devoted himself from that period to a literary life. In 1802 appeared his "*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*," and in 1804 the romance of "*Sir Trestrem*." These works won for Scott a high reputation, especially as one skilled in legendary lore. They prepared the way for the composition which established his fame as an original poet. In 1805 he published the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," a poem which glorifies the family of the *old Buccleuch* and the clan of Scott. It was received with enthusiastic admiration. In 1806 it was followed by "*Marmion*;" in 1809 by the "*Lady of the Lake*;" in 1811 by "*Don Roderick*;" in 1813 by "*Kirkcaldy*;" and in 1814 by the "*Lord of the Isles*." By that date Lord Byron's superior powers as a poet had begun to be appreciated, and Scott prudently retired from a field in which he no longer ranged without a rival.

Abandoning poetry, and undertaking the production of prose fictions, he commenced writing that long series of novels, the "*Waverley Novels*," whereby his name was immortalized. In poetry he was eclipsed: as a writer of prose fiction he remains without his peer. For a number of years Scott's novels appeared anonymously. There were learned disputations as to their author, but public opinion in the main decided, or suspected, that they were written by Scott. For fifteen years he preserved his secret. In 1814 "*Waverley*" appeared. Within four years it was followed by "*Guy Mannering*," "*The Antiquary*," "*Old Mortality*," "*Rob Roy*," and "*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*." From 1814 to 1826, during the publication of these novels, Scott was at the summit of his fame and worldly success. When George IV. was received in Edinburgh Scott was one of the chief personages in the festivities. In 1820 he was created a Baronet. Meanwhile he had purchased his estate, and built his house at Abbotsford. The commercial crisis in 1826 precipitated his ruin. For many years he had been a partner with his publishers, and involved in the affairs of Constable and Co. and Ballantyne and Co. Scott's liabilities amounted to 147,000*l.* This frightful catastrophe drew forth the true greatness of Scott's nature. He boldly faced his difficulties; surrendered everything he possessed, and determined by his own exertions to pay his creditors. "Gentlemen," he said to them, "Time and I against any two. Let me take this good ally into my company, and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing." By the publication of "*Woodstock*," which he wrote in three months, his creditors cleared 8,000*l.* From 1826 to 1832 Scott continued to labour like a galley-slave to overcome his difficulties. He not only wrote his novels, but other works, such as his "*Life of Dryden*," his "*Life of Swift*," and his "*Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*," and his "*Tales of a Grandfather*." The busy brain, and the big, manly form, however, were overtasked in the desperate effort to conquer his fate. In 1831 he had a paralytic stroke, and was compelled to seek restoration of health in rest and change. In 1832 he went to Italy, and visited Rome, but, finding that he grew worse, hurriedly returned to Scotland, that he might

die at home at last. He reached Abbotsford, and saw once more his loved mountains, and heard the rolling of the waters of the Tweed. After fourteen days of prostration and insensibility, Sir Walter Scott expired, without any revived consciousness, September 21, 1832. His remains were interred in the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey.

FROM "MARMION."

THE BATTLE.

Next morn Lord Marmion climb'd the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
 Encamped on Flodden edge :
The white pavilions made a show
Like remnants of the winter snow
 Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion looked :—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
 Amid the shifting lines :
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the edge of spears,
 The eastern sunbeam shines.
The skilful Marmion well could know
They watched the motions of some foe
Who traversed on the plain below.

Ev'n so it was : from Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel Bridge.

* * * * *

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
"Hark ! hark ! my lord, an English drum !
And see ascending squadrons come
 Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon : hap what may,
My basnet to a prentice cap
 Lord Surrey's on the Till !
With all their banners bravely spread
And all their armour flashing high,

· Y Y

Saint George in the water from the dead
To see fair England's standards fly."

With kindling brow Lord Marston said,
"This instant be our band arrayed ;
The river must be quickly cross'd,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host :
If fight King James—as well I trust
That fight he will, and fight he must—
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

* * * * *

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view.
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day :—
But see ! look up ! on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And, sudden as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout nor minstrel tone
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air.

* * * * *

No longer Blount the view could bear :
 " By heaven, and all its saints ! I swear
 I will not see yon pennon lost !
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
 May count your beads and patter prayer ;
 I gallop to the battle's host."

The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large—
 The rescued banner rose :
 But darkly closed the war around,
 Like pine-tree rooted from the ground
 It sunk among the foes.

Then, fast as shaft can fly,
 Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by.
 With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
 And in their arms, a hapless load,
 A wounded knight they bore :
 His hand still strained the broken brand ;
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said, " By Saint George, he's gone !
 That spear-wound has our master sped ;
 And see the deep cut on his head !

Good-night to Marmion."
 When doff'd his casque, he felt free air
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare.
 " Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?
 Cry ' Marmion to the rescue.'—Vain !
 Last of my race, on battle plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again !
 Yet my last thought is England's ! Fly !
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring,
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost.

Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die!”

They parted; and alone he lay:—
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured: “Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst?”

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron’s casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel’s side,
But in abhorrence backward drew:
For, oozing from the mountain’s side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn? behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water clear as diamond-spark
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
“Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Gray,
Who built this cross and well.”

She fill’d the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion’s head,
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave,
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"

Then, as remembrance rose,
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes,
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive, and listen, gentle Clare."

"Alas!" she said, "the while;
Oh, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She—died at Holy Isle."

Lord Marmion started from the ground
As light as if he felt no wound;
Tho' in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side:
"Then it was truth," he said; "I knew
That the dark presage must be true.

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be! This giddy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."—
Then fainting down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to staunch, the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that close and near
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the
dying!"
So the notes rung;—

"Arouse thee, Fife! with cruel hand
 Shake up the young men's band.
 O look thy well upon the sign
 Of the Westons' & goodly line;
 O look on them and their kin—
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a man's parting scene,
 For never again like this
 The war will for a space be seen
 Now truly thundering round the gate,
 And "Stanley!" was the cry:—
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fixed his gazing eye:
 With dying hand above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory:—
 Charge, Chester, charge! On Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

FROM THE "LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL"

The way was long, the wind was cold,
 The minstrel was infirm and old;
 His withered cheek and tresses gray
 Seemed to have known a better day;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy:
 The last of all the bards was he
 Who sung of Border chivalry;
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
 His tuneful brethren all were dead,
 And he, neglected and oppress'd,
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
 He carolled light as lark at morn;
 No longer courted and caress'd,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He poured, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay:
 Old times were changed, old manners gone;
 A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;

The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a King had loved to hear.

SCOTLAND.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek ;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white,
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower,

When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory,
When silver edges the imagery
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die,
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair !

LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west :
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none :
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none :
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
“ O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ”

“ I long wooed your daughter ; my suit you denied—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
'That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up :
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar :
“ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch of her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST ?

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden’s breast,
Parted for ever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

There through the summer day
Cool streams are laving ;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;

There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He the deceiver,
 Who could win the maiden's breast,
 Ruin and leave her ?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.

Her wings shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted ;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap
 Ere life be parted.
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it
 Never, O never !



JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Born 1771. Died 1854.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was the son of a Moravian minister, and was born November 4, 1771, at Irvine, in Ayrshire. His early years were spent among people remarkable for their religious zeal, and the impressions of childhood stamped themselves upon his poetry. His father and mother were ordered out as missionaries to the West Indies when their son was twelve years old ; and as they died there, he began the world a poor orphan. He was intended for the ministry, and was sent to the Moravian settlement at Fulneck, near Leeds, where he resided from 1778 to 1787 ; but his taste for poetry interfered greatly with his progress in study. On leaving Fulneck, his friends placed him in a retail shop at Mirfield, near Wakefield ; but he was miserable, and after eighteen months' trial ran away, with only five shillings in his pocket. His ambition was to go to London, but, destitute of means, he took another situation, at Wath, near Rotherham. Here he remained a year

as assistant in a general shop, but it is feared paid little attention to business, as he continued to write poetry and compose music. In 1790 he sent a small volume of poems to a London publisher, and followed it himself. The manuscript was declined, but he obtained the situation of shopman. His life in London was retired and lonely; he entered into none of the amusements generally so attractive to the young, but devoted himself entirely to writing. His first attempt was a prose tale which appeared in *The Bee*: it was entitled "The Chimera." He also wrote a novel, which was declined by the publisher. His mortification was so great that he left the metropolis, and after a short return to the shop at Wath entered the service of Mr. Joseph Gales, of Sheffield, in 1792. Here he employed himself in writing political articles for the *Sheffield Register*. In July, 1794, he started a new weekly paper, called the *Sheffield Iris*, which he continued to edit till September 1825. In 1795 Montgomery was tried and convicted at Doncaster for having published a libel regarding the war then going on between England and France, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 20*l*. His offence consisted in printing off a few quires of a miserable doggrel called the "Fall of the Bastille" for an entire stranger. The following year, having given in his paper the particulars of a riot at Sheffield, where two men were shot by the soldiers, he was again tried for sedition, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 30*l*. During his confinement, which was in York Castle, he wrote a volume of poems called "Prison Amusements," which he published in 1797. On his release, Montgomery returned to Sheffield, and during the remainder of a long life devoted himself to the cultivation of poetic literature, while his consistent piety and kindly nature won for him the esteem and respect of his fellow-townsmen. In 1806 he published "The Wanderer in Switzerland." In 1809 appeared "The West Indies," a poem containing passages of exquisite beauty. In 1810 he wrote "Greenland," descriptive of the missionary labours of the Moravians. In 1812 he published "The World before the Flood." In 1827 were published "The Pelican Island, and other Poems." In addition to these, Montgomery published "Songs of Zion" in 1822, "Prose by a Poet" in 1824, "A Poet's Portfolio" in 1835, and in 1853 "Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion." In 1836 his collected works appeared in three volumes; another edition in four volumes followed in 1849, and a third in one volume in 1851. In 1845 a pension of 150*l*. per annum was given him by the Queen, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, and on April 30, 1854, he closed a long and useful life at the Mount, Sheffield. The inhabitants gave him a public funeral, and he was buried in the Cemetery, in a spot near the west end of the church, one of his own beautiful hymns being sung over the grave.

FROM "THE WEST INDIES."

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land ;
The floods o'er balanc'd :—where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulf of night,
There seem'd one waste of waters :—long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main ;
When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought—
Light, order, beauty ! While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored ;
Where'er sublime inauguration trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God :

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
O'er the wide ocean, stretching to the sky ;
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind :
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

" Ah ! on this sea of glory might I sail,
Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
That hides those lands beneath Hesperian skies,
Where daylight sojourns till our morrow rise !"

Thoughtful he wandered on the beach alone ;
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
The eye of evening, brightening through the west
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest :
" Whither, O golden Venus ! art thou fled ?
Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed ;
Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn,
Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn ;
Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,
The morn and eve divide the year with thee."

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow
Crested the farthest wave, then sank below :
" Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn."

Now, earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene
The starry firmament alone was seen ;
Through the slow silent hours he watch'd the host
Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
Fled o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
Danc'd on the mountains. "Lights of heaven!" he cried,
"Lead on : I go to win a glorious bride ;
Fearless o'er gulfs unknown I urge my way,
Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey :
Hope swells my sail ; in spirit I behold
That maiden world, twin-sister of the old,
By Nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me."

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore ;
Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
Dawn'd the New World on his enraptured sight :
Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within and light without he found ;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.
So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty opened on his view.
In that proud moment his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope ! rapacious Spain
Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main ;
Her hardy sons, in fields of battle tried,
Where Moor and Christian desperately died,
A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their faith the sword ;
Their steps were graves ; o'er prostrate realms they trod ;
They worshipp'd Mammon while they vow'd to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
 How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell ;
 How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
 The sun's resplendent empire in Peru ;
 How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
 And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
 Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
 His country's ruin by avenging gold.
 That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
 That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
 Thenceforth by righteous Heaven was doom'd to shed
 Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head :
 For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away ;
 His gold and he were every nation's prey.

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found :
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
 No more disturbs their deep repose
 Than summer's evening's latest sigh
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
 And aching heart beneath the soil,
 To slumber in that dreamless bed
 From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
 And cast me helpless on the wild :
 I perish ; O my mother earth,
 Take home thy child !

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
 Shall gently moulder into thee,
 Nor leave one wretched trace behind
 Resembling me.

Hark ! a strange sound affrights mine ear ,
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave ;
—Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
—“ I am THE GRAVE !

“ The grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide :
O listen !—I will speak no more :—
Be silent, Pride !

“ Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest ?

“ Lash'd by furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me !

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell ;
By the dread secrets of my womb ;
By Death and Hell ;

“ I charge thee, LIVE !—repent and pray ;
In dust thine infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy : go thy way,
And sin no more.

“ Art thou a MOURNER ? Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

“ O LIVE !—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a WANDERER? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"LIVE!—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did WOMAN'S charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"LIVE!—'Twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

“—— Whate’er thy lot, whoe’er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

“ A bruised reed He will not break,
Afflictions all His children feel :
He wounds them for His mercy’s sake,
He wounds to heal.

“ Humbler’ beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His providence adore :
’Tis done ! Arise ! HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

“ Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time’s dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

“ There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

“ The Soul, of origin divine,
GOD’S glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven’s eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

“ The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE.”

SONNET.

If in the field I meet a smiling flower,
Methinks it whispers, “ God created me,
And I to Him devote my little hour
In lonely sweetness and humility.”
If, where the forest’s darkest shadows lower,
A serpent quick and venomous I see,

It seems to say, "I too extol the power
 Of Him who caused me at His will to be."
 The fountain purling, and the river strong,
 The rocks, the trees, the mountains, raise one song ;
 "Glory to God !" re-echoes in mine ear :
 Faithless were I, in wilful error blind,
 Did I not Him in all His creatures find,
 His voice through heaven, and earth, and ocean hear.

SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

What are these in bright array ?
 This innumerable throng
 Round the altar night and day
 Tuning their triumphant song ?
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with His eternal name'
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead ;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels their fears,
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away all tears.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Born 1772. Died 1834.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, on October 21, 1772. His father was vicar of the parish. Coleridge was the youngest child in a large family; and being left an orphan when nine years of age, a presentation to Christ's Hospital was obtained for him. Charles Lamb was his contemporary at that school. Coleridge early distinguished himself by his classical attainments. Even as a schoolboy he exhibited a taste for metaphysics and for theological controversy, which afterwards displayed itself in his writings and table talk. In 1791 he entered at Jesus College, Cambridge. He contended for the Craven Scholarship with Butler, afterwards head-master of Shrewsbury, and Bishop of Lichfield. The unsettled state of his mind led him to desert the University in his second year of residence. He came to London, and after wandering about the streets in complete poverty, at last enlisted in the 15th Dragoons. From this position he was rescued by his friends, and returned to Cambridge. Eventually he left the University without taking a degree. He proceeded to Bristol, where he formed the acquaintance of Southey, and of another young poet named Lovel. At that period the French Revolution had caused young and ardent minds to run mad with Utopian schemes. Coleridge and Southey resolved to form a republic of pure freedom in America; but this ideal republic evaporated in the more matter-of-fact proceeding of love and marriage. The three friends married three sisters of the name of Fricker.

At Bristol Coleridge had been introduced to Joseph Cottle, the bookseller. Cottle gave him 30*l.* for a volume of his poems, which was published in 1794. After his marriage Coleridge took a cottage at Nether-Stowey, under the Quantock Hills, in Somersetshire, where he became acquainted with Wordsworth, then resident in the same neighbourhood. In 1796 he published another volume of poems, interspersed with pieces by Charles Lamb. Coleridge's principal poetical works were composed at Nether-Stowey; among them the "Ancient Mariner" and the first part of "Christabel." In 1798, by the kindness of Mr. Wedgwood, Coleridge was enabled to visit Germany, and to study under some of the most famous professors. He went through a complete course of German literature.

On his return to England Coleridge went to live at the Cumberland Lakes, where Southey and Wordsworth were already settled. The three friends were called the Lake Poets; and the Lake School of

poetry became an object of attack to Byron, and to numberless critics. Coleridge became a contributor to the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*. In 1808 he delivered his famous Lectures on Poetry before the Royal Institution. In 1810 Coleridge left the Lakes—and also his wife and children, dependent upon the kindness of Southey—and came to London. He settled at the house of Mr. Gillman at Highgate, where he lived the remainder of his life. He had become addicted to opium-eating, and a painful estrangement ensued between himself and his family. Mr. Gillman was a surgeon who undertook the cure of this unfortunate habit. At Highgate Coleridge wrote his “Lay Sermons,” his “Aids to Reflection,” and the “*Biographia Literaria*.” There likewise he studied the German metaphysicians, and became the representative of their thought among us. On the incorporation of the Royal Society of Literature in 1825 Coleridge was elected a Royal Associate, and received as such 100*l.* per annum from the King. At Highgate Coleridge held conversation, which became so famous, that they assumed an important place in the literature of the period. His conversational powers were extraordinary. Coleridge’s “Table Talk” conveys a very poor idea of his learning and volubility. His last appearance in public was at the meeting of the British Association in Cambridge, in 1833. In 1834 he died, and was buried at Highgate.

Despite the unhappiness of his domestic relations and the dreadful habit of opium-eating, which broke up his home, Coleridge was a man of great amiability and singular social affection. As a critic in poetry and art he is justly famous. His Lectures are in their way masterpieces of philosophical criticism. As a poet he is better appreciated now than in his own time. The long-continued outcry against the “Lake School” has died out, and the world has come to understand the value of Wordsworth, and his associate Coleridge. It is to be regretted that Coleridge has left no great work complete. The “Ancient Mariner” is cut short with a disappointing, abrupt conclusion. “Christabel” is unfinished. So it was with his works in general: they exhibit grand outlines, splendid proportions, but incomplete structure.

FROM “THE ANCIENT MARINER.”

Oh, sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole.
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
 That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
 And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge,
And the rain poured down from one black cloud :
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes :
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

" I fear thee, ancient Mariner !"
Be calm, thou wedding-guest !
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,

The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun right up above the mast
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one. “Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

“The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, “The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.”

FROM "CHRISTABEL"

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose ; and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same
As might beseem so bright a dame.

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas ! they had been friends in youth :
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining :
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder :
A dreary sea now flows between :
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

ON REVISITING THE SEA-SHORE

AFTER LONG ABSENCE, UNDER STRONG MEDICAL RECOMMEN-
DATION NOT TO BATHE.

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean !
How gladly greet I thee once more !
Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild physician,
"Those briny waves for thee are death."
But my soul fulfilled her mission,
And lo ! I breathe untroubled breath.

Fashion's pining sons and daughters,
That seek the crowd they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy waters ;
And what cares Nature, if they die ?

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures,
Revisit on thy echoing strand ;

Dreams (the soul herself forsaking),
Fearful raptures, boyish mirth ;
Silent adorations, making,
A blessed shadow of this Earth.

O ye hopes that stir within me,
Health comes with you from above !
God is with me, God is in me !
I cannot die, if Life be Love.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS,

FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF "THE MAN OF ROSS."

Richer than miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than kings or king-polluted lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross ! O traveller, hear !
Departed merit claims a reverent tear.

Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
 With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth.
 He heard the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise,
 He marked the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze,
 Or where the sorrow-shrivelled captive lay,
 Poured the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray.
 Beneath this roof if thy cheered moments pass,
 Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass :
 To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,
 And Virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.
 But if, like me, through life's distressful scene
 Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been ;
 And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
 Thou journeyest onward tempest-tossed in thought ;
 Here cheat thy cares ! in generous visions melt,
 And dream of goodness thou hast never felt !



ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Born 1774. Died 1843.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was the son of a linendraper in Lime Street, Bristol, where he was born on the 12th of August, 1774. Moved about from one indifferent school to another while a little lad, and very badly treated by his masters, he was at length sent to Westminster School, through the kindness of his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, chaplain to the British factory at Lisbon. At Westminster he and some of his companions started a periodical called *The Flagellant*, in which appeared a sarcastic paper written by Southey upon flogging. The article gave such deadly offence to Dr. Vincent, the head-master, much addicted to a copious use of the rod, that Southey was dismissed from Westminster. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, declined to admit him into his College, on account of his dismissal from school.

At length Southey entered at Balliol College. There he adopted the most extreme opinions of the Free-thinkers, both in religion and politics, who borrowed their notions from the French revolutionists. In 1794 Southey left the University, saying, "Two things only have I learned at Oxford, to row and to swim." Previous to this Southey had commenced the composition of poetry, which he produced by thousands of lines, although nothing had as yet been submitted to public criticism.

From Oxford he returned to Bristol, where he and his fellow-townsmen Lovell published a small volume of poems under the title "Bion and Moschus." Southey formed the acquaintance at this period of Coleridge; and they conceived the "Pantisocracy," as narrated in the life of Coleridge. Lovell had already married a Miss Fricker. In November, 1795, upon the same day, Southey and Coleridge married the other two sisters.

Southey delivered lectures in Bristol, and sold to Joseph Cottle for fifty guineas the MS. of his poem, "Joan of Arc." His uncle Hill, being on a visit to England, induced Southey to return with him to Lisbon, where he became acquainted with the language and literature of Spain and Portugal. Having returned to Bristol in 1796, he thence proceeded to London, and entered as a student at Gray's Inn. After a year's trial of legal study he gave it up as useless, and began to turn to literature as a permanent means of support. Another visit to Lisbon enabled him to extend his knowledge of the literature of Southern Europe. In 1801 he was appointed Private Secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, with a salary of 350*l.* per annum. Southey proceeded to Dublin; but on Mr. Corry proposing that he should undertake the education of his son, he threw up the appointment, in offence. About that time he edited his valuable edition of Chatterton's works, to render assistance to Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister. This edition was published by Cottle in 1802, and by Southey's labours Mrs. Newton was benefited to the amount of 300*l.* In 1804 he proceeded to Greta Hall, Keswick, where he settled himself, and lived for the remainder of his life. He had before this abandoned the freethinking and revolutionary ideas of his earlier years. His mind became impelled in an opposite direction. From the date of his settling at Keswick, Southey became a staunch adherent of the Tory party, a thorough Monarchist and uncompromising Churchman. His life for nearly forty years was one unceasing, unvarying round of labour upon literary work. A mere list of the works he produced would fill a long page.

In 1801 he published "Thalaba, the Destroyer;" in 1805, "Madoc," and "The Remains of Henry Kirke White;" 1808, "The Chronicle of the Cid;" 1810, the "Curse of Kehama;" 1813, the "Life of Nelson;" 1819, "History of Brazil;" 1820, "Life of John Wesley;" 1824, "The Book of the Church;" 1825, "Tale of Paraguay." Besides these he wrote the "History of the Peninsula War," "The Doctor," the "Naval History of England," and a multitude of Songs, Ballads, and Odes. In all, above one hundred volumes of various sizes proceeded from his pen, besides a long catalogue of papers on history, biography, poetry, politics, and literature generally, many of which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, wherein he regularly wrote. In 1807 a pension of 160*l.* per annum was conferred upon him. In November, 1813, he was appointed Poet-Laureat, and in 1821 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. In 1835 Sir Robert Peel, on the part of the Government, bestowed upon him a pension of 300*l.* per annum, and offered him

a Baronetcy. That, however, Southey most properly declined, feeling he had not means to support its dignity.

In 1837 his first wife died. In 1839 he married Miss Caroline Bowles, daughter of Captain Bowles of Buckland, near Lymington, a lady whose name is well known in the literary world. The marriage was a disaster for the wife, but a great blessing to Southey. Shortly after it, his overtasked mind began to show symptoms of decay. He lived for four years more, but those years were passed by the wife in tenderly watching the gradual but certain sinking of his mental energies into a complete unconsciousness. His end was second childishness and mere oblivion. Death kindly removed him, March 21, 1843. He was buried in Grassmere churchyard, where the remains of Wordsworth now repose in an adjoining grave.

Southey, the associate of Wordsworth and Coleridge, the contemporary of Byron, Scott, Moore, and Campbell, can hardly take rank as their equal. There is great splendour of imagination displayed in "Thalaba" and "Kehama;" there is evidence in all his important poems of diligent research and great reading; but the mind becomes fatigued, and turns with a feeling of relief to the "Battle of Blenheim," and "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," and to his ballads. As a prose writer Southey is the precise opposite of himself as a poet. Here he is simple, fluent, perspicuous, and engages our attention, and charms us by his effective style. "The Doctor," the "Life of Nelson," and "The Book of the Church," are standard works that deserve their high reputation.

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

"She hath escaped my will," Kehama cried;
 "She hath escaped, . . . but thou art here:
 I have thee still;"

And on Ladurlad, while he spake, severe
 He fix'd his dreadful frown.
 The strong reflection of the pile
 Lit his dark lineaments,
 Lit the protruded brow, the gathered front,
 The steady eye of wrath.

But while the fearful silence yet endured,
 Ladurlad roused himself;
 Ere yet the voice of destiny
 Which trembled on the Rajah's lips was loosed,
 Eager he interposed,
 As if despair had waken'd him to hope:

“ Mercy ! oh mercy ! only in defence . . .
 Only instinctively . . .
 Only to save my child, I smote the Prince.
 King of the world, be merciful !
 Crush me, . . . but torture not ! ”

The Man-Almighty deign'd him no reply :
 Still he stood silent ; in no human mood
 Of mercy, in no hesitating thought
 Of right and justice. At the length he raised
 His brow yet unrelax'd, . . . his lips unclosed,
 And uttered from the heart,
 With the whole feeling of his soul enforced,
 The gathered vengeance came.

“ I charm thy life
 From the weapons of strife,
 From stone and from wood,
 From fire and from flood,
 From the serpent's tooth,
 And the beasts of blood :
 From sickness I charm thee,
 And Time shall not harm thee :
 But Earth, which is mine,
 Its fruits shall deny thee ;
 And Water shall hear me,
 And know thee and fly thee ;
 And the Winds shall not touch thee,
 When they pass by thee ;
 And the Dews shall not wet thee
 When they fall nigh thee :
 And thou shalt seek Death
 To release thee in vain ;
 Thou shalt live in thy pain
 While Kehama shall reign,
 With a fire in thy heart,
 And a fire in thy brain ;
 And Sleep shall obey me,
 And visit thee never,
 And the Curse shall be on thee
 For ever and ever.”

THALABA, THE DESTROYER.

It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven
 That in a lonely tent had cast
 The lot of Thalaba :
 There might his soul develope best
 Its strengthening energies ;
 There might he from the world
 Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,
 Till at the written hour he should be found
 Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled
 In that beloved solitude !
 Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening breeze
 Flow with cool current o'er his cheek ?
 Lo ! underneath the broad-leaved sycamore
 With lids half-closed he lies,
 Dreaming of days to come.
 His dog beside him, in mute blandishment,
 Now licks his listless hand,
 Now lifts an anxious and expectant eye,
 Courting the wonted caress.

* * * *

Domestic peace and comfort are within :
 Under the common shelter, on dry sand,
 The quiet camels ruminate their food ;
 The lengthening cord from Moath falls,
 As patiently the old man
 Entwines the strong palm-fibres ; by the hearth
 The damsel shakes the coffee grains,
 That with warm fragrance fill the tent ;
 And while, with dexterous fingers, Thalaba
 Shapes the green basket, haply at his feet
 Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig,—
 Forgiven plunderer, for Oneiza's sake.

* * * *

'Tis the cool evening hour :
 The tamarind from the dew
 Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.
 Before their tent the mat is spread ;
 The old man's solemn voice
 Intones the holy book.

What if beneath no lamp-illumined dome,
 Its marble walls bedeck'd with flourish'd truth,
 Azure and gold adornment? Sinks the word
 With deeper influence from the Imam's voice,
 Where, on the day of congregation, crowds,
 Perform the duty task?
 Their father is their priest,
 The stars of heaven their point of prayer,
 And the blue firmament
 The glorious temple, where they feel
 The present deity.

* * * *
 Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's brow,
 The dark-eyed damsel sits;

* * * *
 So listen they the reed of Thalaba,
 While his skilled fingers modulate
 The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy tones.

Or if he strung the pearls of poesy,
 Singing with agitated face
 And eloquent arms, and sobs that reach the heart,
 A tale of love and woe;
 Then if the brightening moon, that lit his face,
 In darkness favour'd hers,
 Oh! even with such a look, as fables say,
 The mother ostrich fixes on her egg,
 Till that intense affection
 Kindle its light of life,
 Even in such deep and breathless tenderness
 Oneiza's soul is centred on the youth,
 So motionless, with such an ardent gaze, . . .
 Save when from her full eyes
 She wipes away the swelling tears
 That dim his image there.

She call'd him Brother. Was it sister-love
 For which the silver rings
 Round her smooth ankles and her tawny arms
 Shone daily brighten'd? for a brother's eye
 Were her long fingers tinged,
 As when she trimm'd the lamp,
 And through the veins and delicate skin
 The light shone rosy? that the darken'd lids

Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye ?
 That with such pride she trick'd
 Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day
 Wreathed the red flower-crown round
 Their waves of glossy jet ?—
 How happily the days
 Of Thalaba went by !
 Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled !

* * * * *

And now before their path
 The opening cave dilates ;
 They reach a spacious vault,
 Where the black river-fountains burst their way.
 Now, as a whirlwind's force
 Had center'd on the spring,
 The gushing flood roll'd up ;
 And now the deaden'd roar
 Echoed beneath, collapsing as it sunk
 Within a dark abyss,
 Adown whose fathomless gulphs the eye was lost.

Blue flames that hover'd o'er the springs
 Flung through the cavern their uncertain light ;
 Now waving on the waves they lay,
 And now their fiery curls
 Flow'd in long tresses up,
 And now contracting, glow'd with whiter heat.
 Then up they shot again,
 Darting pale flashes through the tremulous air ;
 The flames, the red and yellow sulphur-smoke,
 And the black darkness of the vault,
 Commingling indivisibly.

"Here," quoth Mohareb, "do the angels dwell,
 The teachers of enchantment." Thalaba
 Then raised his voice, and cried,
 "Haruth and Maruth, hear me ! not with rites
 Accursed, to disturb your penitence,
 And learn forbidden lore,
 Repentant angels, seek I your abode ;
 But sent by Allah and the Prophet here,
 Obediently I come,
 Their chosen servant I ;
 Tell me the Talisman."

"And dost thou think,"
 Mohareb cried, as with a smile of scorn
 He glanced upon his comrade, "dost thou think
 To trick them of their secret? For the dupes
 Of human kind keep this lip-righteousness !
 'Twill serve thee in the mosque
 And in the market-place :
 But spirits view the heart.
 Only by strong and torturing spells enforced
 Those stubborn angels teach the charm
 By which we must descend."

"Descend?" said Thalaba.
 But when the wrinkling smile
 Forsook Mohareb's cheek,
 And darker feelings settled on his brow,
 "Now, by my soul," quoth he, "and I believe,
 Idiot ! that I have led
 Some camel-knee'd prayermonger through the cave.
 What brings thee hither? Thou should'st have a hut
 By some saint's grave beside the public way,
 There to less knowing fools
 Retail thy Koran scraps,
 And in thy turn die civet-like at last
 In the dung perfume of thy scantity. . . .
 Ye whom I seek ! that, led by me,
 Feet uninitiated tread
 Your threshold, this atones !
 Fit sacrifice he falls."
 And forth he flash'd his scymetar
 And raised the murderous blow.

There ceased his power ; his lifted arm,
 Suspended by the spell,
 Hung impotent to strike.
 "Poor hypocrite !" cried he ;
 "And this then is thy faith
 In Allah and the Prophet? They had fail'd
 To save thee, but for Magic's stolen aid ;
 Yea, they had left thee yonder serpent's meal,
 But that, in prudent cowardice,
 The chosen servant of the Lord came in,
 Safe follower of my path."

“ Blasphemer ! dost thou boast of guiding me ? ”
 Quoth Thalaba, with virtuous pride inflamed.

“ Blindly the wicked work
 The righteous will of Heaven !
 Sayest thou that diffident of God
 In magic spells I trust ?
 Liar ! let witness this.”
 And he drew off Abdaldar’s ring,
 And cast it in the gulph.
 A skinny hand came up
 And caught it as it fell,
 And peals of devilish laughter shook the cave.

THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY.

The raven croak’d as she sate at her meal,
 And the old woman knew what he said,
 And she grew pale at the raven’s tale,
 And sicken’d and went to bed.

“ Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with speed,”
 The old woman of Berkeley said :
 “ The monk my son, and my daughter the nun,
 Bid them hasten or I shall be dead.

* * * * *

“ All kind of sin I have rioted in,
 And the judgment now must be ;
 But I secured my children’s souls :
 Oh ! pray, my children, for me.

“ I have ’nointed myself with infants’ fat,
 The fiends have been my slaves,
 From sleeping babes I have suck’d the breath,
 And breaking by charms the sleep of death
 I have call’d the dead from their graves.

“ And the devil will fetch me now in fire,
 My witchcraft to atone ;
 And I who have troubled the dead man’s grave
 Shall never have rest in my own.

" Bless, I entreat, my winding sheet,
My children, I beg of you ;
And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,
And sprinkle my coffin too.

" And let me be chained in my coffin of stone,
And fasten it strong, I implore,
With iron bars ; and with three chains
Chain it to the church floor.

" And bless the chains and sprinkle them,
And let fifty priests stand round,
Who night and day the mass may say
Where I lie on the ground.

" And ever have the church door barr'd
After the even-song ;
And I beseech you, children dear,
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

" And let this be three days and nights
My wretched corpse to save ;
Till the fourth morning keep me safe,
And then I may rest in my grave."

The old woman of Berkeley laid her down,
And her eyes grew deadly dim ;
Short came her breath, and the struggle of death
Did loosen every limb.

They blest the old woman's winding sheet
With rites and prayers due,
With holy water they sprinkled her shroud,
And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in her coffin of stone,
And with iron barr'd it down,
And in the church with three strong chains
They chain'd it to the ground.

* * * * *

And the church bells all, both great and small,
Did toll so loud and long ;
And they have barr'd the church door hard
After the even-song.

And the first night the tapers' light
Burnt steadily and clear ;
But they without a hideous rout
Of angry fiends could hear.

A hideous roar at the church door,
Like a long thunder peal ;
And the priests they pray'd, and the choristers sung,
Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell, the priests pray'd well,
The tapers they burnt bright,
The monk her son, and her daughter the nun,
They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, the fiends they flew
From the voice of the morning away :
Then undisturb'd the choristers sing,
And the fifty priests they pray ;
As they had sung and pray'd all night
They pray'd and sung all day.

The second night the tapers' light
Burnt dismally and blue,
And every one saw his neighbour's face
Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise,
That the stoutest heart might shock ;
And a deafening roaring, like a cataract pouring
Over a mountain rock.

The monk and nun they told their beads
As fast as they could tell ;
And aye as louder grew the noise,
The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the choristers sung
As they trembled more and more,
And the priests as they pray'd to heaven for aid
They smote their breasts full sore.

The cock he crew, the fiends they flew,
From the voice of the morning away :
Then undisturb'd the choristers sing,
And the fifty priests they pray ;
As they had sung and pray'd all night
They pray'd and sung all day.

The third night came, and the tapers' flame
 A frightful stench did make ;
 And they burnt as though they had been dipt
 In the burning brimstone lake :
 And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,
 Grew momentary more and more ;
 And strokes as of a battering ram
 Did shake the strong church door.

The bellmen they for very fear
 Could toll the bell no longer ;
 And still as louder grew the strokes,
 Their fear it grew the stronger.

* * * * *

And the choristers' song, which late was so strong,
 Falter'd with consternation,
 For the church did rock as an earthquake shock
 Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast
 That shall one day wake the dead ;
 The strong church door could bear no more,
 And the bolts and the bars they fled ;

And the tapers' light was extinguish'd quite,
 And the choristers faintly sung,
 And the priests, dismay'd, panted and pray'd,
 And on all saints in heaven for aid
 They call'd with trembling tongue.

And in he came with eyes of flame,
 The devil, to fetch the dead ;
 And all the church with his presence glow'd
 Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,
 And like flax they moulder'd asunder,
 And the coffin lid, which was barr'd so firm,
 He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the old woman of Berkeley rise
 And come with her master away :
 A cold sweat started on that cold corpse
 At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,
 Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear,
 And a groan like that which the old woman gave
 Never did mortal hear.

She followed her master to the church door ;
 There stood a black horse there ;
 His breath was red like furnace smoke,
 His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The devil he flung her on the horse,
 And he lept up before,
 And away like the lightning's speed they went,
 And she was seen no more.

* * * * *

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found :
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about ;

And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out :
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

• "Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out :
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why that I cannot tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Born 1777. Died 1844.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was the youngest son of a retired Glasgow merchant, and was born July 27, 1777. He was educated at the Glasgow University, and during the four years of his residence there distinguished himself by his extraordinary classical attainments, and by his proficiency in Greek and Latin translations, as well as by his compositions in prose and verse. On leaving the University, Campbell went to Edinburgh, and in 1799 brought out his "Pleasures of Hope," which at once placed him in a high position as a poet and introduced him to the society of a brilliant literary circle. The copyright of the poem was sold for 60*l.*; but the publisher honourably determined the author should share with him the success it achieved, and not only allowed him 50*l.* on each new edition, but also permitted him to publish a large quarto by subscription entirely for his own benefit. His means now permitting him to travel, Campbell left Scotland for Germany in June, 1800. War was then raging in Bavaria, and from the walls of Ratisbon he caught a glimpse of the actual horrors of battle. His intended tour through Italy was abandoned, owing to the unsettled state of the Continent, and he retired to Hamburg, and then to Altona, where he passed the winter. At the former place he wrote "Ye Mariners of England," and his "Exiles of Erin" was also composed during this tour. War with Denmark rendering Hamburg and its neighbourhood an unsafe residence, Campbell embarked in a Leith trader with the intention of returning to Scotland; but being chased by a Danish privateer, they put into Yarmouth, from whence he proceeded to London, and was welcomed as a friend by some of the greatest literary celebrities of the day. After remaining some time in London, the news of his father's death compelled Campbell to return to Edinburgh, where he resided about a year, during which period he wrote his "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," and other pieces. In 1803 he returned to the metropolis, and in the autumn of that year married his cousin, Miss Sinclair, and settled down at Sydenham, where

he resided for seventeen years. His means of supporting the expenses of a family being almost entirely dependent upon his literary efforts, he set to work in real earnest, and soon after his arrival at Sydenham published a work in three volumes, entitled "Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens." He also occupied himself with compiling for booksellers, and writing articles for the daily papers. In 1805, through the exertions of the Fox ministry, he obtained a pension of 200*l.* per annum, which he enjoyed until his death. In 1809 he published another volume of poems, which contained "Gertrude of Wyoming," a composition which the author always preferred to the "Pleasures of Hope." The ballad of "O'Connor's Child" was added in a later edition. His little house at Sydenham was constantly enlivened by the society of Crabbe, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Thomas Moore, and other men well known in letters. In 1820 Campbell edited the *New Monthly Magazine*, and some of his most pleasing poems appeared in that periodical; he continued to conduct it until the death of his wife in 1828, and the insanity of one son, and the death of the other, made him relinquish the task. Mr. Campbell, in connexion with Lord Brougham, was actively engaged in originating the London University. In November, 1826, the University of Glasgow elected him as Lord Rector, amidst the greatest enthusiasm of those who remembered his early triumphs, and who had followed him in his brilliant career.

After the death of his wife, he removed first to Middle Scotland Yard, and afterwards to chambers at 61, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he lived in great retirement, saddened by the fearful bereavements which had desolated his home, but nevertheless active in charity, and always ready to lend a helping hand to those who needed it. Foreign travel had always been one of Campbell's greatest pleasures, and his frequent visits to the Continent, at a time when war was raging and politics ran high, contributed largely to the spirit of freedom which breathes through many of his poems. In 1832 he visited Algiers, and on his way thither the Poles gave him a dinner in Paris, Prince Czartoryski taking the chair. This expedition furnished him with materials for a work he afterwards published under the title of "Letters from the South." He founded a society called the "Literary Association of the Friends of Poland," and had rooms at the office in Duke Street, St. James's, where a tablet in the wall may still be seen, inscribing his connexion with the Association. In 1837 he published an edition of his poems, which was beautifully illustrated by Timms. Our present Queen soon after her coronation presented Campbell with her portrait, and honoured him by accepting a copy of his works. In 1842 appeared his "Pilgrim of Glencoe," dedicated to Dr. William Beattie. The "Life of Petrarch" followed, and a year before his death he edited the "Life of Frederick the Great."

His health had been on the decline for some considerable period, though he conscientiously endeavoured to fulfil the task he had imposed

upon himself of educating his niece, Miss Mary Campbell, who had been residing with him for some time. In 1843 he retired to Boulogne, hoping to derive benefit from change of air and scene; but in spite of an occasional rally, he gradually grew weaker, until, on June 15, 1844, he gently expired, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Campbell was buried with every mark of public respect, in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, on July 3, 1844, and an interesting incident is told of his interment. A deputation from the Polish Association attended the ceremony, and when the officiating priest pronounced the words "dust to dust" Colonel Szyrma took a handful of dust brought from the tomb of the patriot Kosciuski, and scattered it upon the coffin: a simple and affecting tribute to the memory of one who had in life been so warm a friend to, and sympathiser with, their cause.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
O'er the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back :
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;
 Then ceased ;—and all is wail
 As they strike the shatter'd sail,
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave :
 " Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
 And we conquer but to save ;
 So peace instead of death let us bring ;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose ;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As Death withdrew his shades from the day,
 While the sun look'd smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By the wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died
 With the gallant good Riou ;

Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND !

Ye mariners of England !
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave :
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly :

But Linden saw another sight
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade.
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
 Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stain'd snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave !
Who rush to glory or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet ;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot, that guarded the slain,
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart,
"Stay, stay with us ! rest !—thou art weary and worn."
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE CRICKETER.

To live a life free from gout, pain, or phthisic,
Athletic employment is found the best physic ;
The nerves are by exercise hardened and strengthened,
And vigour attends it, by which life is lengthened.
Derry down, &c.

What conduces to health deserves recommendation ;
'Twill entail a strong race on the next generation :
And of all the field-games ever practised or known
That cricket stands foremost each Briton must own.
Derry down, &c.

Let dull pensive souls boast the pleasure of angling,
And o'er ponds and brooks be eternally dangling :
Such drowsy worm-killers are fraught with delight,
If but once in a week they obtain a fair bite.
Derry down, &c.

The cricketer, noble in mind as in merit,
A taste for oppression can never inherit ;
A stranger to swindling, he never would wish
To seduce by false baits and betray a poor fish.
Derry down, &c.

No stings of remorse hurt the cricketer's mind,
To innocent animals never unkind ;
The guiltless his doctrine is ever to spare,
Averse to the hunting or killing the hare.
Derry down, &c.

To every great duke, and to each noble lord,
Let each fill his glass with most hearty accord ;
And to all brother knights, whether absent or present,
Drink health and success, from the peer to the peasant.
Derry down, &c.



THOMAS MOORE.

Born 1779. Died 1852.

THOMAS MOORE was the son of humble though respectable parents, and was born May 28, 1779, in Aungier Street, Dublin, where his father kept a grocery and spirit store. In 1795 he entered the University, and though from being born a Roman Catholic he was ineligible for the honours to which he aspired, he pursued his studies with a fair amount of credit and success, and took his degree of B.A. in 1799. He had displayed his talent for poetry at an early age, and at fourteen two of his poems were published in the "Anthologia Hibernica." On leaving the University he proceeded to London, and having adopted the law as his profession, was entered at the Middle Temple; but his poetical tastes were stronger than his legal proclivities, and before he was twenty he published the "Odes of Anacreon," which he had commenced at Dublin. His pleasing manners and conversational powers made him an agreeable addition to fashionable coteries, and through the introduction of Lord Moira he was a frequent guest at Carlton House. In 1802 he published "The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little," which were much censured on account of their immorality, but had a large sale, owing to the poetical ability they displayed. Lord Moira procured him an appointment in Bermuda, and he arrived there in January, 1804; but finding the duties of his office distasteful, he threw up the situation, leaving a deputy in charge, and after a short tour in America returned to England and settled down to literary work.

In 1806 a severe criticism in the *Edinburgh Review* on a volume of his "Odes and Epistles" so roused his anger, that he challenged Jeffrey, and they met at Chalk Farm. The duel, however, was prevented by the police, and the combatants subsequently became friends. In 1811 Moore married a Miss Dyke, and though his life was passed in a round of social excitement, his affection for her continued unchanged until death divided them. It was a touching trait in Moore's character that, in the midst of so much that was worldly and artificial, he preserved in all their freshness his home affections. As a son he was tender and devoted, and as soon as his income permitted, he settled on his parents a sum of 100*l.* a year, which he continued as long as they lived.

Soon after his marriage Moore agreed with Power to write his Irish Melodies, for which he was to receive 500*l.* a year for seven years. He also entered into an engagement with Longmans for "Lalla Rookh" for 3,000*l.*: this latter poem was published in 1817. The "Melodies" were not completed until 1834. In 1818, just after the poet had settled

down at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, pecuniary difficulties overtook him, owing to the embezzlements of the deputy he had left in Bermuda, who had absconded, leaving Moore responsible for 6,000*l*. Pending the settlement of the claim Moore travelled on the Continent with the present Earl Russell, and after leaving him at Milan, went on to Fusina to see Lord Byron. In 1822 he returned to England, and the Bermuda business being arranged, he again occupied Sloperton. During the time of his residence abroad he was engaged on the "Life of Sheridan," the "Loves of the Angels," and "The Epicurean." The destruction of the Autobiography which Lord Byron had entrusted to him for publication after his death caused a considerable stir. These memoirs Moore, being hard pressed for money, had sold to Mr. Murray for 2,100*l*., and the manuscript was assigned to that gentleman in 1824. In the April of that year Lord Byron died, and his relatives, anxious to avoid the publication of private details, entreated Mr. Moore to destroy it, which he consented to do, actuated no doubt by a delicate feeling of honour; and after an unpleasant correspondence, repaid Mr. Murray the 2,100*l*. he had advanced, by borrowing that amount from Messrs. Longmans. The public considered itself defrauded, and though Moore subsequently edited a "Life of Lord Byron," he has always been condemned for what was considered a breach of trust. In 1831 he wrote the "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," and "The History of Ireland" followed in the volumes of *Lardner's Cyclopædia*.

In 1835 Lord Melbourne settled upon him a pension of 300*l*. a year, which enabled him to lay aside his pen. In 1841 he began an edition of his poetical works which included the scattered pieces he had contributed during many years to various periodicals, and they were published in ten monthly volumes. The latter years of Moore's life were embittered by domestic bereavements. He died at Sloperton Cottage, on February 26, 1852, and was buried in the churchyard of Bromham, by the side of two of his children. As a poet, Moore was perhaps better known by his "Melodies" than by any other of his varied productions, though his "Lalla Rookh" contains many passages of exquisite beauty. As a man, he was beloved for kindness of heart and strength of domestic affection, and admired for his social accomplishments and unaffected manners.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

A BALLAD.

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true,
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddie I soon shall hear ;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree
When the footstep of Death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds :
His path was rugged and sore ;
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew.

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh ! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear ?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd :
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light !"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore.
Far he follow'd the meteor spark ;
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, in the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-light lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers ;
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs !
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd ; His people are free.
Sing ; for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave.
How vain was their boasting !—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd ; His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord !
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?

For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd; His people are free.

LETTER

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH—E OF W—S TO THE LADY
 B—RB—A A— SHL—Y.

My dear lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
 When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have made :
 Since the time of the Horse-consuls (now long out of date)
 No nags ever made such a stir in the State !

Lord Eld—n first heard (and as instantly pray'd he
 To God and the King) that a Popish young lady
 (For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand a year,
 It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear,)
 Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
 Two priest-ridden Ponies just landed from Rome,
 And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
 That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks.

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies ;
 For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
 On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
 As in no case whate'er to advise him *too right* :
 " Pretty doings are here, sir," he angrily cries,
 While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise ;
 " 'Tis a scheme of the Romanists—so help me God !—
 To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod
 (Excuse, sir, my tears ; they're from loyalty's source).
 Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,
 But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies* still worse ! "

Quick a Council is call'd—the whole Cabinet sits :
 The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
 That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
 From that awful moment the Church is in danger ;
 As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
 Will suit their proud stomachs but those of St. Paul's.

The Doctor and he, the devout Man of Leather,
V—ns—tt—t, now laying their Saint heads together,
Declare that these skittish young α -bominations
Are clearly foretold in Chap. VI. Revelations ;
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon.

Lord H—rr—by, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were *there* always sure of protection.

"If the Pr—nc—ss will keep them," says Lord C—stl—r—gh,
"To make them quite harmless the only true way
Is (as certain Chief Justices do with their wives)
To flog them within half an inch of their lives ;
If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out."
Or, if this be thought cruel, his lordship proposes
"The new *Veto* snaffle to bind down their noses—
A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
Which appears to indulge while it doubly restrains ;
Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks."
Adds his Lordship, humanely, "or else break their necks."

This proposal received pretty general applause
From the statesmen around ; and the neck-breaking clause
Had a vigour about it which soon reconciled
Even Eld—n himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to *nem. con.* ;
And my Lord C—stl—e—gh, having so often shone
In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
But, at present, adieu !—I must hurry away
To go see my mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
For just half an hour by the Qu—n's best repeater.

C———E.

FROM "THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS."

"Up, daughter, up! the Kerna's breath
Has blown a blast would waken death,
And yet thou sleep'st: up, child, and see
This blessed day for Heaven and me!
A day more rich in Pagan blood
Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN'S flood.
Before another dawn shall shine
His head, heart, limbs, will all be mine;
This very night his blood shall steep
These hands all over ere I sleep."—
"His blood!" she faintly scream'd, her mind
Still singling *one* from all mankind.—
"Yes, spite of his ravines and towers,
HAFED, my child, this night is ours!
Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
Without whose aid the links accurst,
That bind these impious slaves, would be
Too strong for ALLA'S self to burst.
That rebel fiend, whose blade hath spread
My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose baffling spells had almost driven
Back from their course the swords of Heaven,
This night, with all his band, shall know
How deep an Arab's steel can go,
When God and vengeance speed the blow.
And, Prophet! by that holy wreath
Thou wor'st on OHOD'S field of death,
I swear, for every sob that parts
In anguish from these heathen hearts,
A gem from PERSIA'S plunder'd mines
Shall glitter on thy shrine of shrines.
But, ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
Those livid lips—my child, my child!
This life of blood befits not thee,
And thou must back to ARABY.
Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
Had I not hoped our every tread
Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
Curst race, they offer swords instead!
But, cheer thee, maid!—the wind that now
Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow

To-day shall waft thee from the shore ;
And, ere a drop of this night's gore
Have time to chill in yonder towers,
Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers !”

His bloody boast was all too true ;
There lurk'd one wretch among the few
Whom HAFED'S eagle eye could count
Around him on that Fiery Mount,—
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
The pathway through the valley's shade
To those high towers, where Freedom stood
In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field last dreadful night,
When, sallying from their sacred height,
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
He lay—but died not with the brave ;
That sun which should have gilt his grave
Saw him a traitor and a slave ;—
And while the few who thence return'd
To their high rocky fortress mourn'd
For him among the matchless dead
They left behind on glory's bed,
He lived, and, in the face of morn,
Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn.

O for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might !
May life's unblest cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,—
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips !
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like he once glorious hopes he blasted !

And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell !

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking ;—
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died ;
They were all that to life had entwin'd him :
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud, is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away !
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

O THE SHAMROCK !

Through Erin's Isle,
 To sport awhile,
 As Love and Valour wander'd,
 With Wit, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd,
 Where'er they pass
 A triple grass¹
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emerald seen
 Thro' purest crystal gleaming.
 O the Shamrock ! the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

 Says Valour, " See,
 They spring for me,
 Those leafy gems of morning !"—
 Says Love, " No, no ;
 For me they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning."—

(1) St. Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the Ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child standing upon tiptoes, and a trefoil, or three-coloured grass in her hand.

But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, "Oh do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three godlike friends,
 Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
 O the Shamrock! the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together;
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather!
 May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
 May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom!
 O the Shamrock! the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

OH, DOUBT ME NOT!

Oh, doubt me not!—the season
 Is o'er when Folly made me rove;
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
 Altho' this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down;
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
 Then doubt me not!—the season
 Is o'er when Folly made me rove;
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And tho' my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
 Yet, trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I dare not tell.
 The bee through many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
 But when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not !—the season
 Is o'er when Folly kept me free ;
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.



REGINALD HEBER.

Born 1783. Died 1826.

REGINALD HEBER, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, was the son of the co-rector of Malpas, Cheshire, in which place he was born, April 21, 1783. Heber, as a child, was noted for a love of knowledge and an excellent memory. At seven years of age he had translated Phædrus into verse. In 1800 he entered Brasenose College, Oxford, and in his first year gained the prize for Latin verse. In 1803 he wrote his poem "Palestine," which established his reputation as a poet. He was elected to a fellowship at All Souls in 1804, and in 1807 took orders, and was instituted to the family living at Hodnet. Two years later he married a daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph. Always conscientious in the discharge of every parochial duty, he found time to follow the pursuits of literature. He contributed to the *Quarterly*, and commenced a Dictionary of the Bible. In 1812 he published a volume of Hymns and Poems. In 1815 he was appointed Bampton Lecturer, and subsequently became Canon of St. Asaph and preacher at Lincoln's Inn. The bishopric of Calcutta was offered him in 1822, and though twice declined, was finally accepted in the January of the following year. He faithfully fulfilled the arduous duties of his office, but his useful life was cut short before he had completed his forty-third year. He was found dead in his bath, on the 3d of April, 1826, at Trichinopoli, and a monument to his memory, executed by Chantrey, was placed in the cathedral, Calcutta.

FROM "PALESTINE."

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread !
 Thou sick'ning sun, so dark, so deep, so red !
 Ye hov'ring ghosts, that throng the starless air !
 Why shakes the earth ? why fades the light ? declare !
 Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn ?
 His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn ?
 His the pale form, the weak forgiving eye
 Raised from the cross in patient agony ?
 —Be dark, thou sun : thou noonday night, arise,
 And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice !

Ye faithful few, by blood affection led,
 Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
 Not for His sake your tearful vigils keep ;—
 Weep for your country, for your children weep !
 —Vengeance ! thy fiery wing their race pursu'd ;
 Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
 Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
 The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
 Then Judah raged, by ruffian discord led,
 Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead :
 He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
 And war without and death within the wall.
 Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
 And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife were there :
 Love, strong as death, retain'd his might no more,
 And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
 Yet they who wont to roam th' ensanguin'd plain,
 And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain ;
 E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
 Their burning temple rose in lurid light,
 To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,
 And in their country's woes forgot their own.

* * * *

And who is He ? the vast, the awful form,
 Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm ?
 A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
 His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
 To highest heaven He lifts His kingly hand,
 And treads at once the ocean and the land ;
 And hark ! His voice amid the thunders roar,—
 His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more !

Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare ;
 Lo ! thrones arise, and every saint is there ;
 Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
 The mountains worship, and the isles obey :
 Nor sun nor moon they need, nor day nor night ;
 God is their temple, and the Lamb their light :
 And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
 Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home ?
 On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
 And the dry bones be warm with life again ?
 Hark ! white-rob'd crowds their deep hosannas raise,
 And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise ;
 Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
 Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong :
 " Worthy the Lamb, omnipotent to save,
 " Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave ! "



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Born 1784. Died 1842.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was born in Dumfriesshire, the child of humble parents. After receiving a small amount of schooling, the boy was put to work as a stonemason. His poetical ability showed itself at an early period. After the fashion of Chatterton, he produced a number of songs, ostensibly ancient Scotch ballads, which were printed in the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song." These were supposed to be collected by him, but (as was afterwards discovered) they were entirely his own composition.

In 1810 Cunningham came to London to follow the trade to which he had been apprenticed. He was fortunate in obtaining admittance into the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, by whom he was treated with great kindness. Having earned and deserved the confidence of Chantrey, Cunningham settled himself for life as his assistant. In this position, and surrounded by art and its associations, Cunningham employed his leisure time in the use of his pen. In Chantrey's studio he made the acquaintance of many of the men of his day famous in literature and art.

His most important works are "The Maid of Elvar" and "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell ;" but his name is best known in connexion with

Scottish songs and ballads, which are often touching and pathetic. Cunningham was a man of warm-hearted, blunt, plain-spoken honesty, and was highly regarded by all who knew him. He was the father of Peter Cunningham, the well-known author of "The Handbook of London." Allan Cunningham died in 1842.

The song "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" has had a great popularity. It was regarded with especial favour by Sir Walter Scott.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enrichèd our blood ;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
Oh ! the roast beef of old England,
And oh ! the old English roast beef.

But since we have learned from effeminate France
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance :
Oh ! the roast beef of old England,
And oh ! the old English roast beef.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song :
Oh ! the roast beef of old England,
And oh ! the old English roast beef.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee and tea and such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if e'en she did frown :
Oh ! the roast beef of old England,
And oh ! the old English roast beef.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again ;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain :
Oh ! the roast beef of old England,
And oh ! the old English roast beef.

And then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And, when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves right ;
But now we're a—hum !—I could, but,—good night !
Oh ! the roast beef of old England,
And oh ! the old English roast beef.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast :
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

“ O for a soft and gentle wind ! ”
 I heard a fair one cry ;
 But give to me the swelling breeze,
 And white waves heaving high :
 The white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight and free,—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we !

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 And hark the music, mariners !
 The wind is wakening loud :
 The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free,—
 The hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea !



HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Born 1785. Died 1806.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE was a butcher's son, and was born at Nottingham on the 21st March 1785. His passion for reading showed itself at a very early age ; but as his father's intention was to bring him up to his own trade, very little attention was paid to his education. One day in every week he carried the butcher's basket ; but the occupation was so foreign to his tastes that his father was persuaded to abandon his purpose, and at fourteen he was placed in a hosiery business to learn stocking weaving. This, however, was equally objectionable ; and after trying it

for a year, his mother succeeded in placing him in the office of Messrs. Coldham, attorneys in Nottingham. He worked at his profession with great assiduity, and found time and means to study modern languages, drawing, music, and mechanics. At fifteen he was known as a speaker at a literary society in Nottingham, also as a contributor to many periodicals. At seventeen he published a volume of poems, which attracted the attention of Southey, who continued a warm friend during the rest of White's brief life. His mind at this time became deeply impressed by religion, and through the kindness of Mr. Simeon he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, as a sizar, in 1804. The exertions he made to obtain a vacant scholarship were too much for his delicate frame, and on the day of examination he was obliged to retire from the competition; but a fortnight afterwards he passed the general examination at his college, and was declared the first man of his year. In 1805 he was again first in the examination; but his strength was unequal to the efforts he had made, and after a brief visit to London he returned to Cambridge, and died, October 19, 1806, in the twenty-second year of his age. Southey published a selection of his poems and prose in 1807. In his Satire on "English Bards," Byron thus speaks of Kirke White:—

" Unhappy White, when life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring muse away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science self destroyed her favourite son."

This gifted youth was buried in the church of All Saints, Cambridge, and a tablet to his memory, adorned with a medallion by Chantrey, was subsequently erected by a wealthy American, named Boot, who visited his grave.

MY STUDY.

A LETTER IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

You bid me, Ned, describe the place
Where I, one of the rhyming race,
Pursue my studies *con amore*,
And wanton with the Muse in glory.
Well, figure to your senses straight,
Upon the house's topmost height,
A closet just six feet by four,
With whitewash'd walls and plaster floor ;
So nobly large, 'tis scarcely able
To admit a single chair and table :
And (lest the Muse should die with cold)
A smoky grate my fire to hold ;
So wondrous small, 'twould much it pose
To melt the icedrop on one's nose ;

And yet so big, it covers o'er
Full half the spacious room and more :
A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out ;
So crazy, that the panes proclaim
That soon they mean to leave the frame.
My furniture I sure may crack :
A broken chair without a back ;
A table wanting just two legs,
One end sustain'd by wooden pegs ;
A desk—of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble servant
(Who, though I say 't, am no such fumbler) ;
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which my night-parch'd throat I lave,
Luxurious, with the limpid wave ;
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me in all directions—
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
To these if you will add a store
Of oddities upon the floor—
A pair of globes, electric balls,
Scales, quadrants, prisms, and cobbler's awls—
And crowds of books on rotten shelves,
Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves ;
I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You'll have my earthly catalogue.
But stay—I nearly had left out
My bellows, destitute of snout ;
And on the walls—Good heavens! why there
I've such a load of precious ware,
Of heads, and coins, and silver medals,
And organ works, and broken pedals
(For I was once a-building music,
Though soon of that employ I grew sick),
And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of one primordial root,
That you, at such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there.
There stands, just by a broken sphere,
A Cicero without an ear ;
A neck on which, by logic good,
I know for sure a head once stood ;

But who it was the able master
 Had moulded in the mimic plaster,
 Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn,
 I never yet could justly learn :
 But knowing well that any head
 Is made to answer for the dead—
 (And sculptors first their faces frame,
 And after pitch upon a name,
 Nor think it aught of a misnomer
 To christen Chaucer's bust a Homer,
 Because they both have beards, which, you know,
 Will mark them well from Joan and Juno,)
 For some great man, I could not tell
 But Neck might answer just as well,
 So perch'd it up, all in a row
 With Chatham and with Cicero.
 Then all around, in just degree,
 A range of portraits you may see,
 Of mighty men, and eke of women,
 Who are no whit inferior to men.

With these fair dames and heroes round,
 I call my garret classic ground,
 For, though confined, 'twill well contain
 The ideal flights of Madam Brain.
 No dungeon's walls, no cell confined,
 Can cramp the energies of mind !
 Thus, though my heart may seem so small,
 I've friends, and 'twill contain them all ;
 And should it e'er become so cold
 That these it will no longer hold,
 No more may Heaven her blessings give—
 I shall not then be fit to live.

SONG.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Softly, softly blow, ye breezes ;
 Gently o'er my Edwy fly !
 Lo ! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly ;
 Softly, zephyrs, pass him by !
 My love is asleep ;
 He lies by the deep,
 All along where the salt waves sigh.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

I have cover'd him with rushes,
Water-flags, and branches dry.
Edwy, long have been thy slumbers ;
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye !
My love is asleep ;
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

Still he sleeps ; he will not waken :
Fastly closèd is his eye ;
Paler is his cheek, and chiller,
Than the icy moon on high.
Alas ! he is dead !
He has chose his death-bed
All along where the salt waves sigh.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy ?
Will thy slumbers never fly ?
Could'st thou think I would survive thee ?
No, my love, thou bid'st me die.
Thou bid'st me seek
Thy death-bed bleak
All along where the salt waves sigh.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips,
On thy breast I'll lay my head,
And the winds shall sing our death dirge,
And our shroud the waters spread ;
The moon will smile sweet,
And the wild wave will beat,
Oh ! so softly o'er our lonely bed.

TIME.

In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule :
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien ;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean ;
Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care ;
And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.

Faint with old age and dim were grown her eyes,—
A pair of spectacles their want supplies ;
These does she guard secure, in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place.

Here first I entered, though with toil and pain,
The lowly vestibule of learning's fane ;
Entered with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn
When I was first to school reluctant borne :
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sighed ;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles ;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew :
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight,
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.

Oh ! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought ;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears ;
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state ;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd through life.

Where in the busy scene, by peace unblest'd,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest ?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope the calms of peace to gain,
Long toss'd by tempests o'er the world's wide shore,
When shall his spirit rest to toil no more ?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.

Childhood, to thee I turn from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms,—
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.

Sweet reign of innocence, when no crime defiles,
But each new object brings attendant smiles ;
When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmix'd delight ;
To thee I turn from riot and from noise—
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.

THE WONDERFUL JUGGLER.

A SONG.

Come all ye true hearts, who, old England to save,
Now shoulder the musket, or plough the rough wave,
I will sing you a song of a wonderful fellow
Who has ruined Jack Pudding and broke Punchinello.
Derry down, down, high derry down.

This juggler is little, and ugly, and black,
But, like Atlas, he stalks with the world at his back.
'Tis certain all fear of the devil he scorns :
Some say they are cousins ; we know he wears horns.
Derry down, &c.

At hop, skip, and jump who so famous as he?
He hopp'd o'er an army, he skipp'd o'er the sea,
And he jump'd from the desk of a village attorney
To the throne of the Bourbons—a pretty long journey.
Derry down, &c.

He tosses up kingdoms the same as a ball,
And his cup is so fashion'd, it catches them all ;
The Pope and Grand Turk have been heard to declare
His skill at the long-bow have made them both stare.
Derry down, &c.

He has shown off his tricks in France, Italy, Spain ;
And Germany too knows his legerdemain ;
So hearing John Bull has a taste for strange sights,
He's coming to London to put us to rights.
Derry down, &c.

To encourage his puppets to venture this trip
He has built them such boats as can conquer a ship ;
With a gun of good metal, that shoots out so far,
It can silence the broadsides of three men-of-war.
Derry down, &c.

This new Katterfelto, his show to complete,
Means his boats should all sink as they pass by our fleet ;
Then, as under the ocean their course they steer right on,
They can pepper their foes from the bed of old Triton.
Derry down, &c.

If this project should fail, he has others in store :
Wooden horses, for instance, may bring them safe o'er ;
Or the genius of France (as the *Moniteur* tells)
May order balloons, or provide diving-bells.
Derry down, &c.

When Philip of Spain fitted out his Armada,
Britain saw his designs, and could meet her invader ;
But how to greet Bony she never will know,
If he comes in the style of a fish or a crow.
Derry down, &c.

Now if our rude tars will so crowd up the seas
That his boats have not room to go down when they please,
Can't he wait till the Channel is quite frozen over,
And a stout pair of skates will transport him to Dover.
Derry down, &c.

How welcome he'll be it were needless to say ;
Neither he nor his puppets shall e'er go away :
I am sure at his heels we shall constantly stick,
Till we know he has played off his very last trick.
Derry down, down, high derry down.



LORD BYRON.

Born 1788. Died 1824.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, unquestionably the greatest poetical genius of the present century, was born in Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, January 22, 1788. His father, Captain Byron, nephew to the possessor of the family title, was a man remarkable only for his improvidence and vice ; and it was owing to these circumstances that the future poet's earliest years were passed in poverty and seclusion in Aberdeen, whither his mother, who had separated from her husband, retired

in 1790. Here, at the age of five, Byron was a pupil at a day-school, which his mother paid five shillings a quarter. After two other scholastic changes he was placed at the Free Grammar School, Aberdeen, whence the death of the owner of the title (his father having died 1791) recalled him to England, and at ten years of age he became a peer of the realm and possessor of Newstead Abbey. His mother appears to have been a woman of great violence and impetuosity, and though she considered she was doing the best for her son by endeavouring to cure his bodily infirmity and placing him under the care of Dr. Glennie, her constant interference and irritability had a disastrous influence on his temper and disposition. After two years' residence with that amiable man, he was sent to Harrow, and from thence to Cambridge. Both at Harrow and at the University he was a torment to his tutors, though his affectionate disposition and frank open-heartedness made him a favourite with his companions. He was averse to all discipline, but read deeply, and managed to amass a large store of miscellaneous information. About this time he formed the attachment to his cousin, Mary Chaworth, which had so sad an influence on his life. It was unrequited, and the unhappy youth from that moment plunged deeply into dissipation. His first work, "Hours of Idleness," was published in 1807, and severely criticised in the *Edinburgh Review* of January, 1808. It stirred up the spirit and temper of Byron, and he produced his withering satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." In 1809, accompanied by the present Lord Broughton, Byron went abroad, and travelled for two years in Spain, Greece, Turkey, &c. enriching his mind, and returned in 1811 to close his mother's eyes. In 1812 the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" appeared, and his reputation was made. "The Giaour," the "Bride of Abydos," and "The Corsair," followed, and it is said 14,000 copies of the latter were sold in one day. In May, 1814, he published his ode on the first fall of Napoleon, and in the August of the same year "Lara." In October, 1814, Byron, being in great pecuniary difficulties, married Miss Milbank, an heiress, daughter of a Northumberland baronet; but the union was most unhappy, and after the birth of their only child, Ada (afterwards Countess of Lovelace), Lady Byron left her husband, and retired to her father's house in Leicestershire. Byron never saw his child or wife again. In February, 1815, the "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina" were published, and in the spring of the following year Byron left England. Bearing a seared and blighted heart under an indifferent exterior, he travelled in Belgium and Switzerland, and spent some time in Geneva with Shelley. During his stay at the Villa Diodati, near Geneva, he wrote the third canto of "Childe Harold," the "Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Dream." In 1816 he went to Italy, and remained for three years at Venice, dividing his time between literary labour and dissipation. In 1820 he was involved in some Italian plot to overthrow the Pope, and retired to Pisa in 1821. Shelley's untimely death in 1822 greatly affected Byron, and he went to Genoa. Before leaving Italy to espouse the cause of Greek independence he wrote the fourth canto of "Childe

Harold," "Beppo," "Manfred," "Mazeppa," "Cain," "Don Juan," and many other poems. A violent cold caught at Missolonghi terminated his life, and he died on the 19th of April, 1824, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. His remains were brought to England for interment. Being refused burial in Westminster Abbey, they were deposited beside those of his mother in the family vault in Hucknall church, Nottinghamshire, on Friday, July 16, 1824.

"So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage."

FROM "THE PRISONER OF CHILLON."

My hair is gray, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears :
 My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare.
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffered chains and courted death :
 That father perish'd at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake,
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place.
 We were seven, who now are one ;
 Six in youth, and one in age ;
 Finish'd as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage.
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have seal'd,
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied ;
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old ;
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,
 Dim with a dull imprison'd ray—
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,

And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp ;
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain :
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years ;—I cannot count them o'er ;
 I lost their long and heavy score
 When my last brother droop'd and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet each alone :
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face.

* * * *

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do—and did—my best ;
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven—
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;
 And truly might it be distress'd
 To see such bird in such a nest.

* * * *

The other was as pure of mind,
 But form'd to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perish'd in the foremost rank
 With joy ;—but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit wither'd with their clank :
 I saw it silently decline.

* * * *

He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had follow'd there the deer and wolf ;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls ;
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave enthralls :
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made : and like a living grave
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay ;—
 We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high,
 And wanton in the happy sky ;
 And then the very rock hath rock'd,
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined.

* * * *

My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side :
 But why delay the truth ?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand, nor dead,
 Though hard I strove—but strove in vain—
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died : and they unlock'd his chain
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave,
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.

* * * *

But he, the favourite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,

His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race ; .

* * * *

He too was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion ;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread :
But these were horrors ; this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak ;

* * * *

With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray.

* * * *

A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listen'd, but I could not hear ;
I call'd, for I was wild with fear :
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished :
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound ;
I burst my chain with one strong bound
And rush'd to him :—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink

Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.

* * * *

What next befell me then and there
I know not well : I never knew.—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too :
I had no thought, no feeling—none ;
Among the stones I stood a stone.

* * * *

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard :

* * * *

I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me !
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
It seem'd, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate ;
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine ;
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine !
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—

I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me.

* * * *

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate,
—I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,—
But so it was : my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,

* * * *

Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod.

* * * *

It might be months, or years, or days,—
I kept no count, I took no note ;
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote,—
At last men came to set me free :
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where ;
It was at length the same to me
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home :
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade ;
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,—
And why should I feel less than they ?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell :
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are :—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

"CHILDE HAROLD."

CANTO III. STANZA XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom ;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 'twere wild—as on the plunder'd wreck
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck—
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

Stop ! for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust,
Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so :
As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo ;
How in an hour the power which gave annuls
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too !
In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through :
Ambition's life and labours all were vain ;
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

Fit retribution ! Gaul may champ the bit,
And foam in fetters ;—but is earth more free ?
Did nations combat to make *one* submit,
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty ?
What ! shall reviving Thralldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days ?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage ? proffering lowly gaze
And servile knees to thrones ? No ; *prove* before ye praise !

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more !
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards ; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions : all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;—
But, hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm !—it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain : he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press

The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war :
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
And, near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe!—they come ! they
come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life ;
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife ;
The morn the marshalling in arms ; the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent !

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine :
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow song ;
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard !

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.

* * * *

CANTO III. STANZA CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me ;
 I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
 To its idolatries a patient knee,
 Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
 In worship of an echo ; in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such ; I stood
 Among them, but not of them ; in a shroud
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
 Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,
 But let us part fair foes ; I do believe,
 Though I have found them not, that there may be
 Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive,
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
 Snares for the failing : I would also deem
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve ;
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem,
 That goodness is no name and happiness no dream.

My daughter ! with thy name this song begun—
 My daughter ! with thy name thus much shall end—
 I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none
 Can be so wrapt in thee ; thou art the friend

To whom the shadows of far years extend :
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart—when mine is cold—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

To aid thy mind's development, to watch
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see
Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects, wonders yet to thee !
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me ;
Yet this was in my nature : as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me ; though my name
Should be shut from thee as a spell still fraught
With desolation, and a broken claim :
Though the grave closed between us, 'twere the same,
I know that thou wilt love me ; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim
And an attainment, all would be in vain,
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life retain.

The child of love, though born in bitterness
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements, and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee, but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers ! O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou mightst have been to me.

EPIGRAM.

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull ;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

FROM "MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF
VENICE."

ACT V. PART OF SCENE III.

Doge. May I speak ?

Benintende. Thou may'st ;
But recollect the people are without,
Beyond the compass of the human voice.

Doge. I speak to Time and to Eternity,
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
Ye elements ! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you !—Ye blue waves, which bore my banner ;
Ye winds, which flutter'd o'er as if you loved it,
And fill'd my swelling sails as they were wafted
To many a triumph ; thou, my native earth,
Which I have bled for, and thou foreign earth
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound ;
Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to heaven ; ye skies, which will receive it ;
Thou sun, which shinest on these things ; and Thou
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns,—attest !
I am not innocent ;—but are these guiltless ?
I perish'd, but not unavenged ; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes before they close the doom
Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and hers for ever !—Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield,
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice. She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her ! She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people !
Then, when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,

The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
 Walks o'er thy mart and smiles on it for his !
 When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
 In narrow streets, and in their shameful need
 Make their nobility a plea for pity !
 Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
 Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn
 Round a barbarian Vice of Kings' Vice-gerent,
 Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns,
 Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign ;

* * * *

When all the ills of conquer'd states shall cling thee,
 Vice without splendour, sin without relief,
 Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er ;

* * * *

When these and more are heavy on thee, when
 Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
 Youth without honour, age without respect,
 Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
 'Gainst which thou wilt not strive and dars't not murmur,
 Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts,
 Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
 Amidst thy many murders, think of *mine* !
 Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes !
 Gehenna of the waters ! thou sea Sodom !
 Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods—
 Thee and thy serpent seed !

[Here the Doge turns and addresses the Executioner.]

Slave, do thine office !

Strike as I struck the foe ! Strike as I would
 Have struck those tyrants ! Strike deep as my curse !
 Strike—and but once !

*[The Doge throws himself upon his knees, and as the
 Executioner raises his sword the scene closes.]*

FROM "THE GIAOUR."

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name ;
But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Etna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of ladye love and beauty's chain :
If changing cheek and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe but not complain,
If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'Tis true I could not whine or sigh,
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die ; but first I have possess'd,
And, come what may, I *have been* blest.
Shall I the doom I sought upbraid ?
No !—reft of all, yet undismay'd
But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain,
So would I live and love again.
I grieve, but not, my holy guide,
For him who dies, but her who died.
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave.
Ah ! had she but an earthly grave,
This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed.
She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight,
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning star of memory !
Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love ;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought,

A ray of Him who form'd the whole,
A glory circling round the soul !
I grant *my* love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall ;
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt ;
But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt !
She was my life's unerring light :
That quench'd, what beam shall break my night ?
Oh ! would it shone to lead me still,
Although to death or deadliest ill !
Why marvel ye, if they who lose
 This present joy, this future hope,
 No more with sorrow meekly cope,
In phrensy then their fate accuse,
In madness do those fearful deeds
 That seem to add but guilt to woe ?
Alas ! the breast that inly bleeds
 Hath nought to dread from outward blow :
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.
Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
 To thee, old man, my deeds appear :
I read abhorrence on thy brow,
 And this too was I born to bear !
'Tis true that, like that bird of prey,
With havoc have I mark'd my way :
But this was taught me by the dove—
To die, and know no second love.
This lesson yet hath man to learn,
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn :
The bird that sings within the brake,
The swan that swims upon the lake,
One mate, and one alone will take.
And let the fool still prone to range,
And sneer on all who cannot change,
Partake his jest with boasting boys ;
I envy not his varied joys,
But deem such feeble, heartless man
Less than yon solitary swan ;
Far, far beneath the shallow maid
He left believing and betray'd.
Such shame at least was never mine ; —
Leila ! each thought was only thine !

My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
My hope on high, my all below ;
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me :
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same.
The very crimes that mar my youth,
This bed of death, attest my truth !
Tis all too late : thou wert, thou art,
The cherish'd madness of my heart !

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still .

* * * *

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !



BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Born 1790. Living.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, familiarly known in literature by the pseudonym of "Barry Cornwall," was the contemporary of Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel at Harrow. He was born at Finchley, where he spent his earlier years. On leaving Harrow he proceeded to Calne, in Wiltshire, to study for the law with a resident solicitor named Atherton. Returning from thence to London, his poetical tastes began to exhibit themselves, despite the dry studies to which he had devoted himself. In 1815 he made his first appearance as an author, and in 1819 published "Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems." In 1820 "Marcian Colonna, an Italian Story." In 1821 a tragedy from his pen, entitled "Mirandola," was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, in which Mr. Macready appeared. It met with considerable success at the time. The "Flood of Thessaly," "Effigies Poeticæ, or Portraits of British Poets," "English Songs," Essays, and Tales in prose, have followed at various dates.

In 1831 Mr. Procter was called to the bar as a member of Gray's Inn. He was appointed by the Court of Chancery one of the Commissioners in Lunacy—a lucrative office, which he held until 1861. The most popular of Barry Cornwall's works is his "Dramatic Sketches," the style of which is modelled upon that of the old English dramatists, for which he exhibits a peculiar admiration.

Mr. Procter married in 1824 a step-daughter of the late Basil Montague, Q.C., by whom he had a daughter, Adelaide Anne Procter, whose untimely death in 1864 has deprived us of an authoress who only lived long enough to publish one "Book of Verses" entitled "Legends and Lyrics," containing gems (such as "One by One") which are now highly valued, and gave promise, when published, of a poetess who would achieve fame. Her early decease was a great loss.

In the poetry of Barry Cornwall there is one characteristic which is worthy of attention. High in sentiment, solemn oftentimes in theme, full of sympathy for the struggles of humanity, there is never any mawkish, false, material in his "English Songs." They are manly, genuine, and sincere; and sacred feelings or sacred subjects are introduced with that delicacy of treatment which gives evidence of sacred thought. To combine a healthy vigorous tone of mind with the treatment of such themes is refreshing and grateful to readers who have suffered too commonly under the ill-conditioned union of pious sentiments and poetic twaddle.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known ;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within !
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look, how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float ;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins :
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself !

He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here, upon a red March morn ;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine !
And yet he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone mountain fringed with green ;
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day)—
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea,
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds ;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds ;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack ; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down ! up and down !
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing.

O'er the deep ! o'er the deep !
Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain ;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard !
Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still ;
Yet he ne'er falters : so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle Death !
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life !

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

She hath seen her happy day,
She hath had her bud and blossom ;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom !

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear !
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies, sweet Love !
Good she was, and fair in youth ;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth :
Take her, then, for evermore—
For ever—evermore !

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying :
Come, tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing.
How many smiles ?—a score ?
Then laugh, and count no more ;
For day is dying !

· Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure ;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure.

We dream ; do thou the same :
We love—for ever :
We laugh, yet few we shame ;
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies ;
Then hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever !

LIFE.

We are born ; we laugh ; we weep ;
 We love ; we droop ; we die !
 Ah ! wherefore do we laugh or weep ?
 Why do we live or die ?
 Who knows that secret deep ?
 Alas, not I !

Why doth the violet spring
 Unseen by human eye ?
 Why do the radiant seasons bring
 Sweet thoughts that quickly fly ?
 Why do our fond hearts cling
 To things that die ?

We toil—through pain and wrong ;
 We fight—and fly ;
 We love ; we lose ; and then ere long
 Stone-dead we lie.
 O Life ! is all thy song
 “ Endure, and—die ” ?



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Born 1792. Died 1822.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, was born at Field Place, Horsham, Sussex, on August 4, 1792. As a child he was remarkably shy and diffident, and his early years were passed entirely with his sisters. At the age of ten he was sent to Sion House, Brentford, and at thirteen went to Eton, where he suffered much from the oppression of the masters and the anger of the boys. A burning sense of injustice seems to have taken possession of his mind, and in later life produced that hatred of all laws, human and divine, which marked his poetry and his character. In 1810 he entered University College, Oxford, and studied diligently ; but in his second year he published anonymously a pamphlet called “ A Defence of Atheism,” which becoming known to the heads of colleges, led to an investigation which ended in his expulsion. On leaving the University he finished “ Queen

Mab," which however was not printed until 1812. His father, who has been deeply displeased at his Oxford disgrace, was now offended and forgiven by his marriage with Miss Westbrooke, the daughter of a retired innkeeper, at Gretna Green, in August, 1811. The union was unfortunate, and after the birth of two children they separated by mutual consent, and Mrs. Shelley returned to her family. She committed suicide in 1816, and the public were not sparing in their condemnation of the poet. He was defeated in his attempt to obtain the custody of his children, Lord Eldon deciding that his atheistical doctrines rendered him an unfit guardian. In 1814 he travelled abroad with the lady who subsequently became his wife: she was the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mr. Godwin the novelist. In 1815 his father so far relented as to make him an allowance of 800*l.* a year, and on this he retired, first to Devonshire and then to Bishopsgate, near Windsor, where he employed himself in writing "*Alastor*." After his second marriage he went to Switzerland, where he met Lord Byron. On his return to England in 1817 he lived at Marlow, where he wrote the "*Revolt of the Islam*" and part of "*Rosalind and Helen*;" but bad health and a mind ill at ease drove him again from England, and his "*Prometheus Unbound*" was written in Italy. The remaining four years of his life were passed in hard study and literary labour, and he published a number of minor poems and prose pieces, besides his great productions. In July, 1822, he was accidentally drowned near Leghorn, and though his body was washed ashore, all the efforts of his friends were unsuccessful in obtaining more than the ashes, which were given up to his family, and were deposited in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, near the remains of Keats. Notwithstanding the recklessness and licentiousness which marked the writings of this gifted man, he was gentle and affectionate in domestic life, and tenderly beloved by those who shared his friendship. His poetry is marked by the highest evidences of genius; and although he never enjoyed the popularity of Byron, nevertheless he wrote many things which are unsurpassed in beauty and poetic fire by Byron, or any other modern poet.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail
 And whiten the green plains under,

And then again I
And laugh as I

I sift the snow
And their gre
And all the nig
While I sle
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And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof ;
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march, •
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of the air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit—
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art !

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

* * *
The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

* * *
All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not,
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

* * *
Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

* * *
What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

ADONAIS.

Oh, weep for Adonais : he is dead !
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep !
 Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep ;
 For he is gone where all things wise and fair
 Descend :—oh, dream not that the amorous deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air ;
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

* * * * *

To that high capital, where kingly Death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
 He came ; and bought, with price of purest breath,
 A grave among the eternal.—Come away !
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel roof ! while still
 He lies as if in dewy sleep he lay.
 Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more ; oh, never more !
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place ;
 The eternal hunger sits, but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
 So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
 Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

* * * *

Ah, woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,
 But grief returns with the revolving year ;
 The air and stream renew their joyous tone ;
 The ants, the bees, the swallows, reappear ;
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier ;
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and brere ;
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream, and field and hill, and ocean,
 A quickening life from the earth's heart has burst,
 As it has ever done, with change and motion,
 From the great morning of the world when first
 God dawned on chaos : in its stream immersed,
 The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light ;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
 Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed night.

* * * *

Alas ! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal ! Woe is me !
 Whence are we, and why are we ? of what scene
 The actors or spectators ? Great and mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

* * * *

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
 A phantom among men, companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
 Whose thunder is its knell : he, as I guess,

Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
 Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pard-like Spirit, beautiful and swift—
 A love in desolation masked ;—a power
 Girt round with weakness ;—it can scarce uplift
 The weight of the superincumbent hour ;
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
 A breaking billow ;—even whilst we speak
 Is it not broken ? On the withering flower
 The killing sun smiles brightly : on a cheek
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
 And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue ;
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew,
 Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,
 Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it ; of that crew
 He came the last, neglected and apart ;
 A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

* * * *

Peace, peace ! he is not dead—he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life ;
 'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings.—We decay
 Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has out-soared the shadow of our night ;
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again ;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

* * * *

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
 His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
 All new successions to the forms they wear ;
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees, and beasts, and men, into the heaven's light.

* * * * *

The inheritors of unfulfill'd renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
 Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
 Rose pale ; his solemn agony had not
 Yet faded from him : Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
 Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
 Arose : and Lucan, by his death approved :
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprov'd.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry ;
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid a heaven of song.
 Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng !"

* * * * *

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness :
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise.
 And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
 The bones of desolation's nakedness,

Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread ;

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilions the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble ; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause : these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each : and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears of gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is why fear we to become ?

The One remains, the many change and pass ;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die !
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek,
Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music,—words are weak
The glory they transfuse with filling truth to speak.

* * *

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven !
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar ;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of heaven
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

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Alone, within the garden now her own ;
And through the sunny air, with jangling tone,
The music of the merry marriage-bells,
Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells ;—
Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams
That he is dreaming, until slumber seems
A mockery of itself, when suddenly
Antonio stood before her, pale as she.
With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,
And said, “Is this thy faith?” and then as one
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise
And look upon his day of life with eyes
Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,
Ginevra saw her lover, and forbore
To shriek or faint, and check’d the stifling blood
Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued
Said, “Friend, if earthly violence or ill,
Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will
Of parents, chance or custom, time or change,
Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,
Or withered looks, or words, or evil speech,
With all their stings and venom, can impeach
Our love, we love not : if the grave, which hides
The victim from the tyrant, and divides
The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart
Imperious inquisition to the heart
That is another’s, could dissever ours,
We love not.”—“What ! do not the silent hours
Beckon thee to Gherardi’s bridal bed ?
Is not that ring”—a pledge, he would have said,
Of broken vows ? but she with patient look
The golden circle from her finger took,
And said, “Accept this token of my faith,
The pledge of vows to be absolved by death ;
And I am dead, or shall be soon ; my knell
Will mix its music with that merry bell :
Does it not sound as if they sweetly said
‘We toll a corpse out of the marriage-bed’ ?
The flowers upon my bridal chamber strewn
Will serve unfaded for my bier—so soon
That even the dying violet will not die
Before Ginevra.” The strong fantasy

Had made her accents weaker and more weak,
And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek,
And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere
Round her which chilled the burning noon with
fear,
Making her but an image of the thought,
Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought
News of the terrors of the coming time.
Like an accuser branded with the crime
He would have cast on a beloved friend,
Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end
The pale betrayer—he then with vain repentance
Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence—
Antonio stood, and would have spoken, when
The compound voice of women and of men
Was heard approaching : he retired, while she
Was led amid the admiring company
Back to the palace ; and her maidens soon
Changed her attire for the afternoon,
And left her at her own request to keep
An hour of quiet and rest :—like one asleep
With open eyes and folded hands she lay,
Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,
And in the lighted hall the guests are met ;
The beautiful looked lovelier in the light
Of love, and admiration, and delight,
Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes,
Kindling a momentary Paradise.
This crowd is safer than the silent wood,
Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude
On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine
Falls, and the dew of music more divine
Tempers the deep emotions of the time
To spirits cradled in a sunny clime :—
How many meet, who never yet have met,
To part too soon, but never to forget ?
How many saw the beauty, power, and wit
Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet
But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,
As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,
And, unprophetic of the coming hours,
The matin winds from the expanded flowers

Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken
The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken
From every living heart which it possesses,
Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,
As if the future and the past were all
Treasured i' the instant ;—so Gherardi's hall
Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival,
Till some one asked, " Where is the bride ?" and then
A bride's-maid went, and ere she came again
A silence fell upon the guests—a pause
Of expectation, as when beauty awes
All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld ;
Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled,
For whispers passed from mouth to ear which drew
The colours from the hearers' cheeks, and flew
Louder and swifter round the company ;
And then Gherardi entered with an eye
Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd
Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead ! if it be death
To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath,
With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and white,
And open eyes, whose fixed and glassy light
Mocked at the speculation they had owned ;
If it be death, when there is felt around
A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,
And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
From the scalp to the ankles, as it were
Corruption from the spirit passing forth,
And giving all it shrouded to the earth,
And leaving as swift lightning in its flight
Ashes, and smoke, and darkness : in our night
Of thought we know this much of death no more
Than the unborn dream of our life before—
Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable shore.
The marriage feast and its solemnity
Was turned to funeral pomp ; the company,
With heavy hearts and looks, broke up : nor they
Who loved the dead went weeping on their way
Alone, but sorrow mixed with sad surprise
Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,
On which that form, whose fate they weep in vain,
Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.

The lamps which, half-extinguished in their haste,
 Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,
 Showed as it were within the vaulted room
 A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom
 Had passed out of men's minds into the air.
 Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,
 Friends and relations of the dead; and he,
 A loveless man, accepted torpidly
 The consolation that he wanted not:
 Awe in the place of grief within him wrought
 Their whispers made the solemn silence seem
 More still: some wept,
 Some melted into tears without a sob,
 And some with hearts that might be heard to throb
 Leant on the table, and at intervals
 Shuddered through the deserted halls
 And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came
 Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame
 Of every torch and taper as it swept
 From out the chamber where the women kept;—
 Their tears fell on the dear companion cold
 Of pleasures now departed. Then was knolled
 The bell of death; and soon the priests arrived,
 And finding death their penitent had shrived,
 Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon
 A vulture has just feasted to the bone.
 And then the mourning women came. . . .

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MRS. HEMANS.

Born 1794. Died 1835.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, and was born September 25, 1794. Her father being unsuccessful in business, retired from it soon after his daughter's birth, and removed his family to a lonely spot called Grwyth, in Denbighshire. The solitude and seclusion in which she lived naturally fostered in the mind of Felicia Browne the poetic element implanted in her. In 1808 her first volume of poems was published, and contained some pieces she had written in 1804. "Domestic Affections" was published in 1812. In

1809 the family removed to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph; and it was there, in 1812, she contracted her ill-fated marriage with Captain Hemans: they lived together six years, when they finally separated, and she devoted herself to a life of literary toil to provide means to educate the five sons left dependent on her exertions. In 1819 she competed for a prize poem on Sir William Wallace, and won it. In 1821 she won a prize for a poem on Dartmoor, from the Royal Society of Literature, and in 1820 she published "The Sceptic." When twenty-five years of age Mrs. Hemans made the acquaintance of Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and at his suggestion wrote "The Vespers of Palermo," a tragedy, which was unsuccessfully produced at Covent Garden in 1823. In 1827 "The Lays of Many Lands" appeared; and "The Forest Sanctuary" and "The Records of Women" followed in 1828. In 1829 Mrs. Hemans visited Scotland, and was warmly received by Sir Walter Scott, with whom she spent a few days at Abbotsford. In 1830 she published "Songs of the Affections," and in the following year left England for Dublin, where she occupied herself in preparing for the press three collections of her poems, which appeared in 1834. Her health had long been ailing, and the exertions she had made to bring up her family had proved too much for her strength. In 1834 she was prostrated by an attack of scarlet fever, from which she never thoroughly recovered, and in spite of the kind attentions of friends and relatives, by whom she was tenderly loved and respected, she gradually sank, and died, without a sigh or struggle, on May 12, 1835. She was buried in St. Anne's Church, Dawson Street, Dublin. A deep religious tone pervades the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, and many of her pieces are very beautiful.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed,

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ;—
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea ;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared ;—
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band :
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod :
 They have left unstained what there they found —
 Freedom to worship God.

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but he had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word :
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done."
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,
" If I may yet be gone."
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
" My father ! must I stay ? "
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound ;
The boy—O ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea !

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part :
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young, faithful heart !

WAR SONG OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS.

Ye who burn with glory's flame,
Ye who love the patriot's fame,
Ye who scorn oppressive might,
Rise, in freedom's cause unite ;
Castilians, rise !

730
HARK! Iberia calls, ye brave;
Haste! your bleeding country save:
Be the palm of bright renown,
Be th' unfading laurel-crown,
The hero's prize.

High the crimson banner wave,
Ours be conquest or the grave.
Spirits of our noble sires,
Lo! your sons with kindred fires
Unconquer'd glow.
See them once again advance,
Crush the pride of hostile France;
See their hearts, with ardour warm;
See them, with triumphant arm,
Repel the foe.

By the Cid's immortal name,
By Gonsalvo's deathless fame,
By the chiefs of former time,
By the valiant deeds sublime
Of ancient days,
Brave Castilians, grasp the spear,
Gallant Andalusians, hear;
Glory calls you to the plain:

Tyrant ! soon thy reign is o'er,
 Thou shalt waste mankind no more ;
 Boast no more thy thousands slain,
 Jena's or Marengo's plain ;
 Lo ! the sun that gilds thy day
 Soon will veil its parting ray
 In endless night.

DIRGE.

Where shall we make her grave?
 O, where the wild flowers wave
 In the free air !
 Where shower and singing bird
 'Midst the young leaves are heard ;
 There—lay her there !

Harsh was the world to her :
 Now may sleep minister
 Balm for each ill ;
 Low on sweet Nature's breast
 Let the meek heart find rest,
 Deep, deep and still !

Murmur, glad waters, by !
 Faint gales, with happy sigh,
 Come wandering o'er
 That green and mossy bed,
 Where, on a gentle head,
 Storms beat no more !

What though for her in vain
 Falls now the bright spring-rain,
 Plays the soft wind ?
 Yet, still, from where she lies
 Should blessed breathings rise,
 Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew,
 Thence, in the heart renew
 Life's vernal glow !
 And o'er that holy earth
 Scents of the violet's birth
 Still come and go !

O, then, where wild flowers wave,
 Make ye her mossy grave
 In the free air!
 Where shower and singing bird
 'Midst the young leaves are heard;
 There—lay her there!



JOHN KEATS.

Born 1796. Died 1820.

JOHN KEATS was of humble birth; his father was a livery-stable keeper in Moorfields, and John was born in the mews, October 29, 1796. He was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton, and on subsequently walking the hospitals made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, who, struck with his talent and originality, introduced him to the public. In 1817 he published a volume of poems, and soon afterwards "Endymion," which was terribly cut up in the *Quarterly Review*. In 1820 appeared "Lamia, and other Poems." Of a delicate and sensitive constitution, Keats had seriously impaired his health by the care he had lavished on a dying brother; and he took a trip into Italy with the hope of recovering strength, but consumption had laid her hand on him, and the only wonder expressed by his physicians was that he had lasted so long. He died at Rome, December 27, 1820, and was interred in the English cemetery, in a spot where, a year later, the heart and ashes of his friend Shelley were deposited. Brief as was the life of Keats, he succeeded in winning for himself a name in poetry. His style is distinguished by brilliance of imagery and redundancy of idea.

FROM "ENDYMION."

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the unhuman dearth

Of noble features, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills,
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read.
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel those essences
For one short hour ; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us as fast,
That, whether there be shine or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore 'tis full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys : so I will begin
Now, while I cannot hear the city's din ;
Now, while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests ; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber ; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,

Hide in deep herbage ; and ere yet the bees
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
 I must be near the middle of my story.
 O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
 See it half finish'd : but let autumn bold,
 With universal tinge of sober gold,
 Be all about me when I make an end.
 And now at once, adventuresome, I send
 My herald thought into a wilderness :
 There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
 My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
 Easily onward, through flowers and weed.

FROM "ISABELLA, OR THE POT OF BASIL."

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
 And then the prize was all for Isabel :
 She calm'd its wild hair with a golden comb,
 And all around each eye's sepulchral cell
 Pointed each fringed lash ; the smeared loam
 With tears as chilly as a dripping well
 She drench'd away : and still she comb'd and kept,
 Sighing all day ; and still she kiss'd and wept.

Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews
 Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
 And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
 Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,—
 She wrapp'd it up ; and for its tomb did choose
 A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
 And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
 Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, the sun,
 And she forgot the blue above the trees,
 And she forgot the dells where waters run,
 And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze ;
 She had no knowledge when the day was done,
 And the new morn she saw not ; but in peace
 Hung over her sweet Basil ever more,
 And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
 Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
 So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
 Of Basil-tufts in Florence ; for it drew
 Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
 From the fast mouldering head there shut from view ;
 So that the jewel, safely casketed,
 Came forth, and in perfumed leaflets spread.

O Melancholy, linger here awhile !
 O Music, music breathe despondingly !
 O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
 Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us ! O sigh !
 Spirits in grief, lift up your heads and smile ;
 Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,
 And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
 Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
 From the deep throat of sad Melpomene !
 Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
 And touch the strings into a mystery ;
 Sound mournfully upon the winds and low ;
 For simple Isabel is soon to be
 Among the dead : she withers, like a palm
 Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

O leave the palm to wither by itself ;
 Let not quick winter chill its dying hour !
 It may not be : these Baalites of pelf,
 Her brethren, noted the continual shower
 From her dead eyes ; and many a curious elf
 Among her kindred wonder'd that such dower
 Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
 By one mark'd out to be a noble's bride.

And furthermore her brethren wonder'd much
 Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,
 And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch :
 Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean.
 They could not surely give belief that such
 A very nothing would have power to wean
 Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
 And even remembrance of her love's delay.

Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift
 This hidden whim ; and long they watch'd in vain :
 For seldom did she go to chapel shrift,
 And seldom felt she any hunger-pain ;
 And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
 As bird on wing to breast its eggs again,
 And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
 Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

Yet they contrived to steal the Basil-pot,
 And to examine it in secret place :
 The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
 And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face :
 The guerdon of their murder they had got,
 And so left Florence in a moment's space,
 Never to turn again.—Away they went,
 With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away !
 O Music, music breathe despondingly !
 O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
 From isles Lethean, sigh to us ! O sigh !
 Spirits of grief, sing not your "well-a-way !"
 For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die ;
 Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
 Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,
 Asking for her lost Basil amorously ;
 And with melodious chuckle in the strings
 Of her lone voice, she oftentimes would cry
 After the pilgrim in his wanderings,
 To ask him where her Basil was, and why
 'Twas hid from her ; "For cruel 'tis," said she,
 "To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
 Imploring for her Basil to the last.
 No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
 In pity of her love, so overcast,
 And a sad ditty of this story borne
 From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd.
 Still is the burden sung, "O cruelty,
 To steal my Basil-pot away from me !"

TO HOPE.

When by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom,
When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom,
Sweet Hope ! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of night,
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,
Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away,
Peep with the moonbeams through the leafy roof,
And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof.

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
Strive for her son to seize my careless heart,
When like a cloud he sits upon the air,
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart,
Chase him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
And fright him, as the morning frightens night !

Whene'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer ;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow ;
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head !

Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain,
From cruel parents or relentless fair,
O let me think it is not quite in vain
To sigh out sonnets to the midnight air !
Sweet Hope ! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see our country's honour fade !
O let me see our land retain her soul !
Her pride, her freedom ; and not freedom's shade.
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed ;
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head !

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,
 Great Liberty !—how great in plain attire !—
 With the base purple of a court oppress'd,
 Bowing her head, and ready to expire ;
 But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings
 That fill the skies with silver glitterings !

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
 Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud ;
 Brightening the half-veil'd face of heaven afar :
 So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
 Sweet Hope ! celestial influence round me shed,
 Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.



HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Born 1796. Died 1849.

HARTLEY was the eldest son of Samuel Taylor COLERIDGE, and was born at Clevedon, near Bristol, September 19, 1796. Wordsworth's poem, "To H. C., Six Years Old," describes the young poet "whose fancies from afar are brought." When Coleridge removed from the neighbourhood of Bristol to the Lake district, Hartley was but four years of age: so that his earliest impressions were derived from the lovely Lake scenery. Hartley's education was entrusted to the Rev. John Dawes, of Ambleside. As a necessary consequence of Coleridge's position, young Hartley became well known to, and a great favourite with, Wordsworth, Southey, Professor Wilson, De Quincy—that charmed circle which a few of us still living can remember, and recall among the pleasantest memories of early life. In 1815 Hartley Coleridge proceeded to Oxford as a scholar of Merton. He was distinguished for his scholarship, and for the ease with which he could render into English the idiom of Latin. In 1818 he took his degree, and was shortly elected a Probationer Fellow of Oriel. Unfortunately for him, the conversational powers which he inherited from his father became his greatest enemy. His society was eagerly sought. An Oxford wine-party became brilliant if Hartley Coleridge was present. The terrible temptations which excited conversation and wit and wine have often presented to men, became too powerful for him. He contracted habits of intemperance, which becoming known to the College authorities, prevented his being confirmed in his Fellowship at the close of his probationary year. As a tutor, or as an aspirant to

University offices, his fortunes were thereby irretrievably ruined. Gifted with abilities to do honour to his college, and with a gentle heart to do honour to human nature, he was compelled to withdraw from Oxford. For two or three years he lived in London, contributing occasionally to the *London Magazine*. Then he returned to the Lakes, and settled at Ambleside, with the intention of taking pupils to read with him. Unable rightly to control himself, it was foolish to suppose that Hartley Coleridge could control young men preparing for the University. His tutorial life was a complete failure, and did not continue long. He was (unless the writer's memory is at fault) at another period of his life for a short time assistant master at Settle School, where his elegance of scholarship was highly appreciated among those who had the privilege of being his pupils. Had he been fortunate enough to have held his Fellowship, and to have continued at Oxford, there can be no question that the singular felicity with which Hartley Coleridge could phrase in English crabbed bits of the Latin poets would have taken some higher flight, and have given him the fame as a scholar which the few who knew him in his secluded life knew that he deserved.

As far as occupation was concerned, the rest of his life was passed in inactivity. He read diligently, thought deeply, and wrote charmingly; but the occasional fits of intemperance which overtook him rendered him unfit for any trusty employment, and overshadowed his mind at other times with a melancholy which was pitiable. From 1820 to 1831 he contributed occasionally to *Blackwood's Magazine*. In 1832-33 he resided at Leeds, and wrote for Mr. Bingley, a publisher, his "Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire." He returned to the Lakes, and the remainder of his days was passed either at Grasmere, or Rydal, in the immediate neighbourhood of Wordsworth. In 1839 he wrote a Life of Massinger, which was prefixed to an edition of that dramatist's works.

Few men have lived more beloved (especially by the poor who surrounded him) than Hartley Coleridge. At Grasmere and Rydal all knew his one self-destroying infirmity; but they also knew and loved his many virtues, while they admired his great talents. His name continues a household word among the cottagers, for never did gentler heart beat in human breast than that of Hartley Coleridge.

He died, January 6, 1849, in the cottage near Rydal Water, where, tended with the affections of the kind folks who had long watched over his childlike nature, he had passed the latter years of his existence. His remains were interred in the peaceful churchyard of Grasmere, alongside those of the great poet to whom he had ever looked up with reverence as a father—his early and constant friend, Wordsworth.

POIETES APOIETES.

No hope have I to live a deathless name,
A power immortal in the world of mind,
A sun to light with intellectual flame
The universal soul of human kind.

Not mine the skill in memorable phrase
The hidden truths of passion to reveal,
To bring to light the intermingling ways
By which unconscious motives darkling steal,

To show how forms the sentient heart affect,
How thoughts and feelings mutually combine,
How oft the pure, impassive intellect
Shares the mischances of his mortal shrine.

Nor can I summon from the dark abyss
Of time the spirit of forgotten things,
Bestow unfading life on transient bliss,
Bid Memory live with "healing on its wings ;"

Or give a substance to the haunting shades,
Whose visitation shames the vulgar earth,
Before whose light the ray of morning fades,
And hollow yearning chills the soul of mirth.

I have no charm to renovate the youth
Of old authentic dictates of the heart,
To wash the wrinkles from the face of Truth,
And out of Nature form creative Art.

Divinest Poesy ! 'tis thine to make
Age young, youth old, to baffle tyrant Time,
From antique strains the hoary dust to shake,
And with familiar grace to crown new rhyme.

Long have I loved thee, long have loved in vain,
Yet large the debt my spirit owes to thee ;
Thou wreath'dst my first hours in a rosy chain,
Rocking the cradle of my infancy.

The lovely images of earth and sky
From thee I learn'd within my soul to treasure ;
And the strong magic of thy minstrelsy
Charms the world's tempest to a sweet sad measure.

Nor Fortune's spite, nor hopes that once have been—
Hopes which no power of Fate can give again—
Not the sad sentence, that my life must wean
From dear domestic joys, nor all the train

Of pregnant ills and penitential harms
That dog the rear of youth unwisely wasted,
Can dim the lustre of thy stainless charms,
Or sour the sweetness that in thee I tasted.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

There is a little and a pretty flower,
That you may find in many a garden plot ;
Yet wild it is, and grows amid the stour
Of public roads, as in close-wattled bower :
Its name in English is Forget-me-not.

Sweet was the fancy of those antique ages
That put a heart in every stirring leaf,
Writing deep morals upon Nature's pages,
Turning sweet flowers into deathless sages,
To calm our joy and sanctify our grief.

And gladly would I know the man or child ;—
But no ! it surely was a pensive girl
That gave so sweet a name to floweret wild,
A harmless innocent, and unbeguiled,
To whom a flower is precious as a pearl.

Fain would I know, and yet I can but guess,
How the blue floweret won a name so sweet.
Did some fond mother, bending down to bless
Her sailing son with last and fond caress,
Give the small plant to guard him through the fleet ?

Did a kind maid, that thought her lover all
By which a maid would fain beloved be,
Leaning against a ruin'd abbey wall,
Make of the flower an am'rous coronal,
That still should breathe and whisper, " Think of me " ?

But were I good and holy as a saint,
Or hermit dweller in secluded grot,
If e'er the soul in hope and love were faint,
Then, like an antidote to mortal taint,
I'd give the pretty flower Forget-me-not.

DEATH-BED REFLECTIONS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not that my hand could make of stubborn stone
Whate'er of gods the shaping thought conceives ;
Not that my skill by pictured lines hath shown
All terrors that the guilty soul believes ;
Not that my art, by blended light and shade,
Express'd the world as it was newly made ;
Not that my verse profoundest truth could teach,
In the soft accents of the lover's speech ;
Not that I rear'd a temple for mankind
To meet and pray in, borne by every wind—
Affords me peace : I count my gain but loss
For that vast love that hangs upon the cross.

AGNES.

In an old house, a country dwelling, nigh
A river chafed by many a wave-worn stone,
A good man kept old hospitality,
With a warm purse well filled by industry
And prosperous dealings in the torrid zone.

His spouse was comely, stricken well in years ;
His daughters' faces lighted all the house,—
And they had tongues as well as eyes and ears.
But one there was, the youngest of the dears,
A child sedate, as still as any mouse.

Still as a little timid mouse she sat ;
And yet her stillness seemed not to be fear,
Like mouse's hiding from the whiskered cat :
Oh no ! whate'er the subject of our chat,
She seemed to drink it in with eye and ear.

I cannot say she had a speaking eye ;
For when my eye with hers would fain converse,
She would begin her needle's task to ply,
Stirring her little fingers busily ;
And, wanting work, the kitten would she nurse.

Soon as she could, she unobserved withdrew,
Determined of my purpose to defeat me ;
And yet I loved her, as I always do
All pretty maids that are too young to woo,
However scurvily they choose to treat me.

Years have gone by, her worthy father dead,
And she could deem herself a child no longer :
Who can conceive what thoughts in her were bred
When she beheld her elder sisters wed,
And womanhood in her grew daily stronger ?

Or did she feel a warning in her heart,
An inward clock, that timely struck eleven,
And said, " Sweet Agnes, tender as thou art,
One hour is thine ; be ready to depart ;
Thy spouse affianced waits for thee in heaven " ?

I cannot tell, for I was far away,
By what slow course of gracious discipline,
Through gradual shades of unperceived decay,
As moonlight steals on fading summer day,
Her spiritual eye was trained to light divine.

But yet I trust she never knew the woe
Of body's waste, that brings despair and dearth
Unto the soul ; that living death, so slow,
That leaves to those that would, yet would not, go,
No love of heaven, but weary hate of earth.

Nay, better ! Loving dearly to the last
All that she ever loved, with fond delay
The latest hour before her spirit past ;
Prayed yet, though feeling that her lot was cast,
Like Jesus, that the cup might pass away.

FEELINGS OF YOUTH.

As the dew of the morning bestars every blade,
But ere noon is no more on the plain,
Yet abides in the bell of the flower in the shade
Till dew comes at evening again ;
So the feelings of youth, the fond faith of the heart,
In manhood dry up like the dew.
Oh ! let them survive in the soul's better part,
Till death shall the morning renew.



THOMAS HOOD.

Born 1798. Died 1845.

THOMAS HOOD, the second son of a publisher in the Poultry, was born in 1798. He received the rudiments of his education at a day school in Tokenhouse Yard, City. At fourteen years of age he was placed in the firm of Messrs. Bell and Co., Russia merchants; but the sedentary nature of his occupation seems to have affected his health, and he was sent for change of air to Dundee, where he remained two years, and on his return to London engaged himself to Mr. Robert Sands, his uncle, to learn the art of engraving.

In 1821 Hood was offered and accepted the situation of sub-editor to the *London Magazine*, and as such made the acquaintance of many literary men who were contributors to the periodical in question, among whom we may mention Hartley Coleridge, Horace Smith, Bowring, Hazlitt, Talfourd, Elton, and Lamb. Though Hood had contributed some few trifles to the Dundee papers and magazines, his first work was "Odes and Addresses to Great People," and this he published anonymously. "Whims and Oddities" came out in 1826, and a second and third series followed. The "Comic Annual" appeared in 1829, and was successfully sustained for nine years. On its termination he commenced *Hood's Own*, which came out in monthly numbers. The poem of "Epping Hunt" was a great success, and made its author well known as a comic writer. Eugene Aram's "Dream" was written for *The Gem*, of which, for a short time, Hood was editor, and it has always been greatly appreciated by the public. Though suffering from ill health, and at times from pecuniary difficulties, Hood worked on indefatigably,

and while travelling on the Continent in 1839 published his work "Up the Rhine." "Tilney Hall," a novel, was written in 1835. He edited the *New Monthly Magazine* until 1843, and on leaving it collected his contributions, and published them as "Whimsicalities." In 1844 he commenced *Hood's Magazine*, and in spite of great bodily suffering devoted himself to it as a contributor until about a month before his death: in fact, the last chapters of "Our Family" were literally written as he lay on his death-bed. A short time before he died, a Government pension of 100*l.* per annum was conferred upon him, which was at his request transferred to his wife. His death took place on May 3, 1845, and he was interred in the cemetery at Kensal Green.

Hood was a man of keen observation, with a strong sense of humour; and he had the happy art of blending wit and pathos in a way which was quite his own. "The Bridge of Sighs" and the "Song of the Shirt," written shortly before his death, prove he could touch the heart as truly by his serious power as, in his comic pieces, he could amuse by his irresistible drollery. In private life he was greatly beloved and respected, as much for the delicacy of feeling which distinguished him as for his social acquirements.

AN ADDRESS TO
THE VERY REV. THE DEAN (JOHN IRELAND, D.D.)
AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

Oh, very reverend Dean and Chapter,
Exhibitors of giant men,
Hail to each surplice-back'd adapter
Of England's dead, in her stone den !
Ye teach us properly to prize
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,
And, to throw light upon our eyes,
Deal in wax queens like old wax candles.

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,
Call in your shillings, two and two ;
March with them up the middle aisle,
And cloister them from public view.
Yours surely are the dusty dead :
Gladly ye look from bust to bust,
And set a price on each great head,
And make it come down with the dust.

Oh, as I see you walk along
In ample sleeves and ample back,
A pursy and well-order'd throng,
Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black,

In vain I strive me to be dumb ;
 You keep each bard like fatted kid,
 Grind bones for bread like Fee-faw-fum,
 And drink from skulls as Byron did !

The profitable Abbey is
 A sacred 'Change for stony stock ;
 Not that a speculation 'tis—
 The profit's founded on a rock.
 Death and the Doctors in each nave
 Bony investments have inurn'd,
 And hard 'twould be to find a grave
 From which "no money is return'd" !

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought
 By reverence for those learned bones,
 Shall often come and walk your short
 Two-shilling fare upon the stones.
 Ye have that talisman of wealth
 Which puddling chemists sought of old,
 Till ruin'd out of hope and health—
 The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold !

Oh, licensed cannibals, ye eat
 Your dinners from your own dead race ;
 Think Gray, preserved, a "funeral meat,"
 And Dryden, devil'd, after grace
 A relish ; and you take your meal
 From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,
 Or whet your holy knives on Steele,
 To cut away at Addison !

Oh say, of all this famous age,
 Whose learned bones your hopes expect,
 Oh have ye number'd Rydal's sage,
 Or Moore, among your ghosts elect ?
 Lord Byron was not doom'd to make
 You richer by his final sleep ;—
 Why don't ye warn the Great to take
 Their ashes to no other heap ?

Southey's reversion have ye got ?
 With Coleridge, for his body, made
 A bargain ? Has Sir Walter Scott,
 Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade ?

Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold
 His features for your marble shows?
 Or Campbell barter'd, ere he's cold,
 All interest in his "*bone* repose"?

Rare is your show, ye righteous men!
 Priestly Politos, rare, I ween;
 But should ye not outside the den
 Paint up what in it may be seen?
 A long green Shakspeare, with a deer
 Grasp'd in the many folds it died in,
 A Butler stuff'd from ear to ear,
 Wet White Bears weeping o'er a Dryden!

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,
 A Giant of some inches high;
 Paint Handel up, that organ chap,
 With you, as grinders, in his eye;
 Depict some plaintive antique thing,
 And say th' original may be seen;—
 Blind Milton, with a dog and string,
 May be the Beggar o' Bethnal Green!

Put up in Poets' Corner, near
 The little door, a platform small;
 Get there a monkey—never fear,
 You'll catch the gapers, one and all!
 Stand each of ye a Body Guard,
 A Trumpet under either fin,
 And yell away in Palace Yard,
 "All dead! All dead! Walk in! Walk in!"

(But when the people are inside,
 Their money paid, I pray you, bid
 The keepers not to mount and ride
 A race around each coffin lid.
 Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought, last year,
 That it was hard—the woman clacks—
 To have so little in her ear,
 And be so hurried through the Wax!)

"Walk in! two shillings only! Come!
 Be not by country grumblers funk'd!
 Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb,
 The Cheapest House for the defunct!"

Write up,—'twill breed some just reflection.
 And every rude surmise 'twill stop—
 Write up, that you have no connection
 (In large) with any other shop !

. And still, to catch the clowns the more,
 With samples of your shows in wax
 Set some old Harry near the door
 To answer queries with his *axe*
 Put up some general begging-trunk—
 Since the last broke by some mishap :
 You've all a bit of General Monk,
 From the respect you bore his cap !

LOVE.

O Love ! what art thou, Love ? the ace of hearts,
 Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits ?
 A player, masquerading many parts
 In life's 'odd carnival ? a boy that shoots,
 From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts ?
 A gardener, pulling hearts'-ease up by the roots
 The Puck of Passion—partly false, part real ?
 A marriageable maiden's " beau ideal ? "

O Love ! what art thou, Love ? a wicked thing,
 Making green misses spoil their work at school ?
 A melancholy man cross gartering ?
 Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool ?
 A youngster tilting at a wedding-ring ?
 A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool ?
 A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,
 Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel ?

O Love ! what art thou, Love ? one that is bad
 With palpitations of the heart—like mine ?
 A poor bewilder'd maid, making so sad
 A necklace of her garters—fell design ?
 A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
 Ending his sonnets with a hempen line ?
 O Love !—but whither, now ?—forgive me, pray ;
 I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade ;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew ;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a faint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone?—and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright :
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her :
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas ! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow ;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe !

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the tender ship, you see."
"The tender ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be !

"Oh ! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him ;
But oh ! I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas ! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales ;
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world ;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so ?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried :
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At fortyodd befell :
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied ;
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed : she had
 Another morn than ours.



LORD MACAULAY.

Born 1800. Died 1859.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born on 25th October in the year 1800, at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire. His father, Zachary Macaulay, will long be remembered as an earnest labourer for the abolition of the slave trade. Macaulay's grandfather, the Rev. John Macaulay, was a Presbyterian minister in the Highlands, of whom mention is made by Dr. Johnson in his "Tour to the Hebrides." Educated privately in his youth, Macaulay proceeded in due course to the University, and entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1819 he gained the Chancellor's medal for his poem entitled "Pompeii." In 1821 he gained the same prize again for his poem on "Evening." The same year he was elected Craven Scholar. In 1822 he took his degree, and was elected Fellow of Trinity. In 1825 he proceeded to his M.A. degree. Having adopted the legal profession, he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1826. During the whole of his

University career Macaulay had been a devoted student. In 1825, before he was called to the bar, he had contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* his much criticized article on "Milton," the first of that long series of brilliant essays from his pen which appeared during more than twenty years in the pages of that well-known Whig periodical. Among those essays it will suffice to point attention to the splendid papers on Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Lord Bacon, Burleigh and his times, and one on Robert Montgomery's poems, which is, and will remain, remarkable in literature as one of the severest pieces of caustic ridicule that was ever penned. In 1830 Macaulay was returned member for Calne, through the Lansdowne interest. His political career from first to last was that of a staunch Whig. He became Secretary to the Board of Control for India, and took a prominent part in the debates upon the Reform Bill. In 1832 he was returned to the reformed Parliament as member for Leeds. In 1834 he accepted a seat at the board of the Supreme Council in India. He resigned his seat, and proceeded to Calcutta, his particular object being to prepare a new code of law for India. He remained in India two years and a half, and after returning to England his proposed penal code was published, in 1838. It has never become law. The large salary attached to the office of a member of the Supreme Council enabled Lord Macaulay to save sufficient money to secure his independence for the rest of his life.

Being once more settled in England, he was appointed Secretary at War in 1839, and was returned member for Edinburgh in 1840. In 1842 he published his metrical ballads entitled "Lays of Ancient Rome." After the resignation of the Peel administration in 1846, on the accession to office of the Russell cabinet, Macaulay was appointed Paymaster-General of the Forces. In 1847, owing to his opinions regarding the Maynooth grant, he was rejected by his constituents at Edinburgh. Macaulay's retirement was a painful reflection upon the "liberality" of the constituency he had honourably represented, but it was a most fortunate circumstance to the public generally. He had settled himself in chambers in the Albany, and there he was enabled to enjoy his repose from political turmoil, and to prepare his "History" from the accession of James II. In 1849 the first volumes of this work appeared. They commanded a larger and more rapid sale than any book which has been published in modern times. The same year was noted in Macaulay's life by his being elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. In 1852 the constituency of Edinburgh, thoroughly ashamed of the narrow-minded manner in which Macaulay had been treated in 1847, and repentant of it, returned him once more to Parliament, without his, in any way, seeking their suffrages. They honoured him, and they honoured themselves. But 1847 had practically closed Macaulay's political career. The cable had been cut, and though spliced, it no longer held the ship close to its moorings. Macaulay had tasted the

delights of retirement and literary pursuit, undisturbed by the cares and conflicts of Parliament. From 1852 to 1856 he nominally represented Edinburgh, but in reality he lived in the British Museum, and at his new residence, Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington. In 1855 the third and fourth volumes of his History were published. The enormous sale which they commanded on the day of their publication testified to the interest of the public, and the avidity with which it desired to enjoy the word-pictures of this great master of composition. Macaulay continued in retirement at Kensington, spending the greater portion of his days at the British Museum, and in the evenings arranging the notes he had made, in his own study. So his days passed swiftly but pleasantly away. He was created by the Queen a Baron of the realm, and known for a brief period as "Lord Macaulay." The letters patent were dated September 10, 1857. The elevation of such a man to the peerage was one of those honours conferred upon the peerage which the Crown seldom indulges in. The peerage of England has frequently been recruited by ennobling the blood of successful merchants, bankers, traders, soldiers, sailors, and barristers, but it remained for the present age to see a peer created, for the first and only time in the history of England, solely for his merits as a man of letters. Lord Macaulay, it is true, had been an ardent politician, and had supported with voice and pen the Whig cause; but it was not his Whiggism that dubbed him "Lord." As a peer, the remainder of his days was passed in collecting the materials for the completion of his History—a History he was destined to leave a brilliant fragment. His health gave way, and at the close of the year 1859, on the 28th day of December, Lord Macaulay died, at Holly Lodge. He was buried on the 9th of January, 1860, in Poets' Corner.

In this work Lord Macaulay is quoted as a poet. It is as an essayist and a writer of history that he is generally regarded by the public. His History, it has been truly said, reads like a romance. The political bias it displays is so strong that its pictures can hardly be viewed with that perfect reliance which we should wish to give to historical portraits. Nevertheless they are so antithetically drawn, and so brilliantly coloured, that the charm of such painting in words is irresistible. Macaulay's poetry is quite overshadowed by his prose; but had he been unknown as a prose writer, he would have enjoyed great fame as a poet. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" have been as much read, and as justly admired, as any historical ballads in our language.

"HORATIUS."

Lars Porsena of Clusium
 By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west, and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west, and south and north,
The messengers ride fast,
And tower, and town, and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

There be Thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who always by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand :
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given :
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

* * *

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright ;
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways :
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,

And mothers sobbing over babes
 That looked to them and smiled,
 And sick men borne in litters
 High on the necks of slaves,
 And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
 With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
 Laden with skins of wine,
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
 And endless herds of kine,
 And endless trains of waggons,
 That creaked beneath the weight
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
 Choked every roaring gate.

* * *

I wis, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith uprose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all :
 In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
 Before the River-gate ;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
 Out spake the Consul roundly :
 " The bridge must straight go down ;
 For since Janiculum is lost,
 Nought else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear :
 " To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul,
 Lars Porsena is here."
 On the low hills to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears :

And plainly and more plainly,
Above the glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine ;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

* * *

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate :
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late ;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods,

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame ?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play :

In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand
And keep the bridge with me ?”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
A Ramnian proud was he ;
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius ;
Of Titian blood was he ;
“ I will abide on thy left side
And keep the bridge with thee.”

“ Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
As thou say’st, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three :
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
In the brave days of old.

* * *

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe ;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge’s head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array :
To earth they sprung, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

* * *

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath :
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth :
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust ;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

* * *

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes ;
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But, hark ! the cry is " Astur !"
And, lo ! the ranks divide ;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on these bold Romans
A smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.

Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay :
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur leads the way?"

Then whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow :
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
It missed the helm, but gashed the thigh :
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face :
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

* * *

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And twice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here !
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

* * *

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack ;
But those behind cried "Forward !"
And those before cried "Back !"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd ;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud :
“ Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
Now welcome to thy home !
Why dost thou stay and turn away ?
Here lies the road to Rome.”

Thrice looked he at the city ;
Thrice looked he at the dead ;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread,
And white with fear and hatred
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
“ Come back, come back, Horatius !”
Loud cried the Fathers all.
“ Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall !”

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back ;
And as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

* * *

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before
And the broad flood behind.
“ Down with him ! ” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“ Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena ;
Now yield thee to our grace ! ”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome :

“ Oh Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank :
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry ;
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

* * *

Never I ween did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place :

But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

* * *

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night :
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high ;
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folks to see,
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee :
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home :
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As he who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;

When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the good man mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

VALENTINE TO THE HON. MARY C. STANHOPE.

Hail, day of music, day of love,
On earth below, in air above !
In air the turtle fondly moans,
The linnet pipes in joyous tones :
On earth the postman toils along,
Bent double by huge bales of song,
Where, rich with many a gorgeous dye,
Blazes all Cupid's heraldry ;
Myrtles and roses, doves and sparrows,
Love-knots and altars, lamps and arrows.
What nymph without wild hopes and fears
The double rap this morning hears ?
Unnumbered lasses, young and fair,
From Bethnal Green to Belgrave Square,
With cheeks high flushed and hearts loud beating,
Await the tender annual greeting.

The loveliest lass of all is mine :
 Good morrow to my Valentine !

Good morrow, gentle child ! and then
 Again good morrow and again,
 Good morrow following still good morrow,
 Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.
 And when the god to whom we pay
 In jest our homages to-day
 Shall come to claim, no more in jest,
 His rightful empire o'er thy breast,
 Benignant may his aspect be ;
 His yoke the truest liberty ;
 And if a tear his power confess,
 Be it a tear of happiness.
 It shall be so. The Muse displays
 The future to her votary's gaze :
 Prophetic rage my bosom swells ;
 I taste the cake, I hear the bells !
 From Conduit Street the close array
 Of chariots barricades the way
 To where I see, with outstretched hand,
 Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,
 And half unbend his brow of pride,
 As welcoming so fair a bride.
 Gay favours, thick as flakes of snow,
 Brighten St. George's portico.¹
 Within I see the chancel's pale,
 The orange flowers, the Brussels veil,
 The page on which those fingers white,
 Still trembling from the awful rite,
 For the last time shall faintly trace
 The name of Stanhope's noble race ;
 I see kind faces round thee pressing,
 I hear kind voices whisper blessing ;
 And with those voices mingles mine :
 All good attend my Valentine !

T. B. MACAULAY.

St. Valentine's Day, 1851.

(1) The Lady Mary, daughter of the Earl and Countess Stanhope, was married, February, 1868, at St George's, Hanover Square, to Earl Beauchamp.



MISS LANDON.

Born 1802. Died 1839.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON was born in Hans Place, Chelsea, on the 14th of August, 1802. Her father, who was brother to the then Dean of Exeter, was a partner in the firm of Adair and Co., army agents, in Pall Mall. The childhood of "L.E.L." was passed principally at Trevor Park, East Barnet, under the care of a relative; and during her early years she seems to have devoured with avidity all that came in her way in the shape of romance, poetry, and travels. Naturally of a very imaginative turn of mind, there is little doubt the retired life she led, and the course of reading she indulged in, largely contributed to the development of the sentimental. Her first poetical compositions appeared in the *Literary Gazette* in 1820, and, her father dying shortly afterwards in reduced circumstances, she steadily set to work to support herself and family by her literary exertions. Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was an old friend of her father's; and her poems having attracted great attention, he gave her employment in reviewing works of fiction, and criticizing other books. Miss Landon was a laborious and painstaking writer, and her life up to the date of her unfortunate marriage was one of literary exertion. The "Improvisatore" was brought out in 1824; the "Troubadour" in the following year. Then followed the "Golden Violet," the "Venetian Bracelet," and the "Lay of the Peacock." In 1830 she published her first novel, "Romance and Reality," and subsequently "Francesca Carrara" and "Ethel Churchill." She edited *Fisher's Drawing Scrap Book* for eight years, and was an extensive contributor to periodicals. On the 7th of June, 1838, Miss Landon married Mr. Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, the principal fortress on the Gold Coast, West Africa, and soon afterwards left England for that colony. Her melancholy death by poison in October, 1839, must for ever remain a mystery. She was found lying on the floor with a bottle of prussic acid in her hand; but whether taken by accident or designedly administered there was no evidence to show. She was buried where she died, and her husband erected a tablet to her memory with a Latin inscription. The miserable end of "L.E.L.," as well as the vein of intense sadness which runs through all she wrote, impress the reader with the idea that she was a woman of a morbid and melancholy nature, whereas, in private life, she was remarkable for cheerful playfulness and ready wit. Disappointed love was the principal burden of her theme, and her poetry, though abounding in passages of beauty and feeling, will continue to be more popular with the young than with the more advanced in years.

YEARNINGS FOR IMMORTALITY.

I am myself but a vile link
Amid life's weary chain ;
But I have spoken hallowed words,—
Oh, do not say in vain !

My first, my last, my only wish ;
Say, will my charmed chords
Wake to the morning light of fame,
And breathe again my words ?

Will the young maiden, when her tears
Alone in moonlight shine—
Tears for the absent and the loved—
Murmur some song of mine ?

Will the pale youth by his dim lamp,
Himself a dying flame,
From many an antique scroll beside
Choose that which bears my name ?

Let music make less terrible
The silence of the dead ;
I care not, so my spirit last
Long after life has fled.

THE TROUBADOUR.

He raised the golden cup from the board ;
It sparkled with purple wealth ;
He kissed the brim her lip had prest,
And drank to his ladye's health.

Ladye, to-night I pledge thy name ;
To-morrow thou shalt pledge mine ;
Ever the smile of beauty should light
The victor's blood-red wine.

There are some flowers of brightest bloom
Amid thy beautiful hair :
Give me those roses ; they shall be
The favour I will wear

For ere their colour is wholly gone,
Or the breath of their sweetness fled,
They shall be placed in thy curls again,
But dy'd of a deeper red.

The warrior rode forth in the morning light,
And beside his snow-white plume
Were the roses wet with the sparkling dew,
Like pearls on their crimson bloom.

The maiden stood on her highest tower;
And watch'd her knight depart :
She dash'd her tears aside, but her hand
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watch'd the distant clouds
Float on the distant air,
A crucifix upon her neck,
And on her lips a prayer.

The sun went down, and twilight came
With her banner of pearly grey,
And then afar she saw a band
Wind down the vale their way.

They came like victors, for high o'er their ranks
Were their crimson colours borne ;
And a stranger pennon droop'd beneath,—
But that was bow'd and torn.

But she saw no white steed first in the ranks,
No rider that spurr'd before ;
But the evening shadows were closing fast,
And she could see no more.

She turn'd from her watch on the lonely tower,
In haste to reach the hall,
And as she sprang down the winding stair,
She heard the drawbridge fall.

A hundred harps their welcome rung,
Then paused, as if in fear ;
The ladye entered the hall, and saw
Her true knight stretch'd on his bier.

HANNIBAL'S OATH.

And the night was dark and calm,
 There was not a breath of air;
 The leaves of the grove were still,
 As the presence of death was there:

Only a moaning sound
 Came from the distant sea;
 It was as if, like life,
 It had no tranquillity.

A warrior and a child
 Pass'd through the sacred wood,
 Which, like a mystery,
 Around the temple stood.

The warrior's brow was worn
 With the weight of casque and plume,
 And sun-burnt was his cheek,
 And his eye and brow were gloom.

The child was young and fair,
 But the forehead large and high,
 And the dark eye's flashing light
 Seem'd to feel their destiny.

The ground rock'd beneath their feet,
 The thunder shook the dome;
 But the boy stood firm, and swore
 Eternal hate to Rome.

There's a page in history
 O'er which tears of blood were wept,
 And that page is the record
 How that oath of hate was kept.

 CRESCENTIUS.¹

I looked upon his brow; no sign
 Of guilt or fear was there:
 He stood as proud by that death-shrine
 As even o'er Despair

(1) Consul of the Romans in the reign of the Emperor Otho III. He attempted to shake off the Saxon yoke, and was besieged by Otho in the Mole of Hadrian (long called the Tower of Crescentius.) He was betrayed and beheaded.

He had a power. In his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that Death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand ;
He raised them haughtily :
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh ;
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before ; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands thronged the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graved with many a dent, that told
Of many a soldier's deed ;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;
The sword which had defied
The mightiest lay broken near ;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride ;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncovered eye ;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who thronged to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot, and her latest one.

CHARLES SWAIN.

Born 1803. Living.

CHARLES SWAIN was born in Manchester in 1803. He was educated in his native place, and has continued a resident there ever since. His father, a native of Knutsford, in Cheshire, had married a French lady of the name of Tavaré. She was left a widow when her only child was but six years of age. On leaving school Swain was taken into the business of his uncle, M. Tavaré, who was proprietor of dye-works near Manchester. Having abandoned this occupation, Swain joined the firm of Lockett and Co., engravers. He has continued to follow the business of an engraver in Manchester from that time to the present. Swain first became known to the public by his contributions to the *Literary Gazette*, in its palmy days, when edited by Mr. Jerdan. From time to time a variety of poetical productions written by him appeared in periodicals, and the "Annuals," then specially popular. In 1827 he published a volume entitled "Metrical Essays;" in 1831 "The Mind, and other Poems." "The Mind" is the most important work from Mr. Swain's pen, and has gone through several editions. In 1832 a poem entitled "Dryburgh Abbey," on the death of Sir Walter Scott, was received by the public with marked favour. In 1847 appeared "Dramatic Chapters;" in 1849, "English Melodies;" in 1853, "The Letters of Laura d'Auvergne;" and in 1863, "Art and Fashion," a work which contains spirited dramatic pictures of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Leonardo da Vinci, and other celebrated artists. When the poem on Dryburgh Abbey appeared in 1832, Southey was so delighted with it, that he exclaimed, "If Manchester is not proud of her poet, the time will come when she will be so. His poetry is made of the right materials. If ever man was born to be a poet, he certainly is." The prediction has long since been fulfilled. The people of Manchester have on various occasions, and in various ways, testified their admiration for their poet, and their affection for a man who is universally beloved.

Charles Swain is best known as the author of *Ballads and Melodies* which have had immense popularity and circulation, not only in England, but also throughout America; and, by means of translations, in France and Germany. In America his poems and songs have been sold in thousands of copies in successive editions.

THE MIND.

There's beauty in the soft, warm, summer morn,
When leaves are sparkling with the early dew ;
When birds awake, and buds and flowers are born,
And the rich sun appears, half trembling, through
The crimson haze and dim luxurious blue
Of the far eastern heav'ns. There's beauty deep
From mountain-tops to catch the distant view
Of quiet glen, wood-path, wild craggy steep,
Or cool sequester'd coast where lonely waters sleep.

There's beauty in the noontide atmosphere,
When willows bend their graceful boughs to meet
The fountain waters—delicately clear—
When midway heaven the wild lark carols sweet.
There's beauty in the tender traits which fleet
Along the skiey shores and isles of gold,—
That seem just formed for holy angels' feet,—
Gleaming with gifts of an immortal mould.
God ! *could* Thy name be lost, while men such scenes behold ?

There's beauty in the still, blue hour of night,
When streams sing softly through the moonlit vale,
When, one by one, shoot forth the stars to light,
Dreamy and cold, and spiritually pale.
There's beauty on the ocean, when the gale
Dashes the merry billows to the strand ;
When like a phantom flits some wand'ring sail,
White as the moonbeam on the glittering sand,
And distant flute-notes rise, touched by some skilful hand.

There's beauty on the quiet lake afar,
When wild-birds sleep upon its voiceless breast ;—
The lonely mirror of a single star,
Pale shining in the solitary west.
There's harmony and beauty in that rest,
So placid, stirless, lonely—and so deep—
We scarcely move, or dare to whisper, lest
A word should break the magic of that sleep,
And start the spirit nymphs who watch around it keep.

There's beauty on the mountains, when the snow
Of thousand ages on their forehead lies,

Purple and glittering in the sunset glow,
 The gala light of the Italian skies ;
 When gorgeously the clear prismatic dyes
 Illumine ice-built arches, crystal walls,
 That like the mirrors of the spheres arise,
 Or proud magician's visionary halls,
 Arrayed for merry masques, for pomps and carnivals.

There's beauty in the old monastic pile,
 When purple twilight, like a nun, appears
 Bending o'er ruin'd arch and wasted aisle,
 Majestic glories of departed years ;
 Whilst dark above the victor ivy rears
 Its sacrilegious banner o'er the shrine,
 Once holy with a dying martyr's tears :
 Yet amidst dust, and darkness, and decline,
 A beauty mantles still the edifice divine !

* * * *

All beauty is the Mind's ! The dew of earth,
 Her loveliest breathings, her serenest skies,
 Ne'er warm'd such noble feelings into birth
 As from our own imaginations rise ;
 The bright, illuminated memories
 Which are the rays of the soul's world, the gay
 And fond creations of our youthful eyes ;
 Beauties which set not with the setting day,
 But hold a life within—a charm against decay !

Sculpture.

Approach the tomb of Julius, and behold
 The might of human intellect : view grace
 And saintly majesty in marble mould.
 There stands the Prophet,¹ as before the face
 Of his Eternal Master : there we trace
 The source and strength of inspiration ; there
 Our feelings grow too mighty for the space
 That earth may yield them, and far onward bear
 The soul to loftier spheres, to which that form seems heir.

Sculpture is Mind enchanted into stone ;
 A voiceless record, a mute harmony,

(1) The figure of Moses by Michael Angelo upon the tomb of Pope Julius II.

Omnipotent in grandeur all its own ;
 Majestic shrine of a world's memory ;
 Whose shadow rises from antiquity
 Girt by the genius of proud empires dead,
 All forms heroic, eminent, and free,
 Spirits whose good or evil names have shed
 Dishonour or renown upon the earth we tread.

* * * *

Can it be marble upon which we gaze?—
 That brow is burning with intelligence ;
 Language alone its melody delays,
 As loth to leave a lip whose excellence
 Surpasseth mortal beauty ! Stir not hence—
 'Twill breathe—'twill move—the spell will be unbound
 That chains the magic of its eloquence—
 Thy heart be ravished with the gifts of sound ;
 For, oh ! if truth's on earth, here is Apollo found !

Wonder of Art, immortal statue, thou,
 Whom the transcendent genius of man
 Endow'd with glory : unto thee we bow ;
 Thou look'st indeed eternal ! Here we can
 Compress all loveliness into one span
 Of inspiration : 'tis the glance, the mould,
 The impress of divinity ! began
 And finished ere the glorious thought grew cold
 That gave the Sun-God birth,—and bade the world behold.

Music.

Where lives the power to touch, to soothe, to charm,
 To animate, depress, appal, inspire,
 The human Mind ? its energies to warm
 With all a Hampden's patriotic fire ?
 To stir the bosom with unquench'd desire
 Of war's triumphant glory and renown ?
 Hark ! 'tis the sound of clarions and the lyre ;
 Banners are waving through the festal town ;
 The Hero comes ! he comes, with his victorious crown !

Feel ye it not ? 'Tis music's matchless spell,
 Thrilling from nerve to nerve, gushing the sight
 With tears of feeling indescribable,
 With sensibility's refined delight !

List ! Hear ye, through the still and lonely night,
 The distant hymn of mournful voices roll,
 Solemn and low ? It is the burial rite :
 How deep its sadness sinks into the soul,
 As slow the passing bell wakes its far, lingering knoll !

Yes ; Music is the memory of the heart,
 And Memory is the melody of love !
 How many dear affections round us start,
 How many social pleasures do we prove,
 When Music, like a spirit from above,
 Hallows the hour, until it seems divine !
 When voices in melodious feeling move,
 When Poesy and Harmony combine
 To soften and subdue, to gladden and refine !

THE SHIPS OF ENGLAND.

The ships, the ships of England ! how gallantly they sweep
 By town and city, fort and tower,—defenders of the deep !
 We build no bastions 'gainst the foe, no mighty walls of stone ;
 Our warlike castles breast the tide—the boundless sea's their own !

The ships, the ships of England ! What British heart is cold
 To the honour of his native isle, to the deathless deeds of old ?
 From quenched Armada's vaunted power to glorious Trafalgar,
 From Philip to Napoleon ; when set Britannia's star ?

The ships, the ships of England ! Where'er the surges roar,
 Along the dark Atlantic, by the wild East-Indian shore,
 Where icebergs flash destruction down, or sultry breezes play,
 The flag of England floats alone, and triumphs on her way.

Where sweeps the wind, or swells the wave, our vessels glad
 the view :

The wondering savage marks their decks, and stays his swift
 canoe ;

The Greenlander forsakes his sledge to watch each distant sail
 Pass, like a spirit of the deep, beneath the moonlight pale.

Oh wives, that love your cottage-homes ! oh maids, that love
 the green !

And youths, in whose firm, fearless limbs a free-born grace
 is seen !

Give honour to the noble ships, that fame and freedom lend,
 And bid your songs of gratitude from hill and vale ascend.

What horrors of the midnight storm our reckless seamen know
When thunders rattle overhead, and billows plunge below,
When howls the long ferocious blast, like some funereal strain,
And fast and far the vessel drives along the dreadful main !

How oft the cannon of the foe hath struck their dauntless breast,
While ye smiled o'er the social fire, or found the balm of rest !
How oft the shriek of drowning men the startled vulture caught,
When ye had closed your doors in peace, and home's sweet
pleasures sought !

Then wake your songs of gratitude to those who brave the sea,
And peril life that ye may live and still prove fair and free ;
Amidst your harvest-fields, oh, bid this earnest prayer prevail :
" God guard the ships of England, o'er whatever sea they sail ! "

THE CHAPEL BELL.

The wintry winds blow wild and shrill,
Like ghosts they shriek across the moor,
Or howl beneath the window sill,
Or shake with gusty hands the door ;
And, hour by hour, from some lone bell
A wizard sound at night doth steal :
Sometimes 'tis like a funeral knell,
Sometimes 'tis like a marriage peal !
I know it is some fiend that stands
Within the belfry's ghastly gloom,
And with its stark and fleshless hands
Rings out dead souls from tomb to tomb.

I long to weep, I pray to sleep,
But through the haunted house it sounds,
And through my flesh the chill veins creep
Like wintry worms in burial-grounds.
A weight is on my heart, my brain,
A shadow flits across the floor ;
And then I know it is in vain
To pine, or pray, or struggle more !
Well, let the foul fiend ring till morn,
Till the red sun awakens men.
Yet, though thus tortured and forlorn,
What then I did I'd do again !

Who'd think so black a heart could feel ?
Could pour so warm, so red a tide ?—
Is there no sinful soul but mine,
Thou endless fiend, that thou must make
These serpent sounds to hiss and twine
Around me till my senses ache ?

I had not stabb'd him, but I saw
My noble father's thin gray hairs ;
And that, perchance, which tears might draw,
Drew blood upon me unawares.
I flung the shrieking bride apart ;
I sprang before him in his guilt ;
The steel went quivering to his heart ;
Would GOD my own blood had been spilt !
Laugh out, dark fiend ! beside me then
A wilder sound than thine was spread,
A cry I ne'er shall hear again
Till every grave gives up its dead.

Twelve months—dark months—I groan'd in pain ;
A curse lay heavy on my head.
They tell me I have ne'er been sane
Since that wild hour the bridegroom bled ;
They say no shadow stalks the room,
No midnight tolling haunts the air.
'Tis false ! you hear it through the gloom ;
And, see, *the phantom* passes—there !
Mad—mad ? 'Twere blissful but to lose
One hour from self, one moment free
From thoughts that every *hope* refuse,
From life whose lot is misery !

Mad—mad ? As if the sense could leave
The form it tortured ! Never more
Shall I do aught but rave and grieve,
And wish—vain wish !—this life were o'er.
Away !—a thousand lives have gone,
A thousand phantoms glide in hell ;
But not one perish'd—no, not one—
So black in guilt as he who fell !
Night after night, 'mid sounds aghast,
That fiend, that spectre, haunts my way.
What shall I see when life hath past,
And night is mine that knows no day ?

IN MEMORIAM.

Day after day, the angels say,
Innumerable souls ascend ;
Day after day we mourn and pray
For some departed friend ;
Yet never kinder heart than thine,
And never truer breast,
E'er soar'd unto a world divine,
Or won immortal rest.

O school-companion, playmate, friend !
I muse the long years o'er,
And weep to see the shroud descend
Which folds thee evermore :
I shrink to yield thee to the dust,
To mark the funeral pall,
And strive to teach my heart to trust
In Him who feels for all !

And can it be that thou art dead,
And I left to deplore ?
I almost seem to list thy tread,
To hear thee at the door ;
The path it was thy wont to cross
I gaze upon, and wait ;
And scarce can realize my loss—
A loss so deep, so great !

Our school-days seem to dawn again ;
Again the same light beams ;
A different light than falls on *men*,
A radiance full of dreams.
The future—*what it was to be* !
When all our hopes seem'd truth.
Alas, the things we live to see
Are not the dreams of youth !

Is there a childhood in that sphere
To which thy soul hath fled ?
Do we begin the spirit-year
New-born from out the dead ?
Tread we eternity at first,
As we trod time of yore ?
Or does immortal glory burst
At once from GOD'S own shore ?

O gate of death ! O gate of life !
 O mystery sublime !
 With everlasting wonders rife,
 And marvels of all time ;—
 Say, shall affections still remain ?
 Shall memories endure ?
 And links of friendship's endless chain
 Eternity secure ?

 Shall truth find truth, and love find love,
 Within that better world ?
 Shall all the tears and pains we prove
 Be ever earthward hurl'd ?
 Shall friend meet friend in that blest hour,
 Before their Saviour's sight,
 And feel that Death no more hath power
 To separate or blight ?

 My heart hath faith, my soul hath hope,
 Once more to see thy face ;
 A few brief years with time to cope,
 Then newer worlds to trace !
 A few brief years on earth to roam,
 And then, when death is o'er,
 Angels for friends, and heaven for home,
 And love for evermore !



LORD LYTTON.

Born 1805. Living.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER is the youngest son of the late General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk. His mother, Elizabeth Barbara, was the only daughter and heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth, Herts. While an undergraduate at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, he won the Chancellor's prize medal, by his poem "Sculpture." He took his Bachelor's degree in 1826, his Master of Arts in 1835, and both Oxford and Cambridge subsequently conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L. He first appeared as an author in 1820 by the publication of "Ismael," an Oriental tale. As a writer of fiction second only in public esteem to Sir Walter Scott, he published

his first novel, "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman," in 1827. Among many others, "Eugene Aram" appeared in 1822, and "Rienzi" in 1835. In 1831 Mr. Bulwer represented St. Ives, and in 1832 was returned as member for Lincoln in the new reformed Parliament. Warmly attached to the Liberal interest, he published in 1835 a pamphlet called "The Crisis," which had a great run, and added greatly to his political renown. It was soon after this that Mr. Bulwer made his first appearance as a dramatic writer, in a play called "The Duchess of La Vallière." His next work, "Athens: its Rise and Fall," was historical: then followed "Ernest Maltravers," in 1837. On the occasion of her Majesty's coronation in 1838 Mr. Bulwer was made a baronet; a distinction conferred on him in recognition of his claims on literature. In the same year appeared his "Lady of Lyons," which was brilliantly successful; the part of Claude Melnotte being performed by Mr. Macready: and in 1839 he published "Richelieu." In a brief notice it is impossible to give anything like a list of Lord Lytton's contributions to poetry or prose, or an account of a life of such literary toil. "The New Timon" appeared in 1845; and "King Arthur," which he considers his finest, and which is the most elaborate poem written in modern days, was published in 1849. On the death of his mother, in 1843, Sir E. Bulwer succeeded to her ancestral property, and, in compliance with her will, took the name of Lytton in addition to his own. In 1852 he was returned to Parliament as one of the members for Hertfordshire, on the Conservative side; and on Lord Derby's accession to office in 1858 was appointed to a seat in the Cabinet, and the post of Secretary of State for the Colonies. He was created Lord Lytton during Lord Derby's administration, in recognition of his political services. As a brilliant writer of fiction, Bulwer Lytton has achieved a world-wide fame, while as a Parliamentary speaker he is perhaps second to none in elegance of diction.

FROM "KING ARTHUR."

THE MEETING OF ÆGLE AND KING ARTHUR.

Young Ægle sits within her palace bower;
 She hears the cymbals clashing from afar:
 So Ormuzd's music welcomed in the hour
 When the sun hasten'd to his morning-star.
 Smile, Star of Morn; he cometh from above!
 And twilight melts around the steps of Love.

Save the grey Augur (since the unconscious child
 Sprang to the last kiss of her dying sire)
 Those eyes by man's rude presence undefil'd.
 Had deepen'd into woman's: as a lyre

Hung on unwitness'd boughs, amidst the shade,
And but to air her soul its music made.

Fair was her prison, wall'd with woven flowers,
In a soft isle embraced by softest waters,
Linnet and lark the sentries to the towers,
And for the guard Etruria's infant daughters ;
But stronger far than walls the antique law,
And more than hosts religion's shadowy awe.

Thus lone, thus revered, the young virgin grew
Into the age when on the heart's calm wave
The light winds tremble, and emotions new
Steal to the peace departing childhood gave,
When for the vague Beyond the captive pines,
And the soul misses—what it scarce divines.

Lo where she sits (and blossoms arch the dome)
Girt by young handmaids !—Near and nearer swelling
The cymbals sound before the steps that come
O'er rose and hyacinth to the bridal dwelling,
And clear and loud the summer air along
From virgin voices floats the choral song.

* * * * *

Lo, on those locks of night the myrtle crown !
Lo, where the heart beats quick beneath the veil !
Lo, where the lids, cast tremulously down,
Cloud stars which Eros as his own might hail !
Oh lovelier than Endymion's loveliest dream,
Joy to the heart on which those eyes shall beam !

The bark comes bounding to the islet shore ;
The trellised gates fly back ; the footsteps fall
Through jasmined galleries on the threshold floor ;
And, in the Heart-Enchainer's golden thrall,
There, spell-bound halt ;—so, first since youth began,
Her eyes meet youth in the charm'd eyes of man !

And there Art's two opposed Ideals rest ;
There the twin flowers of the old world bloom forth ;
The classic symbol of the gentle West,
And the bold type of the chivalric North.
What trial waits thee, Cymrian, sharper here
Than the wolf's death-fang or the Saxon's spear?

THE PARTING OF ÆGLE AND ARTHUR.

With violet buds bright Ægle, in her bower,
 Knits the dark riches of her lustrous hair ;
 Her heart springs eager to the magic hour
 When to loved eyes 'tis glorious to be fair :
 Gleams of a neck proud as the swan's escape
 The light-spun tunic rounded to the shape.

The airy veil, its silver cloud dividing,
 Falls, and floats fragrant, from the violet crown.
 What happy thought is in that breast presiding,
 Like some serenest bird that settles down
 (Its wanderings over) on calm summer eves
 Into its nest, amid the secret leaves ?

What happy thought in those large tranquil eyes
 Speaks of a bliss remote from human fear ?
 Speaks of a soul which like a star supplies
 Its own circumfluent lustrous atmosphere ?
 Weaves beam on beam around its peace, and glows
 Soft thro' the splendour which itself bestows ?

Who ever gazed on perfect happiness,
 Nor felt it as the shadow cast from God ?
 It seems so still in its sublime excess,
 So brings all heaven around its hush'd abode,
 That in its very beauty awe has birth,
 Dismay'd by too much glory for the earth.

Across the threshold now abruptly strode
 Her youth's stern guardian. "Child of RASENA,"
 He said, "the lover on thy youth bestow'd
 For the last time on earth thine eyes survey,
 Unless thy power can chain the faithless breast,
 And sated bliss deigns gracious to be blest."

"Not so !" cried Arthur, as his loyal knee
 Bent to the earth, and with the knightly truth
 Of his right hand he clasp'd her own ; "to be
 Thine evermore ; youth mingled with thy youth,
 Age with thine age ; in thy grave mine ; above,
 Soul with thy soul ;—this is the Christian's love !

"Oft wouldst thou smile, believing smile, to hear
 Thy lover speak of knighthood's holy vow—

That vow holds falsehood more abhorr'd than fear—
 And canst thou doubt both love and knighthood now?"
 His words rush'd on ; told of the threaten'd land,
 The fates confided to the sceptred hand,

Here gathering woes, and there suspended toil,
 And the stern warning from the distant seer.
 "Thine be my people, thine this bleeding soil !
 Queen of my realm, its groaning murmurs hear !
 Then ask thyself, what manhood's choice should be ;
 False to my country, were I worthy thee ?"

Dim through her struggling sense the light came slow,
 Struck from those words of fire. Alas, poor child !
 What, in thine isle of roses, shouldst thou know
 Of earth's grave duties ? of that stormy wild
 Of care and carnage, the relentless strife
 Of man with happiness, and soul with life ?

Thou who hadst seen the sun but rise and set
 O'er one Saturnian Arcady of rest,
 Snatch'd from the Age of Iron ? Ever yet
 Dwells that ~~fine~~ instinct in the noble breast,
 Which each high truth intuitive receives,
 And what the Reason grasps not, Faith believes.

So in mute woe, one hand to his resign'd,
 And one press'd firmly on her swelling heart,
 Passive she heard, and in her labouring mind
 Strove with the dark enigma—"part ! to part !"
 Till, having solved it by the beams that broke
 From that clear soul on hers, struggling she spoke :

"Thou bid'st me trust thee !—This is my reply :
 Trust is my life ; to trust thee is to live !
 And ev'n farewell less bitter than thy sigh
 For something *Ægle* is too poor to give.
 Thou speak'st of dread and terror, strife and woe ;
 And I might wonder why they tempt thee so ;

"And I might ask how more can mortals please
 The heavens, than thankful to enjoy the earth ;
 But through its mist my soul, though faintly, sees
 Where thine sweeps on beyond this mountain girth,
 And, awed and dazzled, bending I confess
 Life may have holier ends than happiness.

"Yes, as thou offerest joy upon the shrine
Of some bright good, all human joys above,
So does my heart its altar seek in thine,
Content to bleed ;—thee, not myself, I love !"
Sighing, she ceased ; and yet still seem'd to sigh,
As doth the wave on which the zephyrs die.

Then, as she felt his tears upon her hand,
Sorrow woke sorrow, and her face she bow'd :
As when the silver gates of heaven expand,
And on the earth descends the melting cloud,
So sunk the spirit from sublimer air,
And all the woman rush'd on her despair.

"To lose thee—oh, to lose thee ! To live on
And see the sun—not thee ! Will the sun shine,
Will the birds sing, flowers bloom, when thou art gone?
Desolate, desolate ! Thy right hand in mine,
Swear, by the past, thou wilt return ! Oh, say,
Say it again !"—voice died in sobs away !

Mute look'd the Augur, with his deathful eyes,
On the last anguish of their lock'd embrace.
"Priest," cried the lover, "canst thou deem this prize
Lost to my future ? No, though round the place
Yon Alps took life, with all the dire array
Of demon legions, Love would force the way.

"Hear me, adored one !" On the silent ear
The promise fell, and o'er the unconscious frame
Wound the protecting arm.—"Since neither fear
Of the great Powers thou dost blaspheming name,
Nor the soft impulse native in man's heart,
Restrains thee, doom'd one ; hasten to depart.

"Come, in thy treason merciful at least,
Come, while those eyes by pitying slumbers bound
See not thy shadow pass from earth !"—The priest
Spoke ; and now call'd the infant handmaids round ;
But o'er that form with arms that vainly cling,
And words that idly comfort, bends the King.

"Nay, nay, look up ! It is these arms that fold ;—
I still am here ;—this hand, these tears, are mine."
Then, when they sought to loose her from his hold,
He waved them back with a fierce jealous sign ;

O'er her hush'd breath his listening ear he bow'd,
And the awed children round him wept aloud.

But when the soul broke faint from its eclipse,
And his own name came, shaping life's first sigh,
His very heart seem'd breaking in the lips
Press'd to those faithful ones ;—then, tremblingly,
He rose ; he moved ; he paused : his nerveless hand
Veil'd the dread agony of man unmann'd.

Thus, from the chamber, as an infant meek
The priest's slight arm lead forth the mighty King ;
In vain wide air came fresh upon his cheek,
Passive he went in his great sorrowing ;
Hate the mute guide, the waves of death the goal ;—
So, following Hermes, glides to Styx a soul.

MAZARIN.

FAREWELL TO THE BEAUTIFUL WITHOUT.

" I was walking, some days after, in the new apartments of his palace. I recognised the approach of the Cardinal (Mazarin) by the sound of his slippered feet, which he dragged one after the other, as a man enfeebled by a mortal malady. I concealed myself behind the tapestry, and I heard him say, ' Il faut quitter tout cela ! ' (' I must leave all that ! ') He stopped at every step, for he was very feeble, and casting his eyes on each object that attracted him, he sighed forth, as from the bottom of his heart, ' Il faut quitter tout cela ! What pains have I taken to acquire these things ! Can I abandon them without regret ? I shall never see them more where I am about to go ! ' " —*MÉMOIRES INÉDITS DE LOUIS HENRI, COMTE DE BRIENNE, Barrière's edition, vol. ii. p. 115.*

Serene the Marble Images
Gleam'd down, in lengthen'd rows ;
Their life, like the Uranides,
A glory and repose.

Glow'd forth the costly canvas spoil
From many a gorgeous frame :
One race will starve the living toil,
The next will gild the name.

That stately silence silvering thro',
The stedfast tapers shone
Upon the Painter's pomp of hue,
The Sculptor's solemn stone.

Saved from the deluge storm of Time,
Within that ark, survey
Whate'er of elder Art sublime
Survives a world's decay !

There creeps a foot, there sighs a breath,
Along the quiet floor ;
An old man leaves his bed of death
To count his treasures o'er.

Behold the dying mortal glide
Amidst the eternal Art ;
It were a sight to stir with pride
Some pining Painter's heart !

It were a sight that might beguile
Sad Genius from the Hour,
To see the life of Genius smile
Upon the death of Power.

The ghost-like master of that hall
Is king-like in the land ;
And France's proudest heads could fall
Beneath that spectre hand.

Veil'd in the Roman purple, preys
The canker-worm within ;
And more than Bourbon's sceptre sways
The crook of Mazarin.

Italian, yet more dear to thee
Than sceptre, or than crook,
The Art in which thine Italy
Still charm'd thy glazing look !

So feebly, and with wistful eyes,
He crawls along the floor,
A dying man, who, ere he dies,
Would count his treasures o'er.

And from the landscape's soft repose
Smiled thy calm soul, Lorraine ;
And from the deeps of Raphael rose
Celestial Love again.

In pomp, which his own pomp recalls,
The haggard owner sees
Thy cloth of gold and banquet halls,
Thou stately Veronese !

While cold, as if they scorn'd to hail
Creations not their own,
The Gods of Greece stand marble-pale
Around the Thunderer's throne.

There Hebe brims the urn of gold ;
There Hermes treads the skies ;
There, ever in the Serpent's fold,
Laocoon deathless dies.

There, startled from her mountain rest,
Young Dian turns to draw
The arrowy death, that waits the breast
Her slumber fail'd to awe.

There, earth subdued by dauntless deeds,
And life's large labour done,
Stands, sad as Worth with mortal meeds,
Alcmena's mournful son.

They gaze upon the fading form
With mute immortal eyes ;—
Here clay that waits the hungry worm,
There children of the skies.

Then slowly as he totter'd by,
The old man, unresign'd,
Sigh'd forth : "Alas ! and must I die,
And leave such life behind ?

"The Beautiful, from which I part,
Alone defies decay !"
Still, while he sigh'd, the eternal Art
Smiled down upon the clay.

And as he waved the feeble hand,
And crawl'd unto the porch,
He saw the Silent Genius stand
With the extinguish'd torch !

The world without, for ever yours,
Ye stern remorseless Three ;
What from that changeful world secures
Calm Immortality ?

Nay, soon or late decays, alas,
Or canvas, stone, or scroll ;
From all material forms must pass
To forms afresh the Soul,

'Tis but in that *which doth create*
Duration can be sought :
A worm can waste the canvas ; Fate
Ne'er swept from Time a Thought.

Lives Phidias in his works alone ?—
 His Jove returns to air :
 But wake one godlike shape from stone,
 And Phidian thought is there !

Blot out the Iliad from the earth,
 Still Homer's thought would fire
 Each deed that boasts sublimer worth
 And each diviner lyre.

Like light, connecting star to star,
 Doth Thought transmitted run ;—
 Rays that to earth the nearest are
 Have longest left the sun.

THE HOLLOW OAK.

Hollow is the oak beside the sunny waters drooping ;
 Thither came, when I was young, happy children trooping ;
 Dream I now, or hear I now, far their mellow whooping ?

Gay below the cowslip bank see the billow dances :
 There I lay, beguiling time, when I lived romances ;
 Dropping pebbles in the wave, fancies into fancies.

Farther, where the river glides by the wooded cover,
 Where the merlin singeth low, with the hawk above her,
 Came a foot and shone a smile ;—woe is me, the lover !

Leaflets on the hollow oak still as greenly quiver,
 Musical amid the reeds murmurs on the river ;
 But the footstep and the smile ?—woe is me for ever !

FROM "THE LADY OF LYONS."

Melnotte. Nay, dearest, nay, if thou would'st have me paint
 The home to which, could love fulfil its prayers,
 This hand would lead thee, listen !—A deep vale
 Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world ;
 Near a clear lake, margin'd by fruits of gold
 And whispering myrtles ; glassing softest skies

As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate !

Pauline. My own dear love !

Mel. A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name ! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the heavens
Still left us youth and love ! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers ; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love ; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours !
And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal ; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses ! Dost thou like the picture ?

FROM "RICHELIEU."

Richelieu. Approach, Sir. Can you call to mind the hour,
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honour'd me ?

De Mauprat. It is, my lord,
One of my most——

Rich. (dryly) Delightful recollections.

De Mau. (aside) St. Denis ! doth he make a jest of axe
And headsman ?

Rich. (sternly) I did then accord you
A mercy ill requited : you still live.

De Mau. To meet death face to face at last.

Rich. Your words
Are bold.

De Mau. My deeds have not belied them.

Rich. Deeds !
O miserable delusion of man's pride !

Deeds ! cities sack'd, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,
Men butcher'd ! In your hour of doom behold
The *deeds* you boast of ! From rank showers of blood,
And the red light of blazing roofs, you build
The rainbow glory, and the shuddering Conscience
Cry : Lo, the Bridge to Heaven !

De Mau. If war be sinful,
Your hand the gauntlet cast.

Rich. It was so, Sir.
Note the distinction :—I weigh'd well the cause
Which made the standard holy ; raised the war
But to secure the peace. France bled ; I groan'd :
But look'd beyond, and in the vista saw
France saved, and I exulted. You—but you
Were but the tool of slaughter—knowing nought,
Foreseeing nought, nought hoping, nought lamenting,
And for nought fit, save cutting throats for hire.
Deeds ! marry, deeds !

De Mau. If you would deign to speak
Thus to your armies ere they march to battle,
Perchance your Eminence might have the pain
Of the throat-cutting to yourself.

Rich. (aside) He has wit,
This Mauprat. (*aloud*) Let it pass ; there is against you
What you can less excuse. Messire de Mauprat,
Doom'd to sure death, how hast thou since consumed
The time allotted thee for serious thought
And solemn penitence ?

De Mau. (embarrassed) The time, my Lord ?

Rich. Is not the question plain ? I'll answer for thee.
Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine ; no sackcloth chafed
Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head
Have not, with pious meditation, purged
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done,
Brief told ; what done, a volume ! Wild debauch,
Turbulent riot : for the morn the dice-box ;
Noon claim'd the duel ; and the night the wassail :
These your most holy, pure preparatives
For death and judgment. Do I wrong you, Sir ?

De Mau. I was not always thus : if changed my nature,
Blame that which changed my fate. Alas, my Lord,

* * * * *

Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—
By bed and board, dogg'd by one ghostly spectre,

The while within you youth beat high, and life
 Grew lovelier from the neighbouring frown of death ;
 The heart no bud, nor fruit, save in those seeds
 Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and wither
 In the same hour—were this your fate, perchance
 You would have err'd like me !

Rich. I might, like you,
 Have been a brawler and a reveller ;—not,
 Like you, a trickster and a thief.

De Mau. (advancing threateningly) Lord Cardinal !
 Unsay those words !

[*Huguet deliberately raises the carbine.*]

Rich. (waving his hand) Not quite so quick, friend Huguet ;
 Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
 And he can wait !—

You have outrun your fortune ;—
 I blame you not, that you would be a beggar.
 Each to his taste ! But I do charge you, Sir,
 That, being beggar'd, you would coin false moneys
 Out of that crucible called *Debt*. To live
 On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,
 Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets ; all
 Not *yours* ; ungiven, uninherited, unpaid for ;
This is to be a trickster : and to filch
 Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,
 Life, daily bread, quitting all scores with, " Friend,
 You're troublesome ! " Why this, forgive me,
 Is what, when done with a less dainty grace,
 Plain folks call "*Theft* ! " You owe eight thousand pistoles,
 Minus one crown two liards !

De Mau. (aside) The old conjuror !—
 'Sdeath, he'll inform me next how many cups
 I drank at dinner !

Rich. This is scandalous,
 Shaming your birth and blood. I tell you, Sir,
 That you must pay your debts.

De Mau. With all my heart,
 My Lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the money ?

Rich. (aside, laughing) A humorous dare-devil ! the very man
 To suit my purpose, ready, frank, and bold !

[*Rising, and earnestly.*]

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel ;
 I am not ;—I am *just* ! I found France rent asunder :
 The rich men despots, and the poor banditti ;

Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple ;
 Brawls festering to rebellion, and weak laws
 Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
 I have re-created France ; and from the ashes
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase
 Civilization on her luminous wings
 Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove !—What was my art ?
 Genius, some say ; some, Fortune ; Witchcraft, some.
 Not so ; my art was *Justice* ! Force and Fraud
 Misname it cruelty : you shall confute them !
 My champion *you* ! You met me as your foe ;
 Depart my friend. You shall not die. France needs you.
 You shall wipe off all stains, be rich, be honour'd,
 Be great.

[*De Mauprat falls on his knee. Richelieu raises him.*]

I ask, Sir, in return, this hand,
 To gift it with a bride, whose dower shall match
 Yet not exceed her beauty.

De Mau.

I, my Lord !—(*hesitating*)

I have no wish to marry.

Rich.

Surely, Sir,

To die were worse !

De Mau.

Scarcely : the poorest coward

Must die ; but knowingly to march to marriage—

My Lord, it asks the courage of a lion !

Rich. Traitor, thou triflest with me !—I know *all* !

Thou hast dared to love my ward—my charge.

De Mau.

As rivers

May love the sunlight—basking in the beams,

And hurrying on !

Rich.

Thou hast told her of thy love ?

De Mau. My Lord, if I had dared to love a maid,

Lowliest in France, I would not so have wronged her

As bid her link rich life and virgin hope

With one the deathman's gripe might from her side

Pluck at the nuptial altar.

Rich.

I believe thee :

Yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her ;

Take life and fortune with another !—Silent ?

De Mau. Your fate has been one triumph. You know not

How bless'd a thing it was in my dark hour

To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish.

Love hath no need of words ;—nor less within

That holiest temple—the Heaven-built soul—
 Breathless the recorded vow. Base knight, false lover,
 Were he, who barter'd all that brighten'd grief,
 Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.
 Revoke your mercy ;—I prefer the fate
 I look'd for !

Rich. Huguet ! to the tapestry chamber
 Conduct your prisoner.

(*To Mauprat*) You will there behold
 The executioner : your doom be private :
 And Heaven have mercy on you !



ALFRED TENNYSON.

Born 1809. Living.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born at Somerley, in Lincolnshire, in 1809. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, D.D., was rector of the parish. Tennyson was the third son in a very large family. His grandfather, George Tennyson, Esq. of Usselby Hall and Bayons Manor, outlived his eldest son, the rector of Somerley. At his death the large property he possessed (inherited from the Claytons, and increased by his marriage with a Miss Turner of Caistor,) passed to his second son, Charles Tennyson, who, in obedience to his father's will, assumed the name of D'Eyncourt (from which noble family the Tennysons are descended), and will be popularly remembered as the Right Hon. Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt, M.P. for Lambeth.

The pedigree of the family, reaching back to Norman and Saxon ancestors, may be studied in the Dictionary of the Landed Gentry. Alfred Tennyson received his early education at the school of Somerley. From thence both he and his elder brothers proceeded to Cambridge, entering at Trinity College when Dr. Whewell was tutor. In 1829 Tennyson won the Chancellor's medal for his poem in blank verse entitled "Timbuctoo." While at Cambridge Charles and Alfred Tennyson published privately a small volume of poems, which was favourably noticed by Coleridge; but in the year 1830, and while still an undergraduate, Alfred appeared before the world by the production of a volume entitled "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," published by Effingham Wilson, Cornhill. This book contained, among other pieces, "Claribel," the "Ballad of Oriana," "Lilian," the "Merman." The volume did not

attract particular notice at the time, though the musical ring of the lines and the command of the author over metre were observed and appreciated. In 1833 Mr. Moxon published a new volume, which reproduced some of the former poems (many of them studiously altered and corrected), and several new pieces, which have since become so familiar to all lovers of poetry, such as the "May Queen," the "Lady of Shalott," the "Lotus Eaters," the "Dream of Fair Women," "Ænone," &c. &c.

The volume of 1833 was regarded as a surprising advance upon the work of 1830. At that date the fame of Tennyson was planted, and it has gone on growing and flourishing ever since. In 1842 Tennyson published in two volumes a collected edition of his smaller pieces, and introduced to the world "Locksley Hall," "Godiva," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the "Lord of Burleigh," "Morte d'Arthur," the "Two Voices," "Dora," "St. Simon Stylites," &c. Ever since the appearance of those volumes Tennyson's position among English poets has been established. Whatever has since followed has only widened and extended his reputation. In 1847 "The Princess" was published; in 1850 "In Memoriam"—a tribute to the memory of the poet's college chum, Arthur Hallam, son of the historian. The same year Wordsworth died, and the office of Poet Laureate was conferred upon Tennyson, with a pension of 200*l.* per annum. In 1852 the Duke of Wellington died, when the pen of the Laureate was first exercised in the composition of the famous "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." In 1855 "Maude" was published; in 1858 the "Idylls of the King," and in 1864 "Enoch Arden."

In the year 1855 the University of Oxford conferred upon the Laureate the degree of D.C.L. At a later date the Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, adorned the vestibule of their library with a bust of Tennyson by Woolner.

For many years Tennyson has lived in the midst of his family in retirement at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, enjoying as much repose as can be secured from the vulgar curiosity of tourists and visitors to the island.

Any criticism of Tennyson's poetry in this place is unnecessary. It has already been observed that his position in English literature has long since been established; and all that remains to be said is to give expression to the hope that the Laureate may be spared for many a year to come, to contribute to the delight of his countrymen as largely as he has done during the thirty years that have been marked by successive productions of the poet's genius.

FROM "ENOCH ARDEN."

[Enoch, after his ten years of absence, his being wrecked, and dwelling on the desert island, hails a homeward-bound ship, and returns to England. He at once seeks his native place, where he had left his wife and children at the time of his going to sea.]

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born ;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward, thinking 'dead or dead to me !'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone ; but he was gone
Who kept it, and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion : any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller : only when she closed,
' Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,'
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost ;'
Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost !'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again ;
'If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below ;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd :
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it :
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd :
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

* * * * *

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife'
 He said to Miriam 'that you told me of,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
 'Ay, ay, poor soul,' said Miriam, 'fear enow!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort;' and he thought
 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time:' and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.

* * * * *

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking, 'After I am gone,
 Then may she learn I loved her to the last.'
 He called aloud for Miriam Lane and said:
 'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book

Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'
'Dead' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk !
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'
'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.'
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?'
'Know him?' she said: 'I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her:
'His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man.' At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
'You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be.' Enoch said again:
'My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only, 'See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied.

'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.

And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
 So like her mother, that my latest breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
 And tell my son that I died blessing him.
 And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
 He never meant us anything but good.
 But if my children care to see me dead,
 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
 I am their father ; but she must not come,
 For my dead face would vex her after-life.
 And now there is but one of all my blood
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
 This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
 And I have borne it with me all these years,
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
 My babe, in bliss : wherefore, when I am gone,
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :
 It will moreover be a token to her,
 That I am he.

* * * * *

Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
 Crying with a loud voice, ' A sail ! a sail !
 I am saved ; ' and so fell back and spoke no more.

* * * * *

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

My heart is wasted with my woe,
 Oriana.
 There is no rest for me below,
 Oriana.
 When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
 And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
 Oriana,
 Alone I wander to and fro,
 Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana :
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana :
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana ;
She watch'd my crest among them all,
Oriana ;
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana ;
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana ;
The damnèd arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana !
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana !

Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana.
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's bray,
Oriana.

Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepen'd in its place,
Oriana ;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana.
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana ?
How could I look upon the day ?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana :
They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana !
O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana !
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down thy cheek,
Oriana !
What wantest thou ? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana ?

I cry aloud : none hear my cries,
Oriana.
Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.
I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart into my eyes,
Oriana.
Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

O cursed hand ! O cursed blow !
Oriana !
O happy thou that liest low,
Oriana !
All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana.
A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
 Oriana,
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,
 Oriana.
 Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
 I dare not die and come to thee,
 Oriana.
 I hear the roaring of the sea,
 Oriana.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown :
 You thought to break a country heart
 For pastime, ere you went to town.
 At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired :
 The daughter of a hundred Earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,—
 I know you proud to bear your name,—
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I came.
 Nor would I break for your sweet sake
 A heart that doats on truer charms.
 A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Some meeker pupil you must find,
 For were you queen of all that is,
 I could not stoop to such a mind.
 You sought to prove how I could love,
 And my disdain is my reply :
 The lion on your old stone gates
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You put strange memories in my head.
 Not thrice your branching limes have blown
 Since I beheld young Laurence dead.

Oh ! your sweet eyes, your low replies :
A great enchantress you may be ;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall :
The guilt of blood is at your door :
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere :
You pine among your halls and towers :
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands ?

Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew.
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop the foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry ;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest :
Wed whom thou wilt : but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie :
Go by, go by.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE POET'S SONG.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought : " I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave ?

" Where wert thou, brother, those four days ?"
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ !
The rest remaineth unreveal'd ;
He told it not ; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

* * *

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure !
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

* * *

Could we forget the widow'd hour
And look on spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower !

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes ;

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love ;

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each.

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ah me, the difference I discern !
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most
Shall count new things as dear as old :

But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low ;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

*

*

*

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys ;
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire :

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He played at counsellors and kings
With one that was his earliest mate ;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
 And reaps the labour of his hands,
 Or in the furrow musing stands,
 "Does my old friend remember me?"



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Born 1809. Died 1861.

ELIZABETH BARRETT MOULTON-BARRETT was born in London in 1809. Her parents being in affluent circumstances she had the advantage of an excellent education; and while trained with the greatest care, she early exhibited those evidences of genius for which she became distinguished. At ten years of age she had commenced composing both in prose and verse. While yet very young her literary efforts began to appear in our periodicals. Among others she wrote various essays on the Greek poets, which gave evidence of her attainments in classical literature. In 1833 she published a translation of the *Prometheus Desmōthēs* of Æschylus.

In 1838 appeared "*The Seraphim, and other Poems*,"—the latter chiefly collected from the periodicals in which they had appeared. This volume won for its authoress a high reputation, and gave her a recognised position as a poetess. Unfortunately the breaking of a blood vessel reduced her to such a weak state that for some years afterwards she was a prisoner to an invalid's room, and a cause of the deepest anxiety to all her friends. From her sick chamber she sent forth in 1844 a collected edition of her poems in two volumes.

Her health gradually improved, and she was enabled to return once more to the enjoyment of social life. In 1846 she was married to Robert Browning. In 1850 and 1853 new editions of her poems were published. Mr. and Mrs. Browning lived for the most part of their time in Italy, at Pisa and at Florence, the climate of Italy being considered favourable for her health.

In 1851 Mrs. Browning published "*Casa Guidi Windows*," a poem which reviews the state of Italy, as she is supposed to see it from the windows of the Casa Guidi Palace at Florence, in which she lived, as the municipality has since commemorated by a tablet and inscription.

In 1856 the most important work from Mrs. Browning's pen appeared, entitled "*Aurora Leigh*," a poem in nine books. It excited great interest in literary circles, and commanded notices and criticisms in all the leading journals of England. In 1860 "*Poems before Congress*" were

published—suggested by the political events of the time. This was the last work from Mrs. Browning's pen. Her delicate constitution gave way, and, to the grief of a very large circle of friends and admirers of her genius, she died at Florence in 1861. Her remains were interred in the Protestant cemetery of that city.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

They say that God lives very high ;
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God ; and why ?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold ;
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said,
Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser ?

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep" ?

What would we give to our beloved ?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,

The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
He giveth His beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.—
He giveth His beloved sleep.

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap.
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
 He giveth His beloved sleep."

THE PET NAME.

I have a name, a little name,
 Uncadenced for the ear,
 Unhonoured by ancestral claim,
 Unsanctified by prayer and psalm
 The solemn font anear.

It never did to pages wove
 For gay romance belong;
 It never dedicate did move,
 As "Sacharissa," unto love,
 "Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read
 Upon the leaves of none,
 And afterward, when I am dead,
 Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread
 Across my funeral-stone.

This name, whoever chance to call,
 Perhaps your smile may win:
 Nay, do not smile! mine eyelids fall
 Over mine eyes and feel withal
 The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows
 Where summer meadows bloom,
 But gathereth the winter snows
 And changeth to the hue of those,
 If lasting till they come?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,
 But time incrusteth round
 With sad associate thoughts the same?
 And so to me my very name
 Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me
When we were children twain,
When names acquired baptismally
Were hard to utter, as to see
That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one
Of chestnuts from the hill ;
And through the word our laugh did run
As part thereof : the mirth being done,
He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile ! I hear in it
What none of you can hear,—
The talk upon the willow seat,
The bird and wind that did repeat,
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,
My sister's woodland glee,
My father's praise I did not miss,
When stooping down he cared to kiss
The poet at his knee,

And voices which, to name me, aye
Their tenderest tones were keeping ;—
To some I never more can say
An answer till God wipes away
In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears :
No murmurs cross my mind ;
Now God be thanked for these thick tears,
Which show of those departed years
Sweet memories left behind.

Now God be thanked for years enwrought
With love which softens yet :
Now God be thanked for every thought
Which is so tender it has caught
Earth's guerdon of regret.

Earth saddens, never shall remove
Affections purely given ;
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
The immortality of love,
And heighten it with heaven.

FROM "THE SOUL'S TRAVELLING."

I dwell amid the city ever,
The great humanity which beats
Its life along the stony streets,
Like a strong and unsunned river.
In a self-made course,
I sit and hearken while it rolls,
Very sad and very hoarse
Certes is the flow of souls ;
Infinitest tendencies
By the finite prest and pent,
In the finite, turbulent :
How we tremble in surprise
When sometimes, with an awful sound,
God's great plummet strikes the ground !

The champ of the steeds on the silver bit,
As they whirl the rich man's carriage by ;
The beggar's whine as he looks at it,—
But it goes too fast for charity ;
The trail on the street of the poor man's broom,
That the lady who walks to her palace-home
On her silken skirt may catch no dust ;
The tread of the business men who must
Count their per-cents by the paces they take ;
The cry of the babe unheard of its mother,
Though it lie on her breast, while she thinks of the other
Laid yesterday where it will not wake ;
The flower-girl's prayer to buy roses and pinks,
Held out in the smoke, like stars by day ;
The gin-door's oath that hollowly chinks
Guilt upon grief and wrong upon hate ;
The cabman's cry to get out of the way ;
The dustman's call down the area-grate ;
The young maid's jest, and the old wife's scold,
The haggling talk of the boys at a stall,
The fight in the street which is backed for gold,
The plea of the lawyers in Westminster Hall,
The drop on the stones of the blind man's staff
As he trades in his own grief's sacredness,
The brothel's shriek, and the Newgate laugh,
The hum upon 'Change, and the organ's grinding.

(The grinder's face being nevertheless
 Dry and vacant of even woe,
 While the children's hearts are leaping so
 At the merry music's winding ;)

The black-plumed funeral's creeping train
 Long and slow, (and yet they will go
 As fast as life though it hurry and strain !)
 Creeping the populous houses through
 And nodding their plumes at either side,—
 At many a house where an infant, new
 To the sunshiny world, has just struggled and cried,—
 At many a house where sitteth a bride
 Trying to-morrow's coronals
 With a scarlet blush to-day :
 Slowly creep the funerals,
 As none should hear the noise and say,
 The living, the living, must go away
 To multiply the dead.

* * * *

I dwell amid the city,
 And hear the flow of souls in act and speech,
 For pomp or trade, for merrymake or folly :
 I hear the confluence and sum of each,
 And that is melancholy !
 Thy voice is a complaint, O crown'd city,
 The blue sky covering thee like God's great pity.

* * * *

I am gone from peopled town !
 It passeth its street-thunder round
 My body which yet hears no sound,
 For now another sound, another
 Vision, my soul's senses have—
 O'er a hundred valleys deep
 Where the hill's green shadows sleep,
 Scarce known because the valley-trees
 Cross those upland images,
 O'er a hundred hills each other
 Watching to the western wave,
 I have travelled—I have found
 The silent, lone, remembered ground.

* * * *

Cold with the earth's last dew. Yea, very vain
 The greatest speed of all these souls of men,
 Unless they travel upward to the throne
 Where sittest Thou, the satisfying One,
 With help for sins, and holy perfectings
 For all requirements : while the archangel, raising
 Unto Thy face his full ecstatic gazing,
 Forgets the rush and rapture of his wings.



ROBERT BROWNING.

Born 1812. Living.

ROBERT BROWNING was born in the year 1812, at Camberwell. He was educated at home, and attended the lectures at the University of London. In 1833 he published his first poem, "Pauline," and in 1835 "Paracelsus," which was so remarkable and original a production as to attract considerable attention among literary men, if not among the generality of readers. In 1837 his tragedy of "Strafford" was produced, under Mr. Macready's management, but did not achieve any lasting success. Another play, "The Blot in the Scutcheon," was likewise introduced to the public by Mr. Macready, in 1843. A third, entitled "Colombe's Birthday," was enacted at the Haymarket. Between 1841 and 1846 a variety of poems of great intellectual beauty were published by Mr. Browning, under the title "Bells and Pomegranates," the first of which, "Pippa Passes," won for the poet an estimation with the public which he had not previously enjoyed. In 1849 Mr. Browning published a collection of his miscellaneous works in two volumes. "Men and Women," which appeared about 1850, brought him more directly under the observation of literary critics. It was then that the English public began to estimate the value of a poet whose writings generally had dealt in too great intellectual subtlety to catch the ear of the multitude. He commanded an appreciation which placed him in the first rank of living poets. Previous to the above date Mr. Browning had married Miss Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett—herself a poetess held in high esteem by the public. Their married life was passed chiefly at Pisa, Rome, Florence, and at other places in Italy. It is therefore natural to find Mr. Browning's poetry has its scenes chiefly in Italy, Spain, under sunny skies, and among mediæval stories and traditions. In 1861 Mr. Browning lost his wife; and since that time has resided chiefly in London. In 1865 a complete edition of his works in three volumes was

To pierce the crust of the outer wall,
And I view inside, and all there, all,
As the swarming hollow of a hive,
The whole Basilica alive !
Men in the chancel, body, and nave,
Men on the pillar's architrave,
Men on the statues, men on the tombs,
With popes and kings in their porphyry wombs,
All famishing in expectation
Of the main altar's consummation.
For see, for see, the rapturous moment
Approaches, and earth's best endowment
Blends with heaven's : the taper-fires
Pant up ; the winding brazen spires
Heave loftier yet the baldachin ;
The incense-gaspings, long kept in,
Inspire in clouds ; the organ blatant
Holds his breath and grovels latent,
As if God's hushing finger grazed him
(Like Behemoth when He praised him) ;
At the silver bells' shrill tinkling
Quick cold drops of terror sprinkling
On the sudden pavement, strewn
With faces of the multitude.
Earth breaks up, time drops away,
In flows heaven, with its new day
Of endless life, when He who trod,
Very man and very God,
This earth in weakness, shame, and pain,
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree,
Shall come again, no more to be
Of captivity the thrall,
But the one God, all in all,
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
As His servant John received the words,
" I died, and live for evermore ! "

EVELYN HOPE.

LYRIC.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead !
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her bookshelf, this is her bed ;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass ;
Little has yet been changed, I think :
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name ;
It was not her time to love ; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope ?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told ?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside ?

No, indeed ! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make ;
And creates the love to reward the love :
I claim you still, for my own love's sake
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few :
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay ?

Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red,
 And what you would do with me, in fine,
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
 Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various men,
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
 Either I missed or itself missed me :
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !
 What is the issue ? Let us see !

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
 " Good speed ! " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
 " Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
 I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near,
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
 At Boom a great yellow star came out to see ;
 At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mechelu church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The bare, as some bluff river headland its snow

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, “ Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix,”—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble-like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And “ Gallop ! ” gasped Joris, “ for Aix is in sight ! ”

“ How they'll greet us ! ” and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone :
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is; friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S.

Oh, Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find !
I can hardly misconceive you, that would prove me deaf and
 blind ;
But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind !

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it
 brings.
What, they lived once thus at Venice, where the merchants were
 the kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with
 rings ?

Ay, because the sea's the street there, and 'tis arched by . . .
 what you call
. . . Shylock's bridge, with houses on it, where they kept the
 carnival !
I was never out of England : it's as if I saw it all !

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in
 May ?
Balls and masks began at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say ?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red ;
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance, where a man might base his
 head ?

Well (and it was graceful of them), they'd break talk off and
 afford,
She to bite her mask's black velvet, he to finger on his sword,
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord ?

What ? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh
 on sigh,
Told them something ? Those suspensions, those solutions—
 “ must we die ? ”
Those commiserating sevenths—“ life might last ! we can but
 try ! ”

"Were you happy?"—"Yes."—"And are you still as happy?"
—"Yes : and you?"

—"Then more kisses?"—"Did I stop them, when a million
seemed so few?"

Hark the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to !

So an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare
say !

"Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!
I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play."

Then they left you for their pleasure : till in due time, one by
one,

Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well
undone,

Death came tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor
swerve,

While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,
In you come with your cold music, till I creep through every
nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was
burned—

"Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice
earned !

The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned.

"Yours for instance : you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime : souls shall rise in their degree :
Butterflies may dread extinction : you'll not die ; it cannot be !

"As for Venice and its people, merely born to bloom, and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage ; mirth and folly were the
crop :

What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop ?

"Dust and ashes !" So you creak it, and I want the heart to
scold.

Dear dead women! with such hair, too! what's become of all
the gold

Used to hang and brush their bosoms ? I feel chilly and grown
old.

SIBRANDUS SCHAFNABURGENSIS.

Plague take all your pedants, say I !
He who wrote what I hold in my hand
Centuries back was so good as to die,
Leaving this rubbish to cumber the land ;
This, that was a book in its time,
Printed on paper and bound in leather :
Last month in the white of a matin-prime,
Just when the birds sang all together,

Into the garden I brought it to read,
And under the arbut and laurustine
Read it, so help me grace in my need,
From title-page to closing line.
Chapter on chapter did I count,
As a curious traveller counts Stonehenge ;
Added up the mortal amount ;
And then proceeded to my revenge.

Yonder's a plum-tree, with a crevice
An owl would build in, were he but sage ;
For a lap of moss, like a fine pont-levis
In a castle of the middle age,
Joins to a lip of gum, pure amber :
When he'd be private, there might he spend
Hours alone in his lady's chamber :
Into this crevice I dropped our friend.

Splash went he, as under he ducked,
—I knew at the bottom rain-drippings stagnate ;
Next, a handful of blossoms I plucked
To bury him with, my bookshelf's magnate ;
Then I went indoors, brought out a loaf,
Half a cheese, and a bottle of Chablis,
Lay on the grass and forgot the oaf
Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais.

Now, this morning, betwixt the moss
And gum that locked our friend in limbo,
A spider had spun his web across,
And sate in the midst with arms a-kimbo ;

So I took pity, for learning's sake,
 And, *De profundis, accentibus lätis,*
Cantate! quoth I, as I got a rake,
 And up I fished his delectable treatise.

Here you have it, dry in the sun,
 With all the binding all of a blister,
 And great blue spots where the ink has run,
 And reddish streaks that wink and glister
 O'er the page so beautifully yellow—
 Oh, well have the droppings played their tricks!
 Did he guess how toadstools grow, this fellow?
 Here's one stuck in his chapter six!

How did he like it when the live creatures
 Tickled and toused and browsed him all over,
 And worm, slug, eft, with serious features,
 Came in, each one, for his right of trover;
 When the water-beetle with great blind deaf face
 Made of her eggs the stately deposit,
 And the newt borrowed just so much of the preface
 As tiled in the top of his black wife's closet.

All that life, and fun, and romping,
 All that frisking, and twisting, and coupling,
 While slowly our poor friend's leaves were swamping,
 And clasps were cracking, and covers suppling!
 As if you had carried sour John Knox
 To the playhouse at Paris, Vienna, or Munich,
 Fastened him into a front-row box,
 And danced off the ballet with trousers and tunic.

Come, old martyr! What, torment enough is it?
 Back to my room shall you take your sweet self!
 Good-bye, mother-beetle; husband-eft, *sufficit!*
 See the snug niche I have made on my shelf:
 A.'s book shall prop you up, B.'s shall cover you,
 Here's C. to be grave with, or D. to be gay,
 And with E. on each side, and F. right over you,
 Dry-rot at ease till the Judgment-day!



AYTOUN.

Born 1813. Died 1865.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, descended from an old Fife-shire family, was born in 1813, and passed both his school and college days in Edinburgh. At the Academy of Edinburgh he won a prize for a poem on Judith. In 1831 he published his first volume of poetry, entitled "Poland, and other Poems." In 1840 Aytoun was called to the Scotch bar, and will long be remembered among the northern lawyers as one of the wits who could set the counsels' table in a roar. In 1845 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. Aytoun shortly afterwards became a regular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. In the pages of that old, and justly honoured, favourite of the British public most of Aytoun's stirring national ballads appeared, which are now familiarly known to the public in their collected form as "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." Since the appearance of Lord Macaulay's "Horatius" there have been no ballads introduced to the public which have received so much favour as the "Execution of Montrose," "Edinburgh after Flodden Field," the "Widow of Glencoe," and the "Burial March of Dundee." Macaulay's are Roman lays: Aytoun's are purely national, and, as such, dealing with subjects dear to memory among those who regard with a lingering look of love the old Royalist cause, it is not to be wondered at that they have been received with delight, especially in Scotland. Aytoun had a higher purpose than the mere jingling of rhymes in ballads. He knew his countrymen, and how great a hold their ancient ballads had upon the hearts of the people. By his ballads and introductory historical sketches he accomplished a good work in rescuing the characters of men like Montrose and Bonnie Dundee from the grotesque and shameful misrepresentations of partisan writers. The native humour of Aytoun's mind exhibited itself in the publication of a work, jointly composed by him and Mr. Theodore Martin, entitled "Bon Gaultier's Ballads." This volume of laughter-moving song has become so familiar to the public that it is hardly necessary to do more than mention it. Since Horace and James Smith produced their "Rejected Addresses," humorous literature has been enriched with no such clever and comical imitations of the style of various authors as may be read under the heading of "The Laureate's Tourney," wherein Tennyson, Lord Lytton, Harrison Ainsworth, Robert Montgomery, and Lord Macaulay are marvellously travestied.

In 1853 Professor Aytoun delivered a course of lectures at Willis's Rooms on poetry and dramatic literature, which attracted not only the

fashion but the intellectual life of London. In the year previous, Lord Derby had appointed Aytoun Sheriff of Orkney. Another humorous production of his pen was "Firmilian," a mock-heroic tragedy, in ridicule of the spasmodic school of poetry which about 1855 enjoyed peculiar popularity.

The last poem from Professor Aytoun's pen was "Bothwell." It is in length and construction his most important work. Divided into Books, it is supposed to be a history of Bothwell's life, soliloquized by himself when in prison at Malmoe, in Denmark, where he lay for years a prisoner, and at length died. The object of the poem is to give the world Aytoun's view of the character and conduct of Mary, Queen of Scots, in her relations with Darnley and with Bothwell, which has been and will be a vexed question among historians.

Aytoun died on the 4th of August, 1865, at Blackhills, near Elgin, where he had gone for the benefit of his health. His remains were interred in the Dean Cemetery, at Edinburgh, in the same grave with those of his first wife, a daughter of "Christopher North"—Professor Wilson. Wilson's and Aytoun's last resting-places are in neighbouring graves in the same "God's acre."

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

Come hither, Evan Cameron !
 Come, stand beside my knee !
 I hear the river roaring down
 Towards the wintry sea.
 There's shouting on the mountain-side,
 There's war within the blast :
 Old faces look upon me,
 Old forms go trooping past :
 I hear the pibroch wailing
 Amidst the din of fight,
 And my dim spirit wakes again
 Upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host
 Through wild Lochaber's snows,
 What time the plaided clans came down
 To battle with Montrose.
 I've told thee how the Southrons fell
 Beneath the broad claymore,
 And how we smote the Campbell clan
 By Inverlochy's shore.
 I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
 And tamed the Lindsays' pride.

But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.

* * * *

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man :
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below :
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lords
In balcony and bow ;
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row ;
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see !

* * * *

But onwards, always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured,
Till it reached the house of doom.
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd ;
Then, as the Græme looked upwards,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold—
The master-fiend Argyle !

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,

But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,
 And he turned his eyes away.
 The painted harlot by his side
 She shook through every limb,
 For a roar like thunder swept the street,
 And hands were clenched at him ;
 And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
 " Back, coward, from thy place !
 For seven long years thou hast not dared
 To look him in the face."

* * * *

——They placed him next
 Within the solemn hall,
 Where once the Scottish kings were throned
 Amidst their nobles all.
 But there was dust of vulgar feet
 On that polluted floor,
 And perjured traitors filled the place
 Where good men sate before.
 With savage glee came Warristoun
 To read the murderous doom ;
 And then uprose the great Montrose
 In the middle of the room.

" Now, by my faith as belted knight,
 And by the name I bear,
 And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
 That waves above us there,
 Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
 And oh, that such should be !—
 By that dark stream of royal blood
 That lies 'twixt you and me,
 I have not sought in battle-field
 A wreath of such renown,
 Nor dared I hope on my dying day
 To win the martyr's crown !

" There is a chamber far away
 Where sleep the good and brave,
 But a better place ye have named for me
 Than by my father's grave.
 For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
 This hand hath always striven,

And ye raise it up for a witness still
 In the eye of earth and heaven.
 Then nail my head on yonder tower,
 Give every town a limb ;
 And God who made shall gather them
 I go from you to Him !”

The morning dawned full darkly,
 The rain came flashing down,
 And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
 Lit up the gloomy town,
 The thunder crashed across the heaven,
 The fatal hour was come ;
 Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
 The larum of the drum.
 There was madness on the earth below
 And anger in the sky,
 And young and old, and rich and poor,
 Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
 How dismal 'tis to see
 The great tall spectral skeleton,
 The ladder and the tree !
 Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms ;
 The bells begin to toll ;
 “ He is coming ! he is coming !
 God's mercy on his soul !”
 One last long peal of thunder,
 The clouds are cleared away,
 And the glorious sun once more looks down
 Amidst the dazzling day.

“ He is coming ! he is coming !”
 Like a bridegroom from his room
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walked to battle
 More proudly than to die :
 There was colour in his visage,
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,
 And they marvelled as they saw him pass—
 That great and goodly man !

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through !
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within :
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away :
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll ;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush, and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky ;—
The work of death was done !

FROM "BOTHWELL."

Come—I will far away from hence—
 I cannot tarry here :
 Whate'er the penance, I must forth,
 And quit this dungeon drear !
 Man lives not for the single point
 That marks the passing time ;
 He lives in thoughts and memories
 Of glory or of crime.
 And I will back, and bravely back,
 To that tremendous night
 When the whole state of Scotland reeled,
 And Darnley took his flight,
 Borne on the wings of that red blast,
 Whose fell volcano-roar
 Shook the dark city to its base,
 And bade it sleep no more.
 That which I did, nor shrunk to do,
 I may at least recall ;
 If spectres rise from out the grave,
 I dare to face them all !

High mirth there was in Holyrood,
 As fitted nuptial scene,
 For on that day Sebastian wed
 The favourite of the Queen.

* * * *

I doubt if there was any there
 Who showed in face or mien a care,
 Save Mary. But her cheek was pale ;
 Sad was her smile at jest or tale ;
 And though she strove to bear her part,
 She could not so devise,
 But that the anguish of her heart
 Came glistening to her eyes.

Yes, when she looked upon the pair
 So fondly placed together there,
 Loving and loved, without a thought
 Beyond their present bliss and joy,
 All hope, all trust, all happiness,
 All faith without alloy,

I saw her strive to hide her tears.
 I am not gentler than my peers ;
 Nor could I, in the general case,
 Divine why women weep and wail ;
 But gazing on Queen Mary's face,
 I saw the cause, and could not fail.
 She thought her of the marriage-feast
 When Darnley was the chosen groom,
 When, trusting to his vows and faith,
 She gave herself, in beauty's bloom,
 When she was radiant as the bride,
 And he was, as the lover, gay :
 Alas ! there rolled an awful tide
 Between *that* time and *this* to-day !
 Short interval ; yet where was he,
 The partner of her bed and throne,
 The chief of all her chivalry ?
 A wretched leper, and alone !
 Stricken, and sick, and ill at ease,
 Worn out with base debaucheries,
 Her lord once more was nigh ;
 Broken in body and in mind—
 A wretch, who paradise resigned,
 To wallow in a sty !

How she endured him, after all
 His foulness and his insolence,
 Puzzles my mind : but let it fall !
 God gave to woman gentler sense
 And sweeter temper than to man ;
 And she will bear, like penitence,
 A load that makes the other ban.
 Saint-like she tarried by his side,
 And soothed his torment day by day ;
 And though her grief she could not hide,
 No anger did her look betray.
 Now, in the midst of mirth and song,
 Her loving nature did not yield,
 And every moment seemed too long
 That kept her from the Kirk-of-Field.
 Early she gave the wonted sign
 In token that the feast was done ;
 Her place was then by Darnley's bed,
 Till the late revelry begun.

And I, like her, had counted time,
 And might not longer tarry there ;
 For the wild impulse to a crime
 Hath all the urgency of despair.
 I knew her errand, and my own !
 I knew them both but far too well :
 Hers was the thorny path to heaven,
 And mine the road that leads to hell !

* * * *

I stood that night in Darnley's room,
 Above the chamber charged with death ;
 At every sound that rose below
 There was a catching in my breath.
 The aspect of the boy was sad,
 For he was weak, and wrung with pain ;
 Weary he lay upon the bed,
 From which he never rose again.
 I saw his brow so pale and damp,
 I saw his cheek so thin and spare—
 I've seen it often since in dreams—
 O wherefore did I seek him there ?
 He lay, indeed, a dying man,
 His minutes numbered, marked, and spanned ;
 With every ticking of the clock
 There fell a priceless grain of sand.
 Yet over him an angel bent,
 And soothed his pain, and wiped his brow,
 So fair, so kind, so innocent,
 That all hell's tortures to me now
 Could scarce be worse than what I felt
 Within that thrice-accursed room !

* * * *

Time trickled on. I knew 'twas done,
 When Paris entered with the key :
 I'd listened for his foot, as one
 Upon the rack might hail the tread
 Of the grim gaoler of the dead,
 Yet loathsome was his face to me !

* * * *

Let no man seek to gain his end
 By felon means ! I never felt

So like a slave as when he passed
 And touched the key beneath his belt ;
 For in his glance I read the thought :
 " Lord Bothwell ! ever from this hour,
 Though you be great, and I am nought,
 Your life and fame are in my power ! "

* * * *

No more of that !—The Queen arose,
 And we, her nobles, stood aloof
 Until she parted from her spouse,
 And then we left the fated roof.

" Back, back to Holyrood ! away ! "
 Then torches flashed, and yeomen came,
 And round the royal litter closed
 A gleaming zone of ruddy flame.
 I have slight memory of that walk :
 Argyle, I think, spoke earnestly
 On state affairs ; but of his talk
 Not any word remains with me.
 We came to Holyrood ; and soon
 A gush of music filled the hall :
 The dance was set ; the long saloon
 Glowed as in time of carnival.
 O hateful to me was the sound,
 And doubly hateful was the light !
 I could not bear to look around,
 I longed to plunge into the night.
 A low dull boom was in mine ear,
 A surging as of waters pent ;
 And the strained sense refused to hear
 The words of passing merriment.
 What if that Babel should be stilled,
 Smote dumb, by one tremendous knell ?
 What if the air above were filled
 With clanging from the clocks of hell ?
 Yet waited I till all was o'er ;
 The bride withdrew, the masque was done :
 And as I left the postern-door
 Dully the palace bell struck one !

I heard a sermon long ago,
 Wherein the preacher strove to show

That guiltiness in high or low
Hath the like touch of fear ;
And that the knight who sallies forth
Bent on an action of unworth,
Though he be duke or belted earl,
Feels the same tremor as the churl
Who steals his neighbour's gear.
I held his words for idle talk,
And cast them from my view ;
But in that awful midnight walk
I felt the man spake true.

I heard the echo of my foot,
As up the Canongate I sped,
Distinct, as though in close pursuit
Some spy kept even with my tread.
Or did I run, or did I pause,
That sound was ever bickering near ;
And though I guessed full well the cause,
I could not free myself from fear.
I almost stumbled in the dark
Upon a houseless, vagrant hound,
And his sharp snarl and sudden bark
Made my heart leap and pulses bound.
Wherever there were lights on high
Methought there stood some watcher pale ;
Thin shadows seemed to flitter by ;
I heard low voices mourn and wail ;
And I could swear that once I saw
A phantom gliding by the place
Where then I stood. I shook with awe :
The face was like my mother's face,
When last I saw her on her bier !
Are there such things ? or does the dread
Of coming evil craze our fear,
And so bring up the sheeted dead ?
I cannot tell. But this I know,
That rather that endure again
Such hideous thoughts, I'd fight the foe,
And reckon with them, blow for blow,
Though I were one and they were ten !

I passed beyond the city wall ;
No light there was in hut or bield,

I scarce could find the narrow lane
That led me to the Kirk-of-Field.

Three men were speeding from the door ;
They ran against me in the way ;
“ Who’s that ? ” “ ’Tis I ! ” “ Lord Bothwell ? Back,
Back, back, my Lord ! make no delay !
The doors are locked, the match is lit ;
A moment more, and all is done ;
Let’s void the ground ! ” “ He sleeps then sound ? ”
“ Within that house shall waken none ! ”
Shortly we paused. I strained my sight
To trace the outline of the pile ;
But neither moon nor stars gave light :
And so we waited for a while.

Down came the rain with steady pour,
It splashed the pools among our feet ;
Each minute seemed in length an hour,
As each went by, yet uncomplete.
“ Hell ! should it fail, our plot is vain !
Bolton, you have mislaid the light.
Give me the key, I’ll fire the train,
Though I be partner of his flight.”
“ Stay, stay, my Lord ! you shall not go !
’Twere madness now to near the place ;
The soldiers fuses’ burn but slow ;
Abide, abide a little space !
There’s time enough ”——

He said no more,
For at the instant flashed the glare,
And with a hoarse infernal roar
A blaze went up and filled the air !
Rafters, and stones, and bodies rose
In one quick gush of blinding flame,
And down, and down, amidst the dark,
Hurtling on every side they came.
Surely the devil tarried near,
To make the blast more fierce and fell,
For never pealed on human ear
So dreadful and so dire a knell.
The heavens took up the earth’s dismay,
The thunder bellowed overhead ;

Steep called to steep. Away, away!
 Then fear fell on me, and I fled ;
 For I was dazzled and amazed—
 A fire was flashing in my brain—
 I hasted like a creature crazed,
 Who strives to overrun his pain.
 I took the least frequented road,
 But even there arose a hum ;
 Lights showed in every vile abode,
 And far away I heard the drum.
 Roused was the city, late so still ;
 Burghers, half clad, ran hurrying by,
 Old crones came forth, and scolded shrill,
 Men shouted challenge and reply,
 Yet no one dared to cross my path,
 My hand was on my dagger's hilt :
 Fear is as terrible as wrath,
 And vengeance not more fierce than guilt.
 I would have stricken to the heart
 Whoever should have stopped me then.
 None saw me from the palace part,
 None saw me enter it again.
 Ah ! but I heard a whisper pass—
 It thrilled me as I reached the door—
 " Welcome to thee, the knight that was,
 The felon now for evermore ! "

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